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CRUDE AND CURIOUS INVENTIONS AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

I.

THE Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia afforded a good field for study of crude and curious inventions, and all the illustrations in the following articles are drawn therefrom.

They will be so associated by their uses or degrees of development as to permit ready comparison, the instruments of various nations being brought into juxtaposition.

The large material within the limited range described in the title will make apparent two things: the really great variety of articles presented at the Centennial; and the expediency of looking at a collection with a special object in view, rather than in a desultory manner. The limitation prescribed will also account for the absence of figures of articles, crude and curious enough, but not included here because not represented in the Centennial collection.

The primitive and peculiar instruments and machines of a people are largely the result of their special necessities and opportunities, and consequently we find widely-separated tribes, whose surroundings are similar, in possession of substantially the same contrivances, though no communication between them can be assumed with any degree of probability.

In most cases, however, the possession by different tribes or nations of peculiarly constructed implements and utensils is a distinct mark of consanguinity or conquest, and such data become important as proofs of relationship, or indications of the direction of migrations of people. Indeed, the crude mechanisms of the nations of the world, besides illustrating the degrees of civilization, are among the most authentic tokens of the common or the diverse origin of their respective owners, and ethnologists estimate them collaterally with those afforded by the language, traditions, or physical development of the peoples under comparison.

The different objects will be brought into groups for facility of statement and study, and a commencement will be made with Musical Instruments, divided into three sections, of which section one shall be Instruments of Percussion.

I. MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

(1.) *Instruments of Percussion.* The earliest instrumental music, if entitled indeed to that name, is the rhythmical sound produced by the clapping of the hands or by beating pieces of wood together. Even these sounds are capable of modulation in pitch by the condition or shape of the hands, or by the size and character of the wooden sticks. The

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idea of keeping time in the dance or on the march may be presumed to have been the original motive, and there are many tribes yet existing where the music, such as it is, is merely ceremonial, the maces and rattles being the accompaniment of the song, the dance, or the recitation of the historic legends of the tribe or the praises of the chief. The bard of the tribe or the rude orchestra of the festival gives such grace as he or it may to the occasion, or governs it by a system of rhythmical beatings which prevent its degeneration into mere discord.

Even here it seems that the rude instruments are insufficient, and the clapping of hands is an almost invariable accompaniment, as African travelers especially have mentioned; and this we may see for ourselves, in the pages of Lepsius, Wilkinson, and Rawlinson, to have been just as common in ancient Egypt and Assyria as now in Africa. The clapping of hands in timing or applause evidently began early in the history of our race, and was doubtless practiced by the troglodytes of Europe once as by the African tribes now. The applause of a *débutante* at Milan or a conqueror at Berlin is much the same as in the times when Helen appeared and the Trojans

> "All clapped . . . hands,
> And cry'd '*Inestimable.*'"

It must early have forced itself upon the attention of the performer that not alone was a difference of sound (*volume*) producible in respect of its loudness, due to the violence of the blow, but that another difference (*pitch*) was obtained by varying the size of the sticks, and this without change in the material; and it would necessarily follow that a third difference (*quality* or *timbre*) would force itself upon his notice, referable to the material of which the percussive instruments were made.

This actual sequence of observation is perfectly natural, and is perhaps deducible from examination of the instruments of antiquity and of those existing among savage nations; but in fact we find that although the primitive musician, so to call him, may have no regular scale, yet the very miscellaneous character of the materials for his rapping and rattling performances has given him the variations of *pitch* and *quality* in addition to the primary one of *volume*, which is due to the impulse of the moment, the excitement or subsidence of his feelings, or the artificial effect of cadence as he imitates the roar of the wind or the mere rustling of its lull, emblematical of victory or defeat, or the changing passions of the mind.

In the rude orchestras, for instance, of the African tribes, the trumpets and drums are of various sizes to give varying *pitch;* the drums are of wood and of skin to give different *qualities* of sound. That these are not harmoniously blended is not to the present purpose, seeing that the savages do understand how to vary the pitch, and strive to maintain that of even these rude instruments, for in their nocturnal concerts a fire is always kept burning in order to dry the drum-heads from time to time, as they become relaxed by the dews of the night and thus give a graver tone than the musician considers appropriate to the place of his instrument in the orchestra. This is rude orchestration, true enough, and just as rude as the instrumentation; but the idea seems truly developed in the performer's mind that in allowing the head of his little bowl drum to become relaxed he is trespassing upon the part of the score belonging to his neighbor with a barrel drum, and so he tunes up by holding his drum to the fire for a while, and then falls in again, at "concert pitch," let us hope.

Another illustration of both pitch and quality, even in the rude instruments exhibited in Philadelphia, is found in the rattles, which are large or small gourds, wooden cylinders or boxes, jingling bones, bars, sticks, shells, stones, and what not, whose size and material confer upon them specific differences in sound, and secure the variety of tone desired. Even their wicker rattles, the favorite time instrument alike of the Monbuttoos of Africa and of some tribes of our own Pacific slope, have been ascertained by their owners to give sounds which may be varied in pitch and quality by selec-

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tion in the size and nature of the shells, pebbles, or nuts which are placed within them.

The bell is another illustration afforded by the same collection. The Niam-niam of the Upper Nile has a sheet-iron bell for his own use, but a wooden one for his dog, in order that the latter may not be lost in the tall grass. Each has its clapper.

Other illustrations need not be cited, for the simple idea of music beyond mere rhythmical beating is modulation and expression, and there is no instrument — percussion, wind, stringed, or compound — but has its own capacity, either in itself or by the variation of size in instruments of the same character.

To begin with the simplest instruments, we may assume that a pair of sticks beaten together is a sufficiently primitive form. The wretched Australian has his dances with the accompaniment of the clashing *kattas* (digging sticks) and *wirris* (clubs), and the sharp rattling of the *nulla-nullas* (small sticks) in the hands of the females; absolutely nothing but the striking of sticks and clubs — but these in most excellent time — to the stamping of the feet and the rustling of green leaves tied in bunches round the knees and held in the hands. No special provision of instruments is made, but he is content with his yam stick and his club.

The Fijian selects his material, and his musical mace is a large stick of dry, sonorous wood struck with a smaller one, and used in giving time to the dancers in that most punctilious and ceremonious island.

The persistence of types is noticeable in musical instruments as in other lines of observation; and so the rattle sticks of the savage long ago developed into the maces of the more courtly Egyptian and Greek.

The *krotala* of the Greeks was a mace with a sonorous metallic head, and the name survives in the *karatula* or steel rattles of India. These round-headed pegs were held between the fingers of the dancers in the festivities, and used after the manner of the modern bones by rattling in the hand. The Egyptian maces were held one in each hand, the knobs representing human heads, which were struck together in rhythmic accordance with the measure. They are generally shown in connection with the dance, and were doubtless a little more musical than the wooden clappers (*pata*) still used by the colored Christian population of Santo Domingo in the cathedral ceremonies on Easter Eve. As the darkness of the church is dispelled by the admission of light, the transported Africans commence rattling with their clappers and dancing about the church, enacting Guinea over again.

The Chinese clappers (Figure 1) are $10\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$ inches, three in a set, fastened loosely with a cord. The pieces are of three different thicknesses, the thickest in the middle. One of the outside pieces is hollowed on the inside, and all are narrowed at the waist. They are played like the bones of the negro minstrels. The Chinese beggars use them as a means of extorting money from shopkeepers, who pay the rogues to "move on."

(Fig. 1.) Chinese Clappers.

The Japanese clapper consists of two sticks fastened together by a thong; not strung closely like the Chinese. Nothing easier than to rap two marrow-bones together, and so the game goes on. Bottom says: —

> "I have a reasonable good ear in music.
> Let 's have the tongs and the bones."

The name "bones" is justified by the fact that this material is a favorite for the purpose. Bones of different animals vary in their adaptability to this use, and indeed different bones of the same animal. The hard will give a sharper sound than the spongy, and noise is the principal object.

The ancients, and indeed modern savages, distinguish the particular qualities of bones for given instruments. The *tibia* of the man, the ass, and the crane have been favorite materials for flutes and whistles in remote and recent times;

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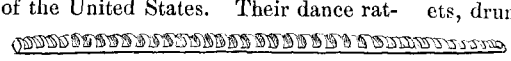
in fact, the name of the "leg-bone" and that of the "flute" are synonymous in several languages, as we shall have occasion to mention in place. There is a twofold reason for this: sentiment and efficiency. Man has no exemption; and just as the Carib honors the martial importance of his human enemy, and the Auraucanian the savage courage of the jaguar, by making flutes of their bones, so the human skin, for martial reasons, and the skin of the snake, for fetich reasons, have come to be honored, that is, distinguished by selection for the purpose of keeping time in the dance, or stimulating the warrior in the attack.

The Chinese clapper (*tchoung-tou*) consists of twelve slips of bamboo strung together at one end like a fan, and is used for rhythmical beating. It is stated that before the invention of paper, writing slips were made thus, like our tablets, and resembling also the Singhalese books of talipot leaves written upon with a style.

Siebold, in his Nippon, shows the same device in Japan. We need not, however, go so far for the idea, for the *scybalum* of the Middle Ages had in one form a number of metallic plates suspended in cords so that they could be clashed together simultaneously, and in another form a number of bells similarly suspended. This is but the "multitudinous tongue" of music, and is mere African clangor, having nothing but rhythmic effect, —

"Splitting the air with noise."

A singular modification of the rattle idea is found in one of the devices of the Mohave Indians of the western portion of the United States. Their dance rattle is a carefully notched piece of hard wood, about two feet long, which is held in one hand, while with the other the smaller stick is moved back and forth over the knobs to make a rapid rattling sound.



(Fig. 2.) Mohave Dance Rattle.

From the cluster of sticks strung together and shaken as an accompaniment to the dance, the transition is easy to either of three somewhat diverse methods, which will be considered in order. They are: the basket or gourd rattle; the string of shells and other miscellanea; the row of wooden slabs beaten with a mallet. The latter is by far the most scientific, and in it we find an instrument designed to give regular successions of musical tones.

The gourd, containing some dry seeds or a few pebbles, is a complete calabash rattle. It affords an evident and easy method of making a noise, and the cucurbitaceæ are fortunately widely spread upon the earth. The sacred rattle (*marakka*) of the Guianian tribes is the investiture of their sorcerers, and is a hollow calabash eight inches in diameter, and containing some white stones. It is transfixed by a stick which forms a handle, and is crowned with a bunch of feathers at its top. In another form a small gourd rattle is suspended from a frame of three hoops, from which depend a multitude of beetles' wing-cases. The Uaupé Indians of the Amazon have a similar instrument. Gourds with stones at the ends of long rods are used in the Arawak (Guiana) dance, the wrists and legs of the performers having rattling ornaments of beetles' wing-cases and hard seeds. The negro porters of Rio de Janeiro carry rattle boxes to accompany the wild ditties which they sing as they run.

Passing to Africa, we find that dry gourds with stones are the common rattles of the Bongos of the Upper Nile, the women and children with these adding their quota to the din of the trumpets, drums, and horns which go to make the festival music, —

"Making night hideous."

The rattle used as a *bâton* by Munza, the Monbuttoo chief, is a hollow sphere of basket work, inclosing a number of pebbles and shells and attached to a stick. The same is used on the Gaboon coast.

Again crossing the Atlantic, but to North America this time, we find abundance of calabash rattles in the warmer

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regions on the Pacific coast, but farther north, in British Columbia and Alaska, a much more ornate style is used. Figure 3 shows the rattle of the Haidah Indians of the Prince of Wales Archipelago, Alaska. It is used in the *ta-ma-na-wa*, a ceremonial dance, as an adjunct to the recitation of mythological stories and the traditions of the tribe. It is likewise used as an accompaniment to music and in exorcising demons. The emblematical figures represent the mythical frog-tamer and the stork. It is of wood, painted with blue and red colors obtained by Indian ingenuity from earths, etc.

(Fig. 3.) Haidah Rattle. Alaska.

The Haidah rattle (Figure 4) is of pine wood, painted blue and red, and made in the semblance of the Russian two-headed eagle, which has been long familiar to the Indians of that coast, the Russians being the first whites with whom they became acquainted. It has a number of pebbles inside, and is used in the ceremonial dances and historic recitations of the tribe.

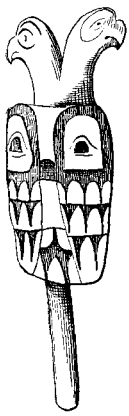
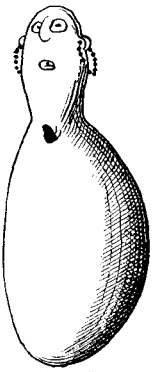


Fig. 4.) Haidah Rattle or Chickaree. Alaska.

The rattle (*ajacaxtli*) of the Mexicans, before the Spanish conquest, was a round or oval gourd inclosing some pebbles and having a wooden handle. Another kind was of terra cotta, also inclosing balls and perforated. The balls are supposed to have been lightly attached inside before burning, and afterward broken loose by a rod passed through the holes. A Trojan terra-cotta rattle, made in two pieces and still having balls of metal inside to ring when shaken, was found by Dr. Schliemann at a depth of sixteen feet in the excavations of the hill of Hissarlik. Figure 5 is a Mohave rattle of terra cotta,

"A carved bone face on a flask."



(Fig. 5.) Terra-Cotta Rattle. Mohave Indians.

The Sikkim rattle used in their temples is formed of the crowns of two human skulls cemented back to back. Each face is then covered with parchment and incloses some pebbles.

The rattles we have already described are mostly intended to be held in the hand like those in the demoniac dance of Herne the Hunter, when goblins

"green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands,"

pinched the fat Sir John, who was masquerading as a Windsor stag.

The rattle in the shape of a necklace, or leg or arm band, is perhaps as widespread as the hand rattle.

In Africa, the Bosjesmans attach their dancing rattles to their legs just above the ankles. They are little bags made of the ears of the springboks, sewed up, and inclosing pieces of ostrich-egg shell. The Manganjas of the Zambesi have rattles of nutshells, emptied, polished, and hung upon their persons in bunches. The Niam-niams of the Upper Nile use empty nutshells attached by iron rings to belts of rhinoceros hide.

The Fijians have rattles of white shells suspended from bands. The North American Indians use rattles of antelope hoofs; and the Amazon Indians, rattles of nut-hulls.

The cracking of whips to the measure of the dance or the march is common among some races of savages, was practiced by the ancient Assyrians, and is not unknown in German Whitsuntide frolics at the present day. It has been revived by Jullien in his sleigh music and by the sable harmonists in their noisy performances.

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The instrument in which pieces of sonorous wood are laid upon strings and beaten with mallets is so simple in its conception that it may be assumed to be a very early invention, and is employed at the present time throughout Africa, excepting the Mediterranean countries, and also in the Malay Archipelago, Siam, and China. In Java it has attained its most improved form.

We start in our description with the *wood* harmonicon, because all the percussive instruments of music of this class at the Centennial Exhibition had wood for the sonorous object; but many other materials have been and are yet used, such as stone, bone, metal, terra cotta, and glass; and the earliest instrument of which we have any record is the *stone* harmonicon (Chinese, *king*) which dates back to the time of Kung-fu-tse; we shall have occasion to describe it presently.

The wood harmonicons at the Centennial Exhibition were four in number: one from Angola in the Portuguese colonies collection; one from Central Africa in the Egyptian collection; two of somewhat varying shape in the Siamese collection. The African instruments are rude, and the Asiatic much more elegant. The former are adapted to be carried and used out-of-doors, the latter to be played in-doors, being finished like furniture. In the African instruments each sonorous bar has a sounding calabash or can beneath it, the size of the gourd or other vessel being proportioned to the note emitted by the bar; the sound chamber of the Siamese instruments is a trough with sides of sonorous wood, and the bars are suspended upon two catenary cords from the ends of the frame, as will be seen by future reference to them.

With all its rudeness this instrument is the result of considerable thought and care, and the tones of the bar are never merely hap-hazard. The musician, who is probably his own instrument builder, has adopted in some cases the *diatonic* scale and in others the *pentatonic;* in still others, a scale not exactly agreeing with either. The diatonic is that usual with us, having seven intervals in the octave, two of them semitones, and having eight notes in the complete octave. The pentatonic has but five intervals, omitting the fourth and seventh, the semitones of the diatonic. By playing on the piano-forte the scale of C major the diatonic scale will be heard; now play it over again, omitting the fourth and seventh notes; this is the pentatonic scale. Or strike the black keys from F-sharp in regular succession, up or down, and this will give the pentatonic scale which prevails over Asia and Malaysia generally. The result of three score of centuries of culture in a region embracing one third of the inhabitants of the world cannot be a matter of indifference to the other two thirds.

There is no *absolute* reason why the diatonic scale should be preferred to all other possible scales of intervals, and no lover of the old Scotch music dare say a word against the pentatonic scale, for in that the music is written. Even the very fingering of the black keys from F-sharp up or down, one octave, by a person who does not know how to play a tune gives that undefinable charm which hangs around so much of the Scotch music, and indicates that the pleasing effect is due not alone to the air but in part to the order of intervals. The same has been noticed of the Malay airs by Sir Stamford Raffles, Tradescant Lay, and others who had musical ability and were fortunate in being able to travel in Malay lands.

As we have said, the wood harmonicon, known more generally by its Portuguese appellation of *marimba* than by any other name, was not the outcome of a day or a century. Its radical is the log beaten with a stick, and some tribes have not yet advanced beyond this. The single sounding stick, resting on two other sticks and beaten with a mallet, is used by the Ashango tribes; and among the Camma the boys beat with sticks upon hollow blocks of wood as an aid to the noise of the drums and trumpets. At this point the marimba touches upon the drum. The war drum of the Dôr and Niam-niams, and of the Fijis, is a channeled log, a trough in fact. It will

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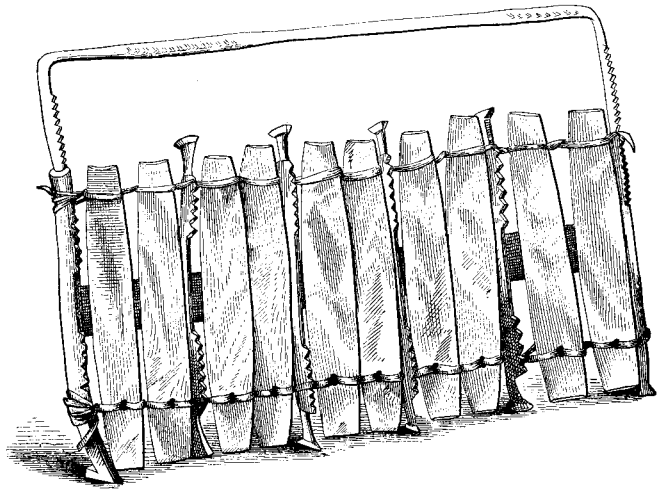
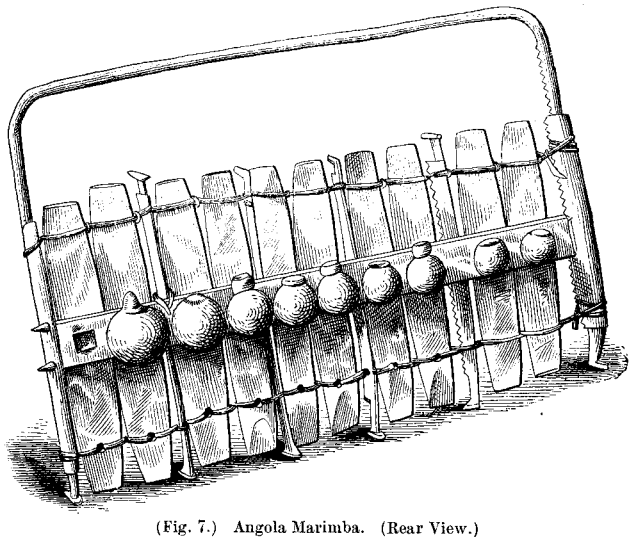
be considered farther along, when we are treating of drums.

Figure 6 shows a marimba from Angola, the Portuguese colony on the west coast of Africa. It consists of ten sonorous bars of rosewood, suspended in a frame or yoke which is about thirty inches in width and eighteen in depth. The



(Fig. 6.) Marimba or Wood Harmonicon of Angola. Portuguese Colonies Collection. (Upper View.)

bars themselves are twelve inches long, and are separated in pairs by rods, which are notched to hold the lashings of raw-hide by which the bars are suspended so as to leave them free to vibrate when struck with a light mallet. A twist of the string separates the bars from each other.



(Fig. 7.) Angola Marimba. (Rear View.)

The bars on the left are narrower than those on the right, the increase in size toward the latter being gradual but not quite regular. The gradation of notes, however, from the highest on the left to the gravest on the right, is tolerably uniform. The tuning is done by shaping, besides the difference in size. Those

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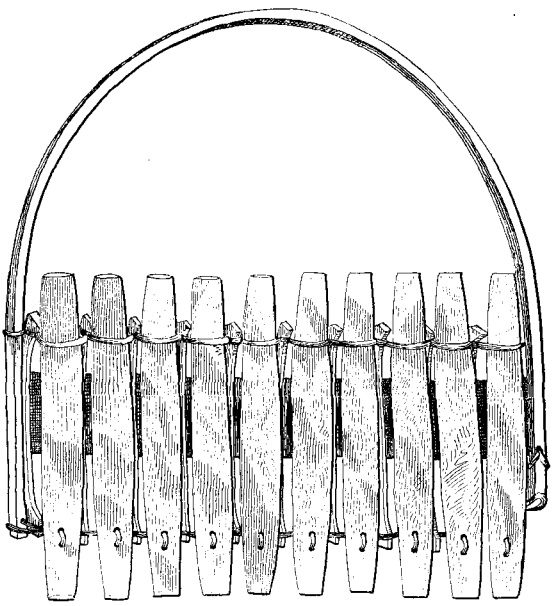
on the left are thick in the middle and thinner toward the ends; the graver bars on the right are thinner at their mid-lengths and thicker toward their ends.

Back of the row of sonorous bars is a wide wooden rail running across the frame, and having a square hole behind each of the musical bars to allow the sound to pass into and be intensified in a calabash, which is secured by wax to the wooden rail. These calabashes are graduated in size, and singularly anticipate the late discovery of Helmholtz in his "sonorous spheres." Each little globe is of one calabash, a hole being made in its side to fit against the hole in the rail, its own natural opening being turned upward and a neck attached to it with wax. The rear view of the marimba shows these features, and represents the instrument in the condition it really presented; one calabash has fallen off, and several others have lost their necks.

The wood harmonicon of Central Africa, like that of Congo, is suspended in



(Fig. 8.) Marimba of Central Africa. Egyptian Collection. (Top View.)

a frame which is carried by the bow. It is usually laid horizontally, and often has legs to support it on the ground. It is sometimes, however, attached to a hoop, by which it is held out from the person and is hung from the shoulders so as to be played by the performer while marching. One, not in the Exhibition but observed elsewhere, has a frame bent round like a wheel, and the bars assume a nearly radial position to the person carrying the instrument.

The Central African instrument, shown in Figures 8 and 9, is twenty-six inches long and has ten sounding bars with as many tin cases in the rear, similar to rocket cases and taking the places of the calabashes in the marimba from Angola. These are painted red, and are from five to six inches long and about two inches in diameter; their variation in size would hardly seem to be in accordance with the compass of the notes, but this is quite limited. We need not look for accuracy here, or even that approximation to it which we may find in the more carefully made instruments of this class in Java and Siam. The sticks in the instrument under consideration, which was declared to be from Soudan, are sixteen inches long, two inches wide, from one fourth to one half inch thick, and are suspended

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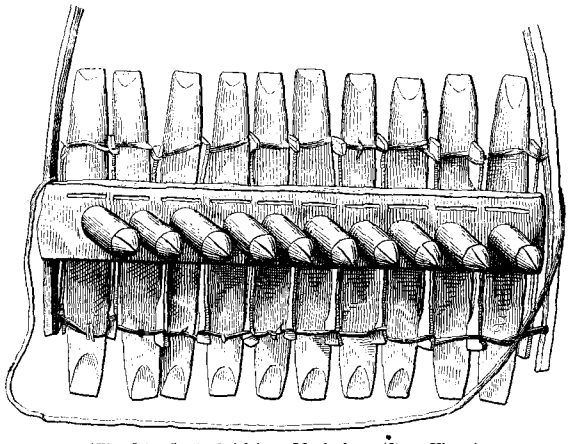
by rawhide strings from pieces attached to the cross-rail which has the tin cases inserted in it, corresponding holes in the rail and cases allowing the sound of the bars to pass to the interior of the sounders. The tapering sticks of sonorous wood are hollowed out or left solid in the back so as to vary the tone, but the series is not as well tuned as the Angola instrument, nor do the gradations of tone run regularly from either end.

Many African travelers have referred to the marimba. That of the Balondo and Botaka tribes has a semicircular frame to which the keys and attendant calabashes are fastened. The keys are sixteen in number, larger at the mid-length of the frame and diminishing to-



(Fig. 9.) Central African Marimba. (Rear View.)

ward each end. The instrument of the Zambesi tribes is similar. The Mandingoes, and other tribes of Senegambia, know the instrument as the *balofo*, and with them it has the diatonic scale. It is called *handja* by the Fans of the Gaboon River and its vicinity. It has, with them, seven notes, and each gourd has a hole in it covered with a spider's web, — like the holes in the Balondo drums, as we shall see. The handja is on a slight frame which is laid upon the knees, and the mallets are hard and soft; one of bare wood, the other covered so as to give a soft effect.

Before leaving the African portion of the subject it may be well to state that an instrument represented on one of the Egyptian monuments is perhaps a marimba, but it is not distinct enough to be determined with certainty.

The wood harmonicon of Guatemala and Yucatan is called by the Maya Indians *malimba*, a name evidently derived from the Spanish and Portuguese marimba, and suggesting that the instrument and its name are negro importations; the change of an "r" to an "l" being very common in the domestication of foreign names in some languages. The Yucatan malimba observed by the writer has twenty-three wooden plates in a regular series and is tuned to the diatonic scale. The bars rest on rushes on a rail, and they are preserved in their places by cords which are strung through them; they are beaten with mallets having gum knobs to mellow the sound. The instrument is mounted on four legs, which raise it sufficiently for the player to kneel before it or to sit on a low stool. It is one instrument of the *sarabanda* (band) of the Tactic Indians of Yucatan, the others consisting of drums — their snake-skin heads possessing the genuine negro flavor — and guitars with five strings and six frets, an undoubted modification of the Spanish instrument.

Some have regarded the possession of the wood harmonicon by the Indians of Yucatan and the Malays as another proof of the prehistoric settlement of America from Asia, but the other supposition is much the more likely one, that the in-

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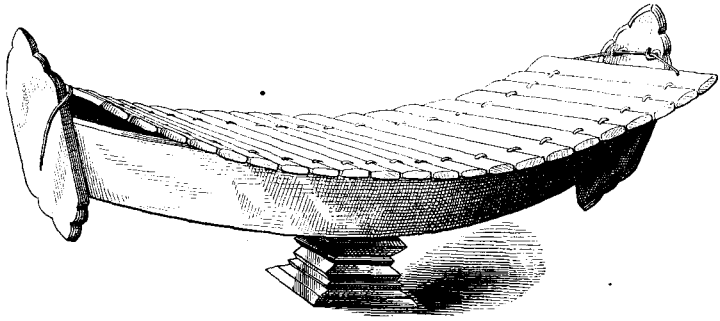
strument or at least the knowledge of it was brought to America with the negro in the Spanish slavers. We know of the importation of Africans; the Asiatic migration we can but hesitatingly assume.

It should be mentioned that beneath each bar in the Yucatanese instrument is a gourd of much greater length than thickness, the range being from two inches long under the bar of highest note to eighteen inches long under that of the gravest note. The instrument does not appear to have exactly the diatonic or pentatonic scale, but to lack the seventh note of the former.

Another instrument, also known as the marimba in the Portuguese possessions in Africa, has a row or rows of steel tongues, and is of entirely different character from the wood harmonicon. Its alliances are rather with the Jew's-harp and the music box. It will be figured and shown along with stringed instruments, the members of its class not being sufficiently numerous to form a group by themselves. It is known from Congo to Natal; the Kafirs call it *sansa*, and it has been carried to Brazil in the slave ships, where it is yet used by the negro population. This fact adds importance to the former suggestion of the Guatemala marimba having a negro origin.

The Chinese, Siamese, and Javanese instruments of this class are the best. The Chinese wood harmonicon is known to them under the name of *fang-hiang*, and one form of it has sixteen wooden slabs of an oblong shape suspended in a frame, with a trough-shaped sounding box beneath, in the manner of the Siamese and Javanese instruments to be shown and described hereafter. The Chinese, however, do not seem to prize



(Fig. 10.) Ra-naht-ake of Siam.

it greatly, preferring the clashing to the softer and more subdued style of music, their taste running to metallic instruments rather than to those of wood. We therefore find but little notice of it in Chinese annals or museums, while it is a great favorite in Malaysia, where it has attained its best form, having many modifications of material and of size. The Chinese instrument has the notes of the pentatonic scale, lacking the fourth and seventh, — the two semitones of our diatonic scale. A musical authority has remarked, however, that in some instruments there are two minor thirds which in our diatonic scale do not occur, from the third to the fifth, and from the sixth to the seventh, in this respect resembling one scale of the Inca and Aztec music. As none of the ancient nations seem to have written their music, it is all the greater pleasure to the competent musician to learn from such an instrument as the reed syrinx (*huayra puhura*) of the ancient Peruvians, that the Incas used the pentatonic scale, though, as another instrument indicates, not exclusively.

Passing to Siam, we find the wood harmonicon agreeing with the Chinese in respect of its being a structure with a trough-shaped body and a foot. Two such were shown at the Centennial Exhibition in the navy department of the Government Building. The one known locally as the *ra-naht-ake* is shown at

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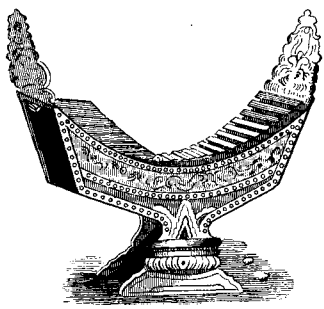
Figure 10. It has twenty-two wooden keys on two catenary twisted cords. The bars on the left are shorter, narrower, and thinner than the basser bars on the right. The difference in the thickness of the bars at their ends is not apparent, but the high-note bars, are thick in the middle and vibrate more quickly than the low-note bars which are thin in the middle. The instrument is about four



(Fig. 11.) Malaysian Wood Harmonicon.

feet long. The other instrument in the same collection differs from the former principally in the finish and some variation in shape. The wooden bars are made from the cashoo-nut-tree, and vary in size from 6×1 to 14×2 inches. Batons are used in each hand, the knob ends usually being of pith, or else covered with an elastic gum, such as caoutchouc or gutta-percha.

Coming now to Java, we find the instrument in either its crude or finished forms. It is known in Java and Borneo as the *gambang*. In the Sunda districts of Java, and elsewhere in the archipelago, it is made of bamboos of different lengths, bound together with iron wires, or supported on strings.

The term gambang is generic in Java, being applied to instruments with either wooden or metallic bars, of which a number are made, varying in size, compass, and range of notes. The *gambang kayu* is the instrument with wooden plates. The compass is two octaves and a major third, the intermediate sounds from the lowest being a second, third, fifth, and sixth. In other words, it is the pentatonic scale, lacking the fourth and seventh of the diatonic. The *gambang gangsa* has metallic bars, and several other similar instruments have specific names and a smaller compass, with from five to seven keys, so to call them. The *gender* has thin metallic bars, but a different form. They are very elaborately mounted on stools, tables, or cases; and no one who has seen the cabinet work of the Siamese can doubt their power of elaborate ornamentation.

The gambang is the principal instrument in the Javanese *gamelan* (band). Different gamelans have a greater number or variety of instruments, or some peculiar instrument not present in other gamelans, and each band has a name indicative of its peculiar group of instruments.

The most perfect is the *gamelan salindro*, which has six kinds of harmonicons, wood and metal, five gongs in different arrangements, a double pair of cymbals, two drums, a flute, a harp, and a two-stringed fiddle (*rebab*), the latter of which is used by the leader of the band; we shall have occasion to speak of it in a future article. The word is Persian, and the instrument is very widely distributed.

Other gamelans have louder instruments, are used in processions, or are the special appanage of royalty, or of the priesthood for the temple service.

The musical bars are struck with mallets padded either with cloth or elastic gum.

When the pieces of metal assume a rounded shape they may be considered as gongs. Such an instrument (*k'âung-wong*), with tuned gongs in an oval arrangement around the performer, was shown in the Siamese exhibit, and will be described farther on.

The sonorous quality of some kinds of stones must have attracted attention even in primitive times, and among the earliest notices of Chinese art we find the mention of the use of such, as rhythmical instruments. Such a stone is there known as *tse-king*, and ten sonorous drum-shaped stones are yet shown in the out-buildings of an ancient temple near Pekin, and are asserted to have been hewn three thousand years ago. Many stones have this ringing quality, some in eminent degree.

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Glass and well-burnt pottery, especially the superior kind known as porcelain, have remarkable sharpness and sweetness of tone. Terra cotta of fine quality, indeed, has entered into the musical lists in more ways than one, as a series of bars mounted on a frame like the marimba or gambang, as the sounding chamber of drums or guitars, as bells, flutes, pandean pipes, and otherwise.

It was the stone harmonicon made of slabs of sonorous stone and known as the *king* which so enraptured the great Chinese philosopher Kung-fu-tse, who lived about 500 B. C. The Chinese claim to have possessed this instrument at a period two thousand years before the Christian era. The most famous stone for this purpose, known as *yu*, is found in certain mountainous portions of the country, and is believed to be a species of agate. It is very hard, heavy, and sonorous, and is of different colors. The king is regarded as a sacred instrument, and in more modern times the stones have been fashioned into various shapes and suspended in rows. Whether laid upon cords, bamboos, or cylindrical bunches of straw, or, as in the *pien-king*, suspended by a cord from a horizontal bar, the different stones forming the instrument are of such graduated sizes as, when struck, to emit tones according to a musical scale. While the quality will depend upon the character of the stone, the pitch will be determined by its size. The Chinese pien-king is said to be tuned to the intervals called *lu*, of which there are twelve in the compass of an octave. Other instruments of the same class have the same intervals, but they vary in pitch; the *soung-king*, for instance, is four intervals lower than the pien-king.

Asia is not alone, however, in the fancy for sonorous stones. One is preserved in Cuzco, in Peru: a green slab, one and a half feet long, an inch and a half wide, pointed at the ends, arched and sharpened at the back. It is suspended by a string and struck by a mallet, giving a sweet, musical sound. Humboldt mentions the metallic sound of the Amazon stone, which is cut into a thin plate, perforated in the centre, hung by a string, and gives a clear, ringing sound when struck.

It is within the recollection of the writer that about thirty years ago, in Europe, a stone harmonicon with large and smaller slabs of what seemed to be a sort of schistose stone was exhibited and played to public audiences from place to place. It was bulky, clumsy, and crude, but the sweetness of tone was undeniable.

The change from stone to metal, assuming the lithic to have preceded the metallic, was made very early in China. Whether flat plates preceded the true bell is perhaps not material, but is quite probable. Specimens in the collection of Colonel Lane Fox in England, showing the steps in the invention of the bell, would indicate that the flat plate was bent over like the two parts of a bivalve; and that it gradually assumed the conical, dome-shaped, and other forms. The ancient Chinese bell is quadrangular, a sort of flattened, elevated pyramid, and is struck with a mallet on the outside, and not with a clapper within. The Chinese word for bell is *tchung*, and the instrument with a number of bells tuned to a regular succession of intervals is called *pien-tchung*, the musical scale of which is the same as the pien-king of sonorous stones.

The *hiuen-tchung* was an ancient oval bell with a crescent-shaped mouth, and was also struck with a mallet from without. It is included in the traditional antique instruments of the time of Kung-fu-tse, and became popular B. C. 200–200 A. D., the period of the Han dynasty.

We have about finished with this branch of our subject and may now pass to the jingling and clashing family, the cymbal, castanet, triangle, gong, and bell; but before closing with the wood or stone harmonicon, it may be well to state that the instrument, although now occasionally heard in Europe, was better known there two centuries ago. Its European name was *regal* or *rigols*, and it consisted of several sticks strung together and only separated by beads. An authority of the day states that "it makes a tolerable

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harmony, being well struck with a ball at the end of a stick." Under the name of *Xylophone* it has been again introduced, and many of us have heard it played as a curiosity in concert halls. The little dulcimer with slips of glass on tapes, and beaten with mallets having cork heads, is familiar to all as a child's toy, and does not differ in principle from the instruments we have been describing.

Edward H. Knight.

HYMN OF THE DUNKERS.

KLOSTER KEDAR, EPHRATA, PENNSYLVANIA. 1738.

SISTER MARIA CHRISTINA *sings.*

WAKE, sisters, wake! the day-star shines;
Above Ephrata's eastern pines
The dawn is breaking, cool and calm.
Wake, sisters, wake to prayer and psalm!

Praised be the Lord for shade and light,
For toil by day, for rest by night!
Praised be his name who deigns to bless
Our Kedar of the wilderness! —

Our refuge when the spoiler's hand
Was heavy on our native land;
And freedom, to her children due,
The wolf and vulture only knew.

We praised him when to prison led,
We owned him when the stake blazed red;
We knew, whatever might befall,
His love and power were over all.

He heard our prayers; with outstretched arm
He led us forth from cruel harm;
Still, wheresoe'er our steps were bent,
His cloud and fire before us went!

The watch of faith and prayer he set;
We kept it then, we keep it yet.
At midnight, crow of cock, or noon,
He cometh sure, he cometh soon.

He comes to chasten, not destroy,
To purge the earth from sin's alloy.
At last, at last shall all confess
His mercy as his righteousness.

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The dead shall live, the sick be whole,
The scarlet sin be white as wool;
No discord mar below, above,
The music of eternal love!

Sound, welcome trump, the last alarm!
Lord God of hosts, make bare thine arm
Fulfill this day our long desire,
Make sweet and clean the world with fire!

Sweep, flaming besom, sweep from sight
The lies of time; be swift to smite,
Sharp sword of God, all idols down,
Genevan creed and Roman crown.

Quake, earth, through all thy zones, till all
The fanes of pride and priestcraft fall;
And lift thou up in place of them
The gates of pearl, Jerusalem!

Lo! rising from baptismal flame,
Transfigured, glorious, yet the same,
Within the heavenly city's bound
Our Kloster Kedar shall be found.

He cometh soon! at dawn or noon
Or set of sun, he cometh soon.
Our prayers shall meet him on his way;
Wake, sisters, wake! arise and pray!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE AMERICAN.

XXV.

NEWMAN called upon the comical duchess, and found her at home. An old gentleman with a high nose and a gold-headed cane was just taking leave of her; he made Newman a protracted obeisance as he retired, and our hero supposed that he was one of the mysterious grandees with whom he had shaken hands at Madame de Bellegarde's ball. The duchess, in her arm-chair, from which she did not move, with a great flower-pot on one side of her, a pile of pink-covered novels on the other, and a large piece of tapestry depending from her lap, presented an expansive and imposing front; but her greeting was in the highest degree gracious, and there was nothing in her manner to check the effusion of his confidence. She talked to him about flowers and books, getting under way with marvelous promptitude; about the theatres, about the peculiar institutions of his native country, about the humidity of Paris, about the pretty complexions of the American ladies, about his impressions of France, and his opinion of its

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female inhabitants. All this was a brilliant monologue on the part of the duchess, who, like many of her country-women, was a person of an affirmative rather than an interrogative cast of mind, who made *mots* and herself put them into circulation, and who was apt to offer you a present of a convenient little opinion, neatly enveloped in the gilt paper of a happy Gallicism. Newman had come to her with a grievance, but he found himself in an atmosphere in which, apparently, no cognizance was taken of grievances; an atmosphere into which the chill of discomfort had never penetrated, and which seemed exclusively made up of mild, sweet, stale intellectual perfumes. The feeling with which he had watched Madame d'Outreville at the treacherous festival of the Bellegardes came back to him; she struck him as a wonderful old lady in a comedy, particularly well up in her part. He observed before long that she asked him no questions about their common friends; she made no allusion to the circumstances under which he had been presented to her. She neither feigned ignorance of a change in these circumstances nor pretended to condole with him upon it; but she smiled and discoursed and compared the tender-tinted wools of her tapestry, as if the Bellegardes and their wickedness were not of this world. "She is fighting shy!" said Newman to himself; and, having made the observation, he was prompted to observe, further, how the duchess would carry off her indifference. She did so in a masterly manner. There was not a gleam of disguised consciousness in those small, clear, demonstrative eyes which constituted her nearest claim to personal loveliness; there was not a symptom of apprehension that Newman would trench upon the ground she proposed to avoid. "Upon my word, she does it very well," he tacitly commented. "They all hold together bravely, and, whether any one else can trust them or not, they can certainly trust each other."

Newman, at this juncture, fell to admiring the duchess for her fine manners. He felt, most accurately, that she was not a grain less urbane than she would have been if his marriage were still in prospect; but he felt also that she was not a particle more urbane. He had come, so reasoned the duchess — Heaven knew why he had come, after what had happened; and for the half hour, therefore, she would be *charmante*. But she would never see him again. Finding no ready-made opportunity to tell his story, Newman pondered these things more dispassionately than might have been expected; he stretched his legs, as usual, and even chuckled a little, appreciatively and noiselessly. And then, as the duchess went on relating a mot with which her mother had snubbed the great Napoleon, it occurred to Newman that her evasion of a chapter of French history more interesting to himself might possibly, after all, be the result of an extreme consideration for his feelings. Perhaps it was delicacy on the duchess's part, — not policy. He was on the point of saying something himself, to make the chance which he had determined to give her still better, when the servant announced another visitor. The duchess, on hearing the name — it was that of an Italian prince — gave a little imperceptible pant, and said to Newman, rapidly: "I beg you to remain; I desire this visit to be short." Newman said to himself, at this, that Madame d'Outreville did intend that they should discuss the Bellegardes together.

The prince was a short, stout man, with a head disproportionately large. He had a dusky complexion and a bushy eyebrow, beneath which his eye wore a fixed and somewhat defiant expression; he seemed to be defying you to insinuate that he was top-heavy. The duchess, judging from her charge to Newman, regarded him as a bore; but this was not apparent from the unchecked flow of her conversation. She made a fresh series of mots, characterized with great felicity the Italian intellect and the taste of the figs at Sorrento, predicted the ultimate future of the Italian kingdom (disgust with the brutal Sardinian rule and complete reversion, throughout the peninsula, to the sacred sway of the Holy

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Father), and, finally, gave a history of the love affairs of the Princess X——. This narrative provoked some rectifications on the part of the prince, who, as he said, pretended to know something about that matter; and having satisfied himself that Newman was in no laughing mood, either with regard to the size of his head or anything else, he entered into the controversy with an animation for which the duchess, when she set him down as a bore, could not have been prepared. The sentimental vicissitudes of the Princess X—— led to a discussion of the heart history of Florentine nobility in general; the duchess had spent five weeks in Florence and had gathered much information on the subject. This was merged, in turn, in an examination of the Italian heart *per se*. The duchess took a brilliantly heterodox view, — thought it the least susceptible organ of its kind that she had ever encountered, related examples of its want of susceptibility, and declared that for her the Italians were a people of ice. The prince became flame to refute her, and his visit proved really charming. Newman was naturally out of the conversation. He sat with his head a little on one side, watching the interlocutors. The duchess, as she talked, frequently looked at him with a smile, as if to intimate to him, in the charming manner of her nation, that it lay only with him to say something very much to the point. But he said nothing at all, and at last his thoughts began to wander. A singular feeling came over him, — a sudden sense of the folly of his errand. What under the sun had he to say to the duchess, after all? Wherein would it profit him to tell her that the Bellegardes were traitors and that the old lady, into the bargain, was a murderess? He seemed morally to have turned a sort of somersault, and to find things looking differently in consequence. He felt a sudden stiffening of his will and quickening of his reserve. What in the world had he been thinking of when he fancied the duchess could help him, and that it would conduce to his comfort to make her think ill of the Bellegardes? What did her opinion of the Bellegardes matter to him? It was only a shade more important than the opinion the Bellegardes entertained of her. The duchess help him — that cold, stout, soft, artificial woman help him? — she who in the last twenty minutes had built up between them a wall of polite conversation in which she evidently flattered herself that he would never find a gate. Had it come to that — that he was asking favors of conceited people, and appealing for sympathy where he had no sympathy to give? He rested his arms on the sides of his knees, and sat for some minutes staring into his hat. As he did so his ears tingled, — he had come very near being an ass. Whether or no the duchess would hear his story, he would n't tell it. Was he to sit there another half hour for the sake of exposing the Bellegardes? The Bellegardes be hanged! He got up abruptly, and advanced to shake hands with his hostess.

"You can't stay longer?" she asked, very graciously.

"I am afraid not," he said.

She hesitated a moment, and then, "I had an idea you had something particular to say to me," she declared.

Newman looked at her; he felt a little dizzy; for the moment he seemed to be turning his somersault again. The little Italian prince came to his help: "Ah, madame, who has not that?" he softly sighed.

"Don't teach Mr. Newman to say *fadaises*," said the duchess. "It is his merit that he does n't know how."

"Yes, I don't know how to say fadaises," said Newman, "and I don't want to say anything unpleasant."

"I am sure you are very considerate," said the duchess with a smile; and she gave him a little nod for good-by, with which he took his departure.

Once in the street, he stood for some time on the pavement, wondering whether, after all, he was not an ass not to have discharged his pistol. And then again he decided that to talk to any one whomsoever about the Bellegardes would be extremely disagreeable to him. The least disagreeable thing, under the cir-

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cumstances, was to banish them from his mind, and never think of them again. Indecision had not hitherto been one of Newman's weaknesses, and in this case it was not of long duration. For three days after this he did not, or at least he tried not to think of the Bellegardes. He dined with Mrs. Tristram, and on her mentioning their name he begged her, almost severely, to desist. This gave Tom Tristram a much-coveted opportunity to offer his condolences.

He leaned forward, laying his hand on Newman's arm, compressing his lips and shaking his head. "The fact is, my dear fellow, you see, that you ought never to have gone into it. It was not your doing, I know, — it was all my wife. If you want to come down on her, I 'll stand off; I give you leave to hit her as hard as you like. You know she has never had a word of reproach from me in her life, and I think she is in need of something of the kind. Why did n't you listen to *me?* You know I did n't believe in the thing. I thought it at the best an amiable delusion. I don't profess to be a Don Juan or a gay Lothario, — that class of man, you know; but I do pretend to know something about the harder sex. I have never disliked a woman in my life that she has not turned out badly. I was not at all deceived in Lizzie, for instance; I always had my doubts about her. Whatever you may think of my present situation, I must at least admit that I got into it with my eyes open. Now, suppose you had got into something like this box with Madame de Cintré. You may depend upon it she would have turned out a stiff one. And upon my word I don't see where you could have found your comfort. Not from the marquis, my dear Newman; he was n't a man you could go and talk things over with in a sociable, common-sense way. Did he ever seem to want to have you on the premises — did he ever try to see you alone? Did he ever ask you to come and smoke a cigar with him of an evening, or step in, when you had been calling on the ladies, and take something? I don't think you would have got much encouragement out of *him.* And as for the old lady, she struck me as an uncommonly strong dose. They have a great expression here, you know; they call it 'sympathetic.' Everything is sympathetic, — or ought to be. Now Madame de Bellegarde is about as sympathetic as that mustard-pot. They 're a d—d cold-blooded lot, any way. I felt it awfully at that ball of theirs. I felt as if I were walking up and down in the Armory, in the Tower of London! My dear boy, don't think me a vulgar brute for hinting at it, but you may depend upon it, all they wanted was your money. I know something about that; I can tell when people want one's money! Why they stopped wanting yours I don't know; I suppose because they could get some one else's without working so hard for it. It is n't worth finding out, any way. It may be that it was not Madame de Cintré that backed out first; very likely the old woman put her up to it. I suspect she and her mother are really as thick as thieves, eh? You are well out of it, my boy; make up your mind to that. If I express myself strongly it is all because I love you so much; and from that point of view I may say I should as soon have thought of making up to that piece of pale high-mightiness as I should have thought of making up to the Obelisk in the Place de la Concorde."

Newman sat gazing at Tristram during this harangue with a lack-lustre eye. Never yet had he seemed to himself to have outgrown so completely the phase of equal comradeship with Tom Tristram. Mrs. Tristram's glance at her husband had more of a spark; she turned to Newman with a slightly lurid smile. "You must at least do justice," she said, "to the felicity with which Mr. Tristram repairs the indiscretions of a too zealous wife."

But even without the aid of Tom Tristram's conversational felicities, Newman would have begun to think of the Bellegardes again. He could cease to think of them only when he ceased to think of his loss and his privation, and the days had as yet but scantily lightened the weight of this incommodity. In vain

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Mrs. Tristram begged him to cheer up; she assured him that the sight of his countenance made her miserable.

"How can I help it?" he demanded with a trembling voice. "I feel like a widower, — and a widower who has not even the consolation of going to stand beside the grave of his wife, — who has not the right to wear so much mourning as a weed in his hat. I feel," he added in a moment, "as if my wife had been murdered and her assassins were still at large."

Mrs. Tristram made no immediate rejoinder, but at last she said, with a smile which, in so far as it was a forced one, was less successfully simulated than such smiles, on her lips, usually were: "Are you very sure that you would have been happy?"

Newman stared a moment, and then shook his head. "That's weak," he said; "that won't do."

"Well," said Mrs. Tristram with a more triumphant bravery, "I don't believe you would have been happy."

Newman gave a little laugh. "Say I should have been miserable, then; it's a misery I should have preferred to any happiness."

Mrs. Tristram began to muse. "I should have been curious to see; it would have been very strange."

"Was it from curiosity that you urged me to try and marry her?"

"A little," said Mrs. Tristram, growing still more audacious. Newman gave her the one angry look he had been destined ever to give her, turned away, and took up his hat. She watched him a moment, and then she said, "That sounds very cruel, but it is less so than it sounds. Curiosity has a share in almost everything I do. I wanted very much to see, first, whether such a marriage could actually take place; second, what would happen if it should take place."

"So you didn't believe," said Newman, resentfully.

"Yes, I believed — I believed that it would take place, and that you would be happy. Otherwise I should have been, among my speculations, a very heartless creature. *But*," she continued, laying her hand upon Newman's arm and hazarding a grave smile, "it was the highest flight ever taken by a tolerably bold imagination."

Shortly after this she recommended him to leave Paris and travel for three months. Change of scene would do him good, and he would forget his misfortune sooner in absence from the objects which had witnessed it. "I really feel," Newman rejoined, "as if to leave *you*, at least, would do me good, — and cost me very little effort. You are growing cynical; you shock me and pain me."

"Very good," said Mrs. Tristram, good-naturedly or cynically, as may be thought most probable. "I shall certainly see you again."

Newman was very willing to get away from Paris; the brilliant streets he had walked through in his happier hours, and which then seemed to wear a higher brilliancy in honor of his happiness, appeared now to be in the secret of his defeat and to look down upon it in shining mockery. He would go somewhere, he cared little where; and he made his preparations. Then, one morning, at haphazard, he drove to the train that would transport him to Boulogne and dispatch him thence to the shores of Britain. As he rolled along in the train he asked himself what had become of his revenge, and he was able to say to himself that it was provisionally pigeon-holed in a very safe place; it would keep until called for.

He arrived in London in the midst of what is called "the season," and it seemed to him at first that he might here put himself in the way of being diverted from his heavy-heartedness. He knew no one in all England, but the spectacle of the mighty metropolis roused him somewhat from his apathy. Anything that was enormous usually found favor with Newman, and the multitudinous energies and industries of England stirred within him a dull vivacity of contemplation. It is on record that the weather, at that moment, was of the finest English quality; he took long walks and explored London in every direction; he sat by the hour in Kensington Gardens and beside the adjoining drive, watching the people and

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the horses and the carriages; the rosy English beauties, the wonderful English dandies, and the splendid flunkies. He went to the opera and found it better than in Paris; he went to the theatre and found a surprising charm in listening to dialogue, the finest points of which came within the range of his comprehension. He made several excursions into the country, recommended by the waiter at his hotel, with whom, on this and similar points, he had established confidential relations. He watched the deer in Windsor Forest and admired the Thames from Richmond Hill. He ate white-bait and brown-bread and butter at Greenwich, and strolled in the grassy shadow of the Cathedral of Canterbury. He also visited the Tower of London and Madame Tussaud's exhibition. One day he thought he would go to Sheffield, and then, thinking of it again, he gave it up. Why should he go to Sheffield? He had a feeling that the link which bound him to a possible interest in the manufacture of cutlery was broken. He had no desire for an "inside view" of any successful enterprise whatever, and he would not have given the smallest sum for the privilege of talking over the details of the most "splendid" business with the shrewdest of overseers.

One afternoon he had walked into Hyde Park, and was slowly threading his way through the human maze which edges the drive. The stream of carriages was no less dense, and Newman, as usual, marveled at the strange, dingy figures which he saw taking the air in some of the stateliest vehicles. They reminded him of what he had read of eastern and southern countries, in which grotesque idols and fetiches were sometimes taken out of their temples and carried abroad in golden chariots to be displayed to the multitude. He saw a great many pretty cheeks beneath high-plumed hats as he squeezed his way through serried waves of crumpled muslin; and sitting on little chairs at the base of the great, serious English trees, he observed a number of quiet-eyed maidens who only seemed to remind him afresh that the magic of beauty had gone out of the world with Madame de Cintré; to say nothing of other maidens, whose eyes were not quiet, and who struck him still more as a satire on possible consolation. He had been walking for some time, when, directly in front of him, borne back by the summer breeze, he heard a few words uttered in that bright Parisian idiom to which his ears had begun to disaccustom themselves. The voice in which the words were spoken made them seem even more like a thing with which he had once been familiar, and as he bent his eyes it lent an identity to the commonplace elegance of the back hair and shoulders of a young lady walking in the same direction as himself. Mademoiselle Nioche, apparently, had come to seek a more rapid advancement in London, and another glance led Newman to suppose that she had found it. A gentleman was strolling beside her, lending a most attentive ear to her conversation, and too entranced to open his lips. Newman did not hear his voice, but he perceived that he presented the dorsal expression of a well-dressed Englishman. Mademoiselle Nioche was evidently attracting attention: the ladies who passed her turned round to survey the Parisian perfection of her toilet. A great cataract of flounces rolled down from the young lady's waist to Newman's feet; he had to step aside to avoid treading upon it. He stepped aside, indeed, with a decision of movement which the occasion scarcely demanded; for even this imperfect glimpse of Miss Noémie had excited his displeasure. She seemed an odious blot upon the face of nature; he wanted to put her out of his sight. He thought of Valentin de Bellegarde, still green in the earth of his burial, — his young life clipped by this flourishing impudence. The perfume of the young lady's finery sickened him. He turned his head and tried to deflect his course; but the pressure of the crowd kept him near her a few minutes longer, so that he heard what she was saying.

"Ah, I am sure he will miss me," she murmured. "It was very cruel in me to leave him; I am afraid you will think me a very heartless creature. He might perfectly well have come with us. I don't

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think he is very well," she added; "it seemed to me to-day that his spirits were low."

Newman wondered whom she was talking about, but just then an opening among his neighbors enabled him to turn away, and he said to himself that she was probably paying a tribute to British propriety and playing at tender solicitude about her papa. Was that miserable old man still treading the path of vice in her train? Was he still giving her the benefit of his experience of affairs, and had he crossed the sea to serve as her interpreter? Newman walked some distance farther, and then began to retrace his steps, taking care not to traverse again the orbit of Mademoiselle Nioche. At last he looked for a chair under the trees, but he had some difficulty in finding an empty one. He was about to give up the search when he saw a gentleman rise from the seat he had been occupying, leaving Newman to take it without looking at his neighbors. He sat there for some time without heeding them; his attention was lost in the irritation and bitterness produced by his recent glimpse of Mademoiselle Noémie's iniquitous vitality.

At the end of a quarter of an hour, dropping his eyes, he perceived a small pug-dog squatted upon the path near his feet, a diminutive but very perfect specimen of its interesting species. The pug was sniffing at the fashionable world, as it passed him, with his little black muzzle, and was kept from extending his investigations by a large blue ribbon attached to his collar with an enormous rosette and held in the hand of a person seated next to Newman. To this person Newman transferred his attention, and immediately perceived that he was the object of all that of his neighbor, who was staring up at him from a pair of little fixed white eyes. These eyes Newman instantly recognized; he had been sitting for the last quarter of an hour beside M. Nioche. He had vaguely felt that some one was staring at him. M. Nioche continued to stare; he appeared afraid to move, even to the extent of evading Newman's own glance.

"Dear me," said Newman; "are you here, too?" And he looked at his neighbor's helplessness more grimly than he knew. M. Nioche had a new hat and a pair of kid gloves; his clothes, too, seemed to belong to a more recent antiquity than of yore. Over his arm was suspended a lady's mantilla — a light and brilliant tissue, fringed with white lace — which had apparently been committed to his keeping, and the little dog's blue ribbon was wound tightly round his hand. There was no expression of recognition in his face, — or of anything, indeed, save a sort of feeble fascinated dread; Newman looked at the pug and the lace mantilla, and then he met the old man's eyes again. "You know me, I see," he pursued. "You might have spoken to me before." M. Nioche still said nothing, but it seemed to Newman that his eyes began faintly to water. "I did n't expect," our hero went on, "to meet you so far from — from the Café de la Patrie." The old man remained silent, but decidedly Newman had touched the source of tears. He sat staring, and the latter added, "What 's the matter, M. Nioche? You used to talk, — to talk very prettily. Don't you remember you even gave lessons in conversation?"

At this M. Nioche decided to change his attitude. He stooped and picked up the pug, lifted it to his face, and wiped his eyes on its little soft back. "I am afraid to speak to you," he presently said, looking over the puppy's back. "I hoped you would n't notice me. I should have moved away, but I was afraid that if I moved you would see me. So I sat very still."

"I suspect you have a bad conscience, sir," said Newman.

The old man put down the little dog and held it carefully in his lap. Then he shook his head, with his eyes still fixed upon his interlocutor. "No, Mr. Newman, I have a good conscience," he murmured.

"Then why should you want to slink away from me?"

"Because — because you don't understand my position."

"Oh, I think you once explained it

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to me," said Newman. "But it seems improved."

"Improved?" exclaimed M. Nioche, under his breath. "Do you call this improvement?" And he glanced at the treasures in his arms.

"Why, you are on your travels," Newman rejoined. "A visit to London in 'the season' is certainly a sign of prosperity."

M. Nioche, in answer to this cruel piece of irony, lifted the puppy up to his face again, peering at Newman with his small, blank eye-holes. There was something almost imbecile in the movement, and Newman hardly knew whether he was taking refuge in an affectation of convenient unreason, or whether he had in fact paid for his dishonor by the loss of his wits. In the latter case, just now, he felt no more tenderly to the foolish old man than in the former. Responsible or not, he was equally an accomplice of his detestably mischievous little daughter. Newman was going to leave him abruptly, when a ray of entreaty appeared to disengage itself from the old man's misty gaze. "Are you going away?" he asked.

"Do you want me to stay?" said Newman.

"I should have left you — from consideration. But my dignity suffers at your leaving me — that way."

"Have you got anything particular to say to me?"

M. Nioche looked round him to see that no one was listening, and then he said, very softly but distinctly, "I have *not* forgiven her!"

Newman gave a sharp laugh, but the old man seemed, for the moment, not to perceive it; he was gazing away, absently, at some metaphysical image of his implacability. "It does n't much matter whether you forgive her or not," said Newman. "There are other people who won't, I assure you."

"What has she done?" M. Nioche softly questioned, turning round again. "I don't know what she does, — you know."

"She has done a devilish mischief; it does n't matter what," said Newman. "She 's a nuisance; she ought to be stopped."

M. Nioche stealthily put out his hand and laid it very gently upon Newman's arm. "Stopped, yes," he whispered; "That 's it. Stopped short. She is running away, — she must be stopped." Then he paused a moment and looked round him. "I mean to stop her," he went on. "I am only waiting for my chance."

"I see," said Newman, laughing briefly again. "She is running away and you are running after her. You have run a long distance!"

But M. Nioche stared, insistently. "I shall stop her!" he softly repeated.

He had hardly spoken when the crowd in front of them separated, as if by the impulse to make way for an important personage. Presently, through the opening, advanced Mademoiselle Nioche, attended by the gentleman whom Newman had lately observed. His face being now presented to our hero, the latter recognized the irregular features, the hardly more regular complexion, and the amiable expression of Lord Deepmere. Miss Noémie, on finding herself suddenly confronted with Newman, who, like M. Nioche, had risen from his seat, faltered for a barely perceptible instant. She gave him a little nod, as if she had seen him yesterday, and then, with a good-natured smile, "*Tiens*, how we keep meeting!" she said. She looked consummately pretty, and the front of her dress was a wonderful work of art. She went up to her father, stretching out her hands for the little dog, which he submissively placed in them, and she began to kiss it and murmur over it: "To think of leaving him all alone, — what a wicked, abominable creature he must believe me! He has been very unwell," she added, turning and affecting to explain to Newman, with a spark of infernal impudence, fine as a needle point, in her eye. "I don't think the English climate agrees with him."

"It seems to agree wonderfully well with his mistress," said Newman.

"Do you mean me? I have never been better, thank you," Miss Noémie

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declared. "But with *milord*," — and she gave a brilliant glance at her late companion, — "how can one help being well?" She seated herself in the chair from which her father had risen, and began to arrange the little dog's rosette.

Lord Deepmere carried off such embarrassment as might be incidental to this unexpected encounter with the inferior grace of a male and a Briton. He blushed a good deal, and greeted the object of his late momentary aspiration to rivalry in the favor of a person other than the mistress of the invalid pug with an awkward nod and a rapid ejaculation, — an ejaculation to which Newman, who often found it hard to understand the speech of English people, was able to attach no meaning. Then the young man stood there, with his hand on his hip, and with a conscious grin, staring askance at Miss Noémie. Suddenly an idea seemed to strike him, and he said, turning to Newman, "Oh, you know her?"

"Yes," said Newman, "I know her. I don't believe you do."

"Oh dear, yes, I do!" said Lord Deepmere, with another grin. "I knew her in Paris, — by my poor cousin Bellegarde, you know. He knew her, poor fellow, didn't he? It was she, you know, who was at the bottom of his affair. Awfully sad, wasn't it?" continued the young man, talking off his embarrassment as his simple nature permitted. "They got up some story about its being for the Pope; about the other man having said something against the Pope's morals. They always do that, you know. They put it on the Pope because Bellegarde was once in the Zouaves. But it was about *her* morals, — *she* was the Pope!" Lord Deepmere pursued, directing an eye illumined by this pleasantry toward Mademoiselle Nioche, who was bending gracefully over her lap-dog, apparently absorbed in conversation with it. "I dare say you think it rather odd that I should — a — keep up the acquaintance," the young man resumed. "But she couldn't help it, you know, and Bellegarde was only my twentieth cousin. I dare say you think it's rather cheeky, my showing with her in Hyde Park. But you see she is n't known yet, and she's in such very good form" — And Lord Deepmere's conclusion was lost in the attesting glance which he again directed toward the young lady.

Newman turned away; he was having more of her than he relished. M. Nioche had stepped aside on his daughter's approach, and he stood there, within a very small compass, looking down very hard at the ground. It had never yet, as between him and Newman, been so apposite to place on record the fact that he had not forgiven his daughter. As Newman was moving away he looked up and drew near to him, and Newman, seeing the old man had something particular to say, bent his head for an instant.

"You will see it some day in the papers," murmured M. Nioche.

Our hero departed to hide his smile, and to this day, though the newspapers form his principal reading, his eyes have not been arrested by any paragraph illuminating the mystery of the old man's assurance.

XXVI.

In that unstinted observation of the great spectacle of English life upon which I have touched, it might be supposed that Newman passed a great many dull days. But the dullness of his days pleased him; his melancholy, which was settling into a secondary stage, like a healing wound, had in it a certain acrid, palatable sweetness. He had company in his thoughts, and for the present he wanted no other. He had no desire to make acquaintances, and he left untouched a couple of notes of introduction which had been sent him by Tom Tristram. He thought a great deal of Madame de Cintré, sometimes with a dogged tranquillity which might have seemed, for a quarter of an hour at a time, a near neighbor to forgetfulness. He lived over again the happiest hours he had known, — that silver chain of numbered days in which his afternoon visits, tending sensibly to the ideal result, had subtilized his good humor to a sort of spiritual intoxication.

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He came back to reality, after such reveries, with a somewhat muffled shock; he had begun to feel the need of accepting the unchangeable. At other times the reality became an infamy again and the unchangeable an imposture, and he gave himself up to his angry restlessness till he was weary. But on the whole he fell into a rather reflective mood. Without in the least intending it or knowing it, he attempted to read the moral of his strange misadventure. He asked himself, in his quieter hours, whether perhaps, after all, he *was* more commercial than was pleasant. We know that it was in obedience to a strong reaction against questions exclusively commercial that he had come out to pick up æsthetic entertainment in Europe; it may therefore be understood that he was able to conceive that a man might be too commercial. He was very willing to grant it, but the concession, as to his own case, was not made with any very oppressive sense of shame. If he had been too commercial, he was ready to forget it, for in being so he had done no man any wrong that might not be as easily forgotten. He reflected with sober placidity that at least there were no monuments of his "meanness" scattered about the world. If there was any reason in the nature of things why his connection with business should have cast a shadow upon a connection — even a connection broken — with a woman justly proud, he was willing to sponge it out of his life forever. The thing seemed a possibility; he could not feel it, doubtless, as keenly as some people, and it hardly seemed worth while to flap his wings very hard to rise to the idea; but he could feel it enough to make any sacrifice that still remained to be made. As to what such sacrifice was now to be made to, here Newman stopped short before a blank wall over which there sometimes played a shadowy imagery. He had a fancy of carrying out his life as he would have directed it if Madame de Cintré had been left to him, — of making it a religion to do nothing that she would have disliked. In this, certainly, there was no sacrifice; but there was a pale, oblique ray of inspiration. It would be lonely entertainment, — a good deal like a man talking to himself in the mirror for want of better company. Yet the idea yielded Newman several half hours' dumb exaltation as he sat, with his hands in his pockets and his legs stretched, over the relics of an expensively poor dinner, in the undying English twilight. If, however, his commercial indignation was dead, he felt no contempt for the surviving actualities begotten by it. He was glad he had been prosperous and had been a great man of business rather than a small one; he was extremely glad he was rich. He felt no impulse to sell all he had and give to the poor, or to retire into meditative economy and asceticism. He was glad he was rich and tolerably young; if it was possible to think too much about buying and selling, it was a gain to have a good slice of life left in which not to think about them. Come, what should he think about now? Again and again Newman could think only of one thing; his thoughts always came back to it, and as they did so, with an emotional rush which seemed physically to express itself in a sudden upward choking; he leaned forward — the waiter having left the room — and, resting his arms on the table, buried his troubled face.

He remained in England till midsummer, and spent a month in the country, wandering about among cathedrals, castles, and ruins. Several times, taking a walk from his inn into meadows and parks, he stopped by a well-worn stile, looked across through the early evening at a gray church tower, with its dusky nimbus of thick-circling swallows, and remembered that this might have been part of the entertainment of his honeymoon. He had never been so much alone or indulged so little in accidental dialogue. The period of recreation appointed by Mrs. Tristram had at last expired, and he asked himself what he should do now. Mrs. Tristram had written to him, proposing to him that he should join her in the Pyrenees; but he was not in the humor to return to France. The simplest thing was to repair to Liverpool and embark on the first American

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steamer. Newman made his way to the great seaport and secured his berth; and the night before sailing he sat in his room at the hotel, staring down, vacantly and wearily, at an open portmanteau. A number of papers were lying upon it, which he had been meaning to look over; some of them might conveniently be destroyed. But at last he shuffled them roughly together, and pushed them into a corner of the valise; they were business papers, and he was in no humor for sifting them. Then he drew forth his pocket-book and took out a paper of smaller size than those he had dismissed. He did not unfold it; he simply sat looking at the back of it. If he had momentarily entertained the idea of destroying it, the idea quickly expired. What the paper suggested was the feeling that lay in his innermost heart, and that no reviving cheerfulness could long quench, — the feeling that after all and above all he was a good fellow wronged. With it came a hearty hope that the Bellegardes were enjoying their suspense as to what he would do yet. The more it was prolonged, the more they would enjoy it! He had hung fire once, yes; perhaps, in his present queer state of mind, he might hang fire again. But he restored the little paper to his pocket-book very tenderly, and felt better for thinking of the suspense of the Bellegardes. He felt better every time he thought of it after that, as he sailed the summer seas. He landed in New York and journeyed across the continent to San Francisco, and nothing that he observed by the way contributed to mitigate his sense of being a good fellow wronged.

He saw a great many other good fellows, — his old friends, — but he told none of them of the trick that had been played him. He said simply that the lady he was to have married had changed her mind, and when he was asked if he had changed his own he said, "Suppose we change the subject." He told his friends that he had brought home no "new ideas" from Europe, and his conduct probably struck them as an eloquent proof of failing invention. He took no interest in chatting about his affairs, and manifested no desire to look over his accounts. He asked half a dozen questions which, like those of an eminent physician inquiring for particular symptoms, showed that he still knew what he was talking about; but he made no comments and gave no directions. He not only puzzled the gentlemen on the stock-exchange, but he was himself surprised at the extent of his indifference. As it seemed only to increase, he made an effort to combat it; he tried to interest himself and to take up his old occupations. But they appeared unreal to him; do what he would he somehow could not believe in them. Sometimes he began to fear that there was something the matter with his head; that his brain, perhaps, had softened, and that the end of his strong activities had come. This idea came back to him with an exasperating force. A hopeless, helpless loafer, useful to no one and detestable to himself, — this was what the treachery of the Bellegardes had made of him. In his restless idleness he came back from San Francisco to New York, and sat for three days in the lobby of his hotel, looking out through a huge wall of plate-glass at the unceasing stream of pretty girls in Parisian-looking dresses, undulating past with little parcels nursed against their neat figures. At the end of three days he returned to San Francisco, and having arrived there he wished he had stayed away. He had nothing to do, his occupation was gone, and it seemed to him that he should never find it again. He had nothing to do *here*, he sometimes said to himself; but there was something beyond the ocean that he was still to do; something that he had left undone experimentally and speculatively, to see if it could content itself to remain undone. But it was not content: it kept pulling at his heart-strings and thumping at his reason; it murmured in his ears and hovered perpetually before his eyes. It interposed between all new resolutions and their fulfillment; it seemed like a stubborn ghost, dumbly entreating to be laid. Till that was done he could never do anything else.

One day, toward the end of the win-

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ter, after a long interval, he received a letter from Mrs. Tristram, who apparently was animated by a charitable desire to amuse and distract her correspondent. She gave him much Paris gossip, talked of General Packard and Miss Kitty Upjohn, enumerated the new plays at the theatres, and inclosed a note from her husband who had gone down to spend a month at Nice. Then came her signature, and after this her postscript. The latter consisted of these few lines: "I heard three days since from my friend, the Abbé Aubert, that Madame de Cintré last week took the veil at the Carmelites. It was on her twenty-seventh birthday, and she took the name of her patron, St. Veronica. Sœur Véronique has a life-time before her!"

This letter came to Newman in the morning; in the evening he started for Paris. His wound began to ache with its first fierceness, and during his long, bleak journey the thought of Madame de Cintré's "life-time" passed within prison walls on whose outer side he might stand kept him perpetual company. Now he would fix himself in Paris forever; he would extort a sort of happiness from the knowledge that if she was not there, at least the strong sepulchre that held her was. He descended, unannounced, upon Mrs. Bread, whom he found keeping lonely watch in his great empty saloons on the Boulevard Haussmann. They were as neat as a Dutch village; Mrs. Bread's only occupation had been removing individual dust particles. She made no complaint, however, of her loneliness, for in her philosophy a servant was but a mysteriously projected machine, and it would be as fantastic for a housekeeper to comment upon a gentleman's absences as for a clock to remark upon not being wound up. No particular clock, Mrs. Bread supposed, kept all the time, and no particular servant could enjoy all the sunshine diffused by the career of an exacting master. She ventured, nevertheless, to express a modest hope that Newman meant to remain a while in Paris. Newman laid his hand on hers and shook it gently. "I mean to remain forever," he said.

He went after this to see Mrs. Tristram, to whom he had telegraphed, and who expected him. She looked at him a moment and shook her head. "This won't do," she said; "you have come back too soon." He sat down and asked about her husband and her children, tried even to inquire about Miss Dora Finch. In the midst of this — "Do you know where she is?" he asked, abruptly.

Mrs. Tristram hesitated a moment; of course he could n't mean Miss Dora Finch. Then she answered, properly: "She has gone to the other house, — in the Rue d'Enfer." After Newman had sat a while longer, looking very sombre, she went on: "You are not so good a man as I thought. You are more — you are more" —

"More what?" Newman asked.

"More unforgiving."

"Good God!" cried Newman; "do you expect me to forgive?"

"No, not that. I have not forgiven, so of course you can't. But you might forget! You have a worse temper about it than I should have expected. You look wicked, — you look dangerous."

"I may be dangerous," he said; "but I am not wicked. No, I am not wicked." And he got up to go. Mrs. Tristram asked him to come back to dinner; but he answered that he did not feel like pledging himself to be present at an entertainment, even as a solitary guest. Later in the evening, if he should be able, he would come.

He walked away through the city, beside the Seine and over it, and took the direction of the Rue d'Enfer. The day had the softness of early spring, but the weather was gray and humid. Newman found himself in a part of Paris which he little knew, — a region of convents and prisons, of streets bordered by long dead walls and traversed by few wayfarers. At the intersection of two of these streets stood the house of the Carmelites, — a dull, plain edifice, with a high-shouldered blank wall all around it. From without Newman could see its upper windows, its steep roof, and its chimneys. But these things revealed no symptoms of human life; the place looked

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dumb, deaf, inanimate. The pale, dead, discolored wall stretched beneath it, far down the empty side street, — a vista without a human figure. Newman stood there a long time; there were no passers; he was free to gaze his fill. This seemed the goal of his journey; it was what he had come for. It was a strange satisfaction, and yet it was a satisfaction. The barren stillness of the place seemed to be his own release from ineffectual longing. It told him that the woman within was lost beyond recall, and that the days and years of the future would pile themselves above her like the huge, immovable slab of a tomb. These days and years, in this place, would always be just so gray and silent. Suddenly, from the thought of their seeing him stand there, again the charm utterly departed. He would never stand there again; it was gratuitous dreariness. He turned away with a heavy heart, but a heart lighter than the one he had brought. Everything was over, and he too at last could rest. He walked down through narrow, winding streets to the edge of the Seine again, and there he saw, close above him, the soft, vast towers of Notre Dame. He crossed one of the bridges and stood a moment in the empty place before the great cathedral. Then he went in beneath the gravely imaged portals. He wandered some distance up the nave and sat down in the splendid dimness. He sat a long time; he heard far-away bells chiming off, at long intervals, to the rest of the world. He was very tired; this was the best place he could be in. He said no prayers; he had no prayers to say. He had nothing to be thankful for, and he had nothing to ask: nothing to ask, because now he must take care of himself. But a great cathedral offers a very various hospitality, and Newman sat in his place, because while he was there he was out of the world. The most unpleasant thing that had ever happened to him had reached its formal conclusion, as it were; he could close the book and put it away. He leaned his head for a long time on the chair in front of him; when he took it up he felt that he was himself again. Somewhere in his mind, a tight knot seemed to have loosened. He thought of the Bellegardes; he had almost forgotten them. He remembered them as a people he had meant to do something to. He gave a groan as he remembered what he had meant to do. He was annoyed at having meant to do it; the bottom, suddenly, had fallen out of his revenge. Whether it was Christian charity or unregenerate good nature — what it was, in the background of his soul — I don't pretend to say; but Newman's last thought was that of course he would let the Bellegardes go. If he had spoken it aloud he would have said that he did n't want to hurt them. He was ashamed of having wanted to hurt them. They had hurt him, but such things were really not his game. At last he got up and came out of the darkening church; not with the elastic step of a man who has won a victory or taken a resolve, but strolling soberly, like a good-natured man who is still a little ashamed.

Going home, he said to Mrs. Bread that he must trouble her to put back his things into the portmanteau she had unpacked the evening before. The mild old woman looked at him through eyes a trifle bedimmed. "Dear me, sir," she exclaimed, "I thought you said that you were going to stay forever."

"I meant that I was going to stay away forever," said Newman kindly. And since his departure from Paris on the following day he has certainly not returned. The gilded apartments I have so often spoken of stand ready to receive him; but they serve only as a spacious residence for Mrs. Bread, who wanders eternally from room to room, adjusting the tassels of the curtains, and keeps her wages, which are regularly brought her by a banker's clerk, in a great pink Sèvres vase on the drawing-room mantel-shelf.

Late in the evening Newman went to Mrs. Tristram's, and found Tom Tristram by the domestic fireside. "I 'm glad to see you back in Paris," this gentleman declared. "You know it 's really the only place for a white man to live." Mr. Tristram made his friend

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welcome, according to his own rosy light, and offered him a convenient *résumé* of the Franco-American gossip of the last six months. Then at last he got up and said he would go for half an hour to the club. "I suppose a man who has been for six months in California wants a little intellectual conversation. I'll let my wife have a go at you."

Newman shook hands heartily with his host, but did not ask him to remain; and then he relapsed into his place on the sofa, opposite to Mrs. Tristram. She presently asked him what he had done after leaving her. "Nothing particular," said Newman.

"You struck me," she rejoined, "as a man with a plot in his head. You looked as if you were bent on some dubious errand, and after you had left me I wondered whether I ought to have let you go."

"I only went over to the other side of the river — to the Carmelites," said Newman.

Mrs. Tristram looked at him a moment and smiled. "What did you do there? Try to scale the wall?"

"I did nothing. I looked at the place for a few minutes and then came away."

Mrs. Tristram gave him a sympathetic glance. "You didn't happen to meet M. de Bellegarde," she asked, "staring hopelessly at the convent wall as well? I am told he takes his sister's conduct very hard."

"No, I did n't meet him, I am happy to say," Newman replied, after a pause.

"They are in the country," Mrs. Tristram went on; "at — what is the name of the place, — Fleurières? They went there at the time you left Paris, and have been spending the year in extreme seclusion. The little marquise must enjoy it; I expect to hear that she has eloped with her daughter's music-master!"

Newman was looking at the light wood fire; but he listened to this with extreme interest. At last he spoke: "I mean never to mention the name of those people again, and I don't want to hear anything more about them." And then he took out his pocket-book and drew forth a scrap of paper. He looked at it an instant, and got up and stood by the fire. "I am going to burn them up," he said. "I am glad to have you as a witness. There they go!" And he tossed the paper into the flame.

Mrs. Tristram sat with her embroidery needle suspended. "What is that paper?" she asked.

Newman, leaning against the fire-place, stretched his arms and drew a longer breath than usual. Then after a moment, "I can tell you, now," he said. "It was a paper containing a secret of the Bellegardes, — something which would damn them if it were known."

Mrs. Tristram dropped her embroidery with a reproachful moan. "Ah, why did n't you show me?"

"I thought of showing you; I thought of showing every one; I thought of paying my debt to the Bellegardes that way. So I told them, and I frightened them. They have been staying in the country, as you tell me, to keep out of the way. But I have given it up."

Mrs. Tristram began to take slow stitches again. "Have you quite given it up?"

"Oh yes."

"Is it very bad, this secret?"

"Yes, very bad."

"For myself," said Mrs. Tristram, "I am sorry you have given it up. I should have liked immensely to see your paper. They have wronged me too, you know, as your sponsor and guarantee, and it would have served for my revenge as well. How did you come into possession of your secret?"

"It's a long story. But honestly, at any rate."

"And they know you were master of it?"

"Oh, I told them."

"Dear me, how interesting!" cried Mrs. Tristram. "And you humbled them at your feet?"

Newman was silent a moment. "No, not at all. They pretended not to care, — not to be afraid. But I know they did care, — they were afraid."

"Are you very sure?"

Newman stared a moment. "Yes, I'm sure."

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Mrs. Tristram resumed her stitching. "They defied you, eh?"

"Yes," said Newman, "it was about that."

"You tried by the threat of exposure to make them retract?"

"Yes, but they would n't. I gave them their choice, and they chose to take their chance of bluffing off the charge and convicting me of fraud. But they *were* frightened," Newman added, "and I have had all the vengeance I want."

"It is too provoking," said Mrs. Tristram, "to hear your talk of the 'charge' when the charge is burnt up. Is it quite consumed?" she asked, glancing at the fire.

Newman assured her that there was nothing left of it.

"Well, then," she said, "I suppose there is no harm in saying that you probably did not make them so very uncomfortable. My impression would be that since, as you say, they defied you, it was because they believed that, after all, you would never really come to the point. Their confidence, after counsel taken of each other, was not in their innocence, nor in their talents for bluffing things off; it was in your fundamental good nature! You see they were right."

Newman instinctively turned to see if the little paper was in fact consumed; but there was nothing left of it.

Henry James, Jr.

A BRITISH OFFICER IN BOSTON IN 1775.

IN TWO PARTS. PART II.

April 25, 1775. The Townspeople have to day given up their Arms to the Select Men, who are to deliver them over to the Genl. I fancy this will quiet him a little, for he seemed apprehensive that if the Lines shou'd be attack'd the Townspeople wou'd raise and assist; they wou'd not give up their Arms without the Genl. promising that they shou'd have leave to quit the Town as many as pleased. . . . Ever since the 19th we have been kept in constant alarm; all Officers order'd to lay at their Barracks; We can get no fresh provision, but must live upon our allowance of salt meat. We are in daily expectation of the Troops coming here with General Howe, &c.; we then expect some alteration of Affairs. . . . Our Soldiers the other day, tho' they shew'd no want of courage, yet were so wild and irregular, that there was no keeping 'em in any order; by their eagerness and inattention they kill'd many of our own People, and the plundering was shamefull; many hardly thought of anything else; what was worse, they were encouraged by some Officers. . . .

May 1st. We 've hitherto since we 've been in Camp been very lucky in dry weather. It rain'd hard this morng. for the first time. The People some days past have had leave to quit the Town, and a great many are gone out. Great additions are made to the Neck; on the right flank of the right Bastion are mounted 4 guns, and on the left of the left Bastion two Mortars; . . . at the Lines the Curtain is closed up to the road, where there is a traverse with 2 guns which can play right up the Town of Roxbury. . . . The Rebels have elected Genl. Ward their Govr. and Commanr. in Chief. The Congress that 's sitting at Concord has resolved to have an Army of 13000 Men, this Province to find 7000, Connecticut, Newhampshire and other Provinces the rest, the whole to be pd. by all America. Here is a report that the Mob at New York has

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disarmed that part of the 18th Regt. which is there and taken 'em Prisoners; whether true or not I can't say. The Rebels have erected the Standard at Cambridge; they call themselves the King's Troops and us the Parliaments. Pretty Burlesque! . . . We are anxiously wishing for the arrival of the Genl. Officers and Troops that are expected; we want to get out of this coop'd up situation. We cou'd now do that, I suppose, but the G—— does not seem to want it; there 's no guessing what he is at; Time will shew: the worst of it is we are ill off for fresh provisions, none to be bought except now and then a little pork; Our Mess has luckily got a Sheep from a Friend of Capn. Ferriers [1] on board the Asia who lays down the Harbour.

May 2d. Since the commencement of the Blockade there has been every night a reinforcement of 1 Field Officer, 5 Captns., 10 Subs., 10 Sergts., 10 Corpls., 5 Drums, 250 private mounted at Sunset and sent to the Lines, leaving 1 Capn. and 30 Men at the Neck, 'till lately when it was reduced to 200, and Officers in proportion; there has been also 100 Men and Officers in proportion constantly at work at the Lines and Blockhouse. Upon Beacon Hill there is a small work thrown up, which can command the Town; it is only a temporary thing of Casks fill'd with earth and fraised.[2] . . . The General now allows to the working Men 2 gills of rum each a day. Upon our encamping We got our allowance of Batt and forage Money; he allowed us 200 days forage, which made it 8£. 15s., but tho' he has been spoke to several times yet he won't make up to us the 100 days forage that we were entitled to last Year. A Detatchment of 1 Sub., 1 Sergt., 1 Cor. and 20 Private from each Piquet of the 4th and 47th occupy Beacon Hill every night; in the day 1 Sergt. and 12 . . . The Guards are now to mount in half Gaiters, only carrying their Leggins with them.

4th. The late Lt. Hull of the 43d was buried to day: he was wounded and taken Prisoner on the 19th and the day before yesterday died of his wounds; they yesterday brought him to town as he had requested it. They won't give up any of their Prisoners, but I hear they treat 'em pretty well. I wonder the G——l will allow any of their people to quit the Town 'till they return the Prisoners; one wou'd think he might get 'em if he 'd try. Numbers of People are quitting the Town every day with their families and Effects; its a distressing thing to see them, for half of 'em don't know where to go to, and in all probability must starve. . . .

We have now almost finished a Battery for 10 four and twenty Pounders at the Blockhouse; it is fronting Dorchester Hill [3] where the G——l is afraid the Rebels will erect Batteries against us.

A few days after the affair of the 19th the Detachment from Marshfield arrived here; they quitted that place in good time for the Rebels had sent 4 or 5000 Men there to cut 'em off, which they must have done if the Vessels for our People had not arrived as they did.

May 5th. A most shocking piece of Villany was discover'd about the time of our affair with the Rebels; it was a scheme to cut off all the Officers of the Garrison. Upon the 24th, the day we were to keep St. Georges day, the Rebels were to make a feint Attack in the night upon the Lines: a number of Men were to be posted at the Lodgings of all the Officers, and upon the Alarm Guns firing they were to put the Officers to death as they were coming out of their houses to go to their Barracks. What a set of Villains must they be to think of such a thing! but there is nothing be it ever so bad that these people will stick at to gain their ends. Upon the G——l finding this out He order'd all the Officers to lay at their Barracks, where those who are not encamped still continue. . . .

8th. . . . General after Orders. "As

[1] John Farrier of the King's Own. It is from allusions like these that a clew is obtained to the writer's regiment. — E.

[2] Fraising is driving pointed stakes into the exterior of intrenchments, to prevent the enemy from scaling the walls. — E.

[3] South Boston. — E.

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there are many Complaints of most scandalous drunkenness at this critical time among the Troops, that the Women of different Corps in defiance of all order sell rum and other spiritous liquors to the Soldiers; it is the Commanr. in Chief's positive Orders the Officers commanding Regts. examine into those Complaints; and those Women who do not pay obedience to Order to be *immediately* seized and put on board Ship." There was an order of this kind some time before, but was taken little notice of notwithstanding the word *immediately*, which scarce a general Order has been without since we came to the Continent.

9th. We are still in the same situation, the People every day quitting the Town, with their effects, and those Government People of the Country coming in; of them indeed there are but few; the Rebels still keep us block'd up, not allowing any Provisions to be brought into Town; it is imagined their numbers about the Town amount to about 12000; a few days since those at Cambridge (which is Head Quarters) were muster'd, and there were 7400, at Roxbury there must be between 2 and 3000, and about Charles Town nearly the same. Upon the hill where the Church is at Roxbury they have four guns; they have plenty other Guns, but I don't find they have any Batteries.

11th. A Vessel last night arrived from New-York. By three Officers who came in her we learn that as soon as the intelligence of our Affair on the 19th April got there, the Mob rose up, seized the Town Arms, and were going to destroy a Transport laying at a Wharf; they first went to seek for Capn. Montague, who commands a Ship of War there; they found him at dinner at a Gentleman's house; they wanted him to give his hand that he wou'd not interfere; however he put 'em off by some means, and made his escape on board, when he immediately sent his Boats armed, and had the Transport tow'd under his ship's stern; that part of the 18th Regt. which is there are obliged to keep close in their Barracks, only just a few going to Market. The People say they may go to England if they please, but that they won't allow 'em to come here. Most of the Friends to Government, finding things so bad there, are gone off to England. Hancock and Adams went to New York last saturday; they were met on the road by a Troop of Light Horse, a Company of Grenadiers and one of light Infantry (Rebel Troops), who conducted them into the Town where they had a Guard of 100 Men. When this Vessell came away the Town was in the utmost confusion, every Body arming in defence of their liberty, as they call it, which is the liberty of smuggling and breaking the Laws as they please. . . .

13th. Genl. Orders. The Reinforcement at the Lines this even. to consist of 1 Field Officer, 2 Capns., 4 Subs., 5 Sergts., 6 Corpls., 2 Drs., and 100 Private. The Commander in Chief having recd. advice that three Soldiers of the R. W. Fuziliers and 12 Marines are Prisoners in the Gaol at Worcester, and have manly despised the Offers, and defied the threats of the Rebels who have tried to seduce them to take Arms against their King, and fight against their Brother Soldiers; it is the Genls. Orders that money be given by 3d Corps to Majr. of Brigade, Moncrieff, who has an opportunity of conveying it to the above Men, to prevent such brave spirited Soldiers from suffering. . . . This afternoon, between 2 and 3000 of the Rebels came from Cambridge, march'd over the Neck at Charles Town and up the Height above the Town, where they kept parading a long time, then march'd into the Town, and after giving the War-hoop opposite the Somerset returned as they came. At same time a body of 300 paraded in Cambridge Marsh opposite our encampment; they placed a chain of Centries all along the Marsh and retired into the Woods. This body I suppose is the Guard of a square redoubt they have thrown up near there, and have now pitched tents in. It was expected the Body at Charles Town wou'd have fired on the Somerset, at least it was wished for, as she had everything ready for Action, and must

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have destroyed great numbers of them, besides putting the Town in Ashes. . . .

16th. . . . From 12 oclock last night 'till 7 or 8 this morn. the Rebels continued beating to Arms, firing Cannon and small Arms, and making false fires; their reasons we have not yet learned.

17th. The reason for the above is said to be on acct. of Dr. Franklin's arrival at Philadelphia. . . .

18th. About 9 oclock last night a fire broke out in the Barracks of the 65th Regt. on a Wharf near the Market:[1] every house on the Wharf, amounting to 41, was burnt to the Ground, and most of the things in them; the 65th lost their Arms, Cloathing, and everything; and the 47th has lost 4 Companies cloathing; the loss altogether is considerable, as they were all stores on the Wharf and full of Goods. A chest of Bullets was found in Hancock's store.[2] Coll. Abercrombie, Adjt. Genl., lately arrived from England, going up Cambridge river this morning in a Man of War's Boat, was fired upon by several of the Rebels from the Banks; several balls went thro' the boat, but nobody was hurt; they made the best of their way back, and I don't hear that he has been as fond of reconnoitring since.[3]

Detachments from the different Corps were sent to extinguish the fire, which had began to break out again; in 4 or 5 hours they effected it.

19th. Several shots fired at the Glasgow; it 's what the fools frequently do, but without any harm, from the great distance.

20th. A Detachment of 1 Subn. and 30 sent to Crape Island,[4] about 9 miles from Town in the Bay, to bring up hay.

21st. This evening the Detachment returned. The Rebels had intelligence of them and as soon as they landed they were fired on from the opposite shore, but without receiving any harm the distance being so great; the party did not return the fire but kept on carrying the hay to the boats, 'till at last the Rebels in great numbers got into Vessels and Boats and went off for the Island; the party then embarked and sailed off with what hay they had, and as they were obliged to go along shore they were fired on, when Lt. Innis[5] who commanded was at last forced to return the fire, and a few of the Rebels were killed, without any loss on our side. It was surely the most ridiculous expedition that ever was plan'd, for there were not a tenth part boats enough, even if there had been Men enough, and the Sloop which carried the Party mounted 12 guns, but they were taken out to make room, whereas if one or two had been left it wou'd have effectually kept off the Rebels; there was not above 7 or 8 Tons brought off and about 70 left which the Rebels burnt. . . .

25th. Generals Howe, Clinton, and Burgoyne arrived in the Cerberus, Cn. Chads. A Capn. and 50 Men order'd last night; did not go on account of the tide not serving; that order'd this morning went to Long Island to bring off some hay. . . .

May 28th. Yesterday afternoon about 40 of the Rebels came to Noddles Island[6] expecting to meet with hay to destroy: they set two houses on fire and began killing the Cows and Horses, which the Adml. seeing immediately dispatched the Marines from the Men of War to drive the Rebels away, and at the same time sent some Boats and an armed Schooner round the Island to intercept them; the Rebels as soon as they saw

[1] Faneuil Hall Market. — E.

[2] As a merchant, John Hancock had a store at the head of what is now South Market Street. It was described as "Store No. 4, at the east end of Faneuil Hall Market. A general assortment of English and India goods, also choice Newcastle Coals and Irish Butter Cheap for cash." — E.

[3] This officer, Lieutenant-Colonel James Abercrombie, afterwards commanded one of the regiments at Bunker Hill, which attacked the redoubt, where he fought gallantly and was mortally wounded. "He was a brave and noble-hearted soldier, and when the men were bearing him from the field he begged them to spare his old friend Putnam. 'If you take General Putnam alive,' he said, 'don't hang him, for he 's a brave man.'" (Frothingham's Siege of Boston.) He died a few days after and was buried in the King's Chapel. — E.

[4] Grape Island, near Hingham. The rebels spoken of were men from Weymouth, Braintree, and Hingham, and among them were two brothers of John Adams. — E.

[5] Thomas Innis of the Forty-Third. — E.

[6] These were provincials sent by order of the Committee of Safety for the removal of live stock from the islands. Noddle's Island is now East Boston. — E.

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this scour'd off as fast as they cou'd and escaped by wading up to their necks; one was killed in the flight; after this there was a constant firing at each other from the opposite sides of the water, but I believe without any mischief; there was also firing at and from the schooner and boats, which continued all night and part of this morning. I fancy we are the greatest sufferers, for some time in the night the schooner run aground within 60 yards of their shore, and after a cannonade a considerable time on both sides, having no chance of saving the schooner as the tide was going out, they were obliged to set her on fire and quit her, without being able to save a single article; she was quite new and just that day came in from a Cruize; she mounted 4 guns and 10 swivels. A reinforcement of 100 Marines was sent over to the Island last night; they had last night two 3 pounders from the Cerberus with which we kept a cannonade great part of the night, and this morning two 12 pounders field pieces were sent over with a detachment of Artillery, which has been playing on the Rebels most of the morning, but I dare say without doing much harm as it was at a great distance; about 2 o'clock they left the Island and came off home. I hear we have 2 killed and 2 wounded with Sailors and Marines.

29th. To day the Rebels were seen again on the same Island; all the light Infantry Companies were immediately order'd to parade, which took up a long time as many Men were on duty and obliged to be relieved. In about 2 hours we were dismissed, and the Rebels left to do their business quietly, which by 6 o'clock in the even. they effected: they drove all the Cattle and Sheep off to the Main and set fire to four houses; at 8 o'clock a house was set on fire at Hog Island which is very near the other. I suppose after the light Companies were order'd, it was thought hardly worth while running the risk of losing any lives by endeavoring to save a trifling property which we have no connexion with, nor indeed cou'd it be worth while, for it cou'd be of little consequence to us, and their burning the houses (which are only Out house and Barns I believe) can answer no other end than insulting us, and what we have not in our power to resent, for tho' we have new Generals come out, yet they have brought no more authority than we had before, which was none at all. The Corps to day waited on the three General Officers lately arrived; politely recd. . . .

May 30th. The Rebels this morning set fire to a dwelling house upon the same Island: the house was almost close to the shore and within reach of the Admirals Guns, which have been playing upon the Island every now and then most of the morning, whether because any Men were seen or only just to frighten them I don't know: a schooner was also sent to fire along shore; they had better take care not to run aground and get burnt by the Yankies, like the last. Near this house there was an outhouse where there were several Navy stores, which the Admiral has been taking out all day, and to protect the Men at that work he sent a flat Boat with a gun in it along shore, which has been firing frequently at the Rebels I suppose. This morning the 5th, 38th, and 52d encamp'd in the Fields adjoining the Common; those Companies of the 43d which were on Copps Hill removed to the other part of the Regt. at Barton's Point and 6 Companies of the incorporated Corps took up their ground. Copy of an after Order: "As the Genl. finds proper care is not taken of the Ammunition, he directs the Commandg. Officers of Corps to order the Men's Cartridges to be examined every day, and for every Cartridge missing not accounted for, such soldier to be charged one penny." Some Cattle lately brought from Halifax is to be divided among the Troops, who are to receive two days fresh provisions this week. . . .

June 1st. Last night a Ball passed over our Camp, fired from Town. The Cerberus this morning sailed down to Nantasket Road, to be in readiness to sail in a few days. Some of the idle Fools frequently fire small Arms at the Glasgow, and at our Camp; us they never reach, but they sometimes stick a Ball

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in the Ship, who never returns it tho' she has it in her power to drive 'em to the D——l. . . .

5th. At 9 this morning the Grenrs. and Lt. Infantry assembled at their ground, where they found nothing settled, no ground marked out for them, nor was there anybody to mark it out or show them where to encamp; after waiting a considerable time, we set about pitching the Tents as we cou'd settle ourselves, the Grenrs. on the right, the Light Infantry on the left; the whole was not finished till 6 or 7 oclock, and after all it was then wrong and we must have to move again, for the Streets are only single, by which means we have taken up twice the ground we ought. *Every thing still of a Piece!* . . .

8th. At 4 this morning 2 Captns., 8 Subalns., and 200 Light Infantry were sent over to Noddles Island to bring off some Hay, which was effected without resistance. The Rebels indeed fired at 'em from the opposite shore but without doing any harm: there was a very small quantity of hay and that so bad that its only fit for litter; for such a paltry thing one wou'd think it was not worth while running the risk of losing a single Man, but I suppose the G——l had received wrong information. Three Officers of the 43d Regt. had today a very narrow and lucky escape; being out in a Boat sailing, and not able to manage the Boat, the Wind drove 'em over to the Rebels shore who began firing on them; the Officers then had nothing but to swim for it, as they found it impossible to keep off with the Boat, so they jumped over board and were swimming for the Glasgow Man of War, who as soon as they saw their situation sent a Boat to their assistance, which picked 'em up; one was so much spent that he cou'd not have swam much longer. The Villains ashore kept all the time popping at 'em; but luckily did not hit either; they also kept firing at the Man of Wars Boat; the Glasgow fired a Cannon at them, which made the Rascals run and hide themselves; as soon as the Gentlemen were landed a boat was sent, with swivels in her and armed Men, to bring off the boat the Officers had quitted which had not reached the shore but was stuck on the Mud; the Rebels tried to prevent them by firing from their lurking places, but the Tars kept them aloof with the Swivels and brought the Boat off; while they were doing that, the Glasgow, seeing some Men near the House opposite, let fly a shot among 'em to keep 'em from going down to the shore to fire at the Boat; they run off and did not shew themselves again.

9th. . . . This day a detachment of 2 Captns., 8 Subs., and 200 Men of the Corps of Light Infantry landed at Noddles Island, near 6 oclock in the morning, for the purpose of bringing off Hay, which was effected without any loss; advanced Parties took possession of the Heights, and were scandalously abused by the people from the opposite shore; the Troops took no notice of them; tho' fired at frequently, the detachment did not fire a shot; there was a very small quantity of Hay and that good for nothing but litter; scarce worth sending 200 Men for one wou'd imagine. . . .

14th. Yesterday a Proclamation was issued by his Excellency Genl. Gage, offering his Majesty's most gracious pardon to all who shall lay down their Arms, and return to the duties of peaceable Subjects, excepting Saml. Adams and John Hancock. Likewise for establishing the Law Martial throughout this Province.

15th. . . . Some of the Transports with the Troops from Ireland arrived last sunday, and since then they have been continually dropping in, so that there are but two or three that have not arrived. The 17th Light Dragoons finished their landing yesterday and encamp'd in a field in the rear of the Light Infantry. A Rope Walk close to them is made up for their Stables.[1] The 63d Regt. land-

[1] The 17th Light Dragoons was the regiment which the next autumn took possession of the Old South Church and used it as a riding-school. Timothy Newell, one of the selectmen of Boston and deacon of Brattle Street Church, says in his diary, "Oct. 13th. Col. Birch of the Lighthorse Dragoons went to view our Meetinghouse [Brattle Street] which was destined for a Riding School for the Dragoons. It was designed to clear the floor, to put two feet of tan covered with horse dung to make it elastic. But when it was considered that the Pillars must be taken away which would bring down the

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ed to day and encamp'd on the Common; their Grenr. and Light Infantry Companies joined those Corps. The Genl. issued a Proclamation to day, requiring all Persons who have spiritous Liquors for Sale, or Molasses designed to be made into Rum, to make returns of the Quantities they are possessed of, and the Places where lodged, that proper Measures may be taken for the benefit of his Majesty's Service.

N. B. All Persons concerned in these Orders, who shall neglect to comply therewith, may expect to have their Liquors seized. (The Dragoons have lost but 16 Horses on the Voyage.)

17th. At day break we were alarmed by the Glasgow firing; we found it was at the Rebels who were erecting a Redout on the Heights of Charles Town, and at 7 oclock the Grenrs. and Light Infantry had orders to keep in readiness; at 11 were order'd to assemble, and the ten eldest Compys. of each march'd to the Long Wharf and embark'd in boats; the 5th and 38th likewise embark'd from the same Wharf, the 43d and 52d and remaining Comps. of Grs. and Lt. Infy. from the North Battery;[1] the whole commanded by Majr. Genl. Howe set off about 1 oclock and landed on the right of Charles Town under favor of the Cannon from several Ships and Copse Hill Battery; as soon as landed we march'd up to near the Redout and waited for the Artillery, which when it came up kept a smart fire upon the Redout for some time, but without making any Breach; the Rebels fired a few Cannon, but did no harm. Between 3 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon the whole marched to the attack, and after an obstinate resistance drove the Rebels from their Redout and a Breastwork, and from thence made them fly quite over the Neck which joins Charles Town to the Continent; we remained at the end of the hill which commanded the Neck and kept a cannonade upon the houses beyond it, where numbers of the Rebels still lurk'd about: just about the beginning of the Attack the Town was set on fire and the whole burnt to Ashes, except a few we saved towards the Neck. In the night we lay on our Arms and threw up an entrenchment on the Hill. The 1st Batt. of Marines and 47th Regt. came over the 2d embarkation, just time enough to be at the attack.

18th. In the morning all the Houses beyond the Neck were burnt to prevent the Rebels lurking there; they sometimes came in small parties just to take a pop at us, but the Cannon soon drove 'em off; this continued the whole day at times; at the same time the entrenchment was compleating and made to extend from the left of the Hill quite to the Water side on the right. The Rebels when drove from this retired to a Hill in the road to Cambridge; it is about 2 miles off; they are fortifying it as fast as they can;[2] the 2d Battn. of Marines and 63d Regt. were sent over last night to reinforce us: this evening the Tents were sent to us and the Troops encamp'd, except the Light Infantry, who had to guard the Works.

19th. Yesterday three Gondolas (large flat boats, sides raised and musquet proof) came up Mistick River or Bay, the water on our right, where they still remain; they cover that flank and now and then take a shot at the fellows who come down among the ruins to fire at our Men at Work; had these boats been with us on Saturday at the time of the Attack they cou'd have been of great use, as they wou'd have taken a part of the Rebels entrenchment in flank, and in their retreat wou'd have cut off num-

roof, they altered their minds, — so that the Pillars saved us. Oct. 27th. The spacious *Old South Meetinghouse* taken possession of by the Lighthorse 17th Regiment of Dragoons commanded by Lieut. Colo. Samuel Birch. The Pulpit, pews, and seats all cut to pieces and carried off in the most savage manner as can be expressed, and destined for a riding school. The beautiful carved pew with the silk furniture of Deacon Hubbard's was taken down and carried to [John Amory's] house by an officer and made a hog stye. The above was effected by the solicitation of General Burgoyne." — E.

[1] Now Battery Wharf. The boats were furnished by the ships of war and were under the charge of Collingwood, afterwards so famous, then a midshipman. — E.

[2] It was a corps of volunteers under Putnam who undertook to fortify this hill (Prospect Hill, Somerville, now almost entirely dug away). — E.

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bers; instead of that they were on the other side, and of no manner of use. Still going on with the entrenchment, and begun a round Redout about 100 yards within it towards the right.

21st. Another round Redout in the same line with the other, but on the left, is now in great forwardness: they are fraized, and have no entrance but by a long board over the ditch, to be taken away when the people are in, so that they must defend 'em, as they can't run away.

22d. A larger Redout of the same sort began in the center between the other two, and 60 or 100 yards in the rear . . . the three Gondolas went away; something suspected to be going on. Our Centries are advanc'd beyond the Neck; some firing between them and the Rebels.

23d. Very quiet — the Rebels going on fast with their Works . . . great talk of some expedition tomorrow, the 63d Regt. and 2d Batt. of Marines being order'd to Boston, and the flank Companies of the 64th from the Castle.[1]

24th. The expedition talked of was to attack Dorchester Hill, and was to have been to day at 6 oclock in the morng. All the Troops on this side were drawn out and paraded on the Hill, and some march'd into the road; this was to alarm the Rebels on this side and keep off their attention; but soon after we heard it was put off, the Genl. hearing they had got intelligence and had reinforced that place with 4000 Men. Several shells fired from the Lines into Roxbury to set it on fire, but did not answer; the same day two Men came in as far as Brown's House,[2] when a Serjt. and a Party was sent to meet them, as it was thought they wanted to deliver themselves up, but when the party got near, the two men fired and run away, but were shot by the Party and their Arms brought in.

Aug. 26th. The Rebels perceived throwing up Entrenchments on Winter Hill[3] about 12 or 1300 Yards from our Works on Bunker's hill; after wasting a good deal of time we at length got four long twelvers to the Lines and fired several shot at them, but without preventing them from continuing their Work; they had likewise made a Battery near the water side at a Mill on Mr. Temple's farm, a great way off, from which they fired several shot at the Gondolas, but without doing any harm.

27th. We got two 10 inch Mortars from Boston, the Rebels still continuing their work; a few shots passed between us; in the afternoon the fellows grew very insolent and several came into the Orchard to harrass our parties in the Flêches; half a dozen Men were sent out to drive them away, which was done, but we had a Volunteer and a private Man slightly wounded; at dusk the Mortars were tried and four shells thrown, which fell well. Continued throwing Shells every now and then for some days.

Sepr. 12th. . . . The Deserters lately come in say it is still the determination of the Rebels to attack us. . . .

17th. A Soldier of the 4th or King's Own had his leg shot off as the relief was going to the Lines at Boston; this is the first Man who has suffer'd by the Rebels Cannon.

23d. Captn. Pawlett of the 59th Regt. had his leg shot off as he was sitting at breakfast at Boston Lines.

26th. The Cerberus Frigate returned from England, with answers to the dispatches sent home after the Action of the 17th June, reports that England is determined to go through with this Affair for which reinforcements are to be here soon. Several Deserters from the Rebels are lately come in; they all say that it is intended to attack us. . . .

Oct. 10th. Genl. Gage embark'd for England. Genl. Howe left to command here. . . .

[1] The fort on Castle Island, where Fort Independence now stands, was called Castle William or "the Castle."

[2] This house was just outside the British works on the Neck, near where Franklin Square is now, and served the British as an outpost from which to annoy the Americans. — E.

[3] A mistake. It was Ploughed Hill (Mt. Benedict, now being rapidly leveled), which was intrenched by Washington's orders by a party of provincials under General Sullivan. — E.

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17th. McIntosh killed in the Orchard. Last night the Rebels brought down Cambridge River two Gondolas with a Gun in each of 'em; they fired several shot at the encampment on the Common without doing any harm, 'till at last one of their Guns burst and killed and wounded several of them. . . .

28th. Several Deserters lately come in all agree that it is intended to attack us; we have been expecting it three or four nights past; a Man come in to day says they 'll attack to night. We shall see if they mean to put their threats in execution; if they do they must in all probability get a severe beating. The Deserters all say the Rebel Army is very tired, ill off for cloathing and most things; they are not paid what they are promised and most want to go home. . . .

Novr. 9th. To day a party of about 250 Light Infantry embarked at 11 o'clock in the flat bottom'd Boats: they landed on a Peninsula call'd Lechmere's farm, which in spring tides is an Island; it is between Cambridge and Charlestown and within cannon shot of the Rebels Works on Prospect Hill. The Rebel Guard made their escape all but one; we brought off 12 or 14 head of Cattle; after the Party was reimbarked then a very large body of the Rebels waded to the Peninsula and fired on our Men, but without doing any execution, at the same time we firing Cannon at them from this side and from the ships and some Gondolas. While our People were on the Ground they did not dare to pass; there was some firing between them and our advanced Guard; this was all done without the loss of a Man on our side, and I think must mortify them a good deal, braving them in a manner right under their noses and under their Cannon, which indeed they seem'd to manage but badly, taking an amazing time to load.[1]

13th. By a Deserter from the Rebels we hear they had 9 Men killed and several wounded on the 9th.

14th. We hear that a Master of a Vessel who was some time ago sent from here to Ireland, to bring out things, has taken his ship into Marblehead and given up all to the Rebels: the Vilain had the modesty to send in the letters. It is suspected that a store ship is taken by the Rebels; if so it will be a good prize for them, as she was loaded with Mortars, Guns, shot, shells and 400 Barrels of Powder; Capn. Parker of the Phoenix had her and 12 other Ships under his convoy, of which not one did he bring in with him, having left them one night in as fine weather as cou'd be, and just when they were coming near this Coast, the time when he was most required by them, as there are a number of Privateers about; this Man ought to suffer for his behaviour, and really the Navy wants an example now to be made as it had the beginning of last War.[2] . . .

16th. A Duel fought between two Officers of the 63d on acct. of a Woman; one of them wounded in the Leg.

21st. A fall of Snow. We have had a hard frost some days.

22d. All the Troops in Boston have broke up Camp and gone into Winter Quarters except three Corps.

Decr. 2d. The 1st Play was acted; it was Zara;[2] Genl. B——e staid I believe on purpose for it, as the ship has been ready some time. . . .

[1] Lechmere Point is now East Cambridge. General Orders, November 10. "In consequence of Major Genl. Clinton's Report of His intire approbation of the Alacrity and Attention of the officers and Soldiers of the Detachment of Lt. Infantry under the Command of Lieut. Colo. Clark that Landed yesterday at Phipps Farm, the Commander in Chief desires that Lt. Colo. Clark may be informd. with the officers and Soldiers that composed this small party that he has the highest satisfaction from Major Genl. Clinton's report. Such spirited Conduct of officers with the same soldier like obedience in the Execution of their Commands so apparent yesterday will ever insure success to the Kings Troops, whenever the Rebel Bands shou'd presume to shew themselves before them." (Adjutant Waller's Orderly Book.) The American account says that the provincial troops behaved with great spirit and were praised by General Washington in the general orders next day, and that the affair was viewed with exultation by the colonies. — E.

[2] This refers to Admiral John Byng. — E.

[3] One of a series of theatrical entertainments given under the direction of Burgoyne in Faneuil Hall. Burgoyne wrote the prologue and epilogue for this tragedy, the former of which was spoken by Francis Lord Rawdon, afterwards Earl of Moira and Marquis of Hastings, then a lieutenant of the Grenadier Company of the 5th Regiment. — E.

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7th. The Fowey brought in a Privateer; she carried 10 six pounders and 8 swivels and had 75 Men; she made no resistance but endeavour'd to escape by flight. . . .

18th. The Rebels began to throw up Works at Phipp's Farm,[1] upon which the Scarborough began to fire on them; the Rebels in return fired at her from their last Work at Coblers Hill, and tho' at a great distance struck her twice out of 6 shots.

19th. The Scarborough moved lower down the Harbour, the Rebels giving three Cheers as she passed; we fired at them from Bartons Point Battery lately made; they return'd two or three shot which went into the Town; notwithstanding all our shells and shot they continued working.

20th. A shell thrown from the 13 inch Sea Mortar at Charles Town fell in Cambridge. We have four of these with which we ought to work the Villains. The Renown arrived two days ago; she run aground down the harbour but is got off again. . . .

1776, March 2d. About 11 o'clock at night, upon a Signal being given at Cambridge, the Rebels began to bombard the Town of Boston, from Phipps's Farm, Cobble's Hill, and the Heights of Roxbury; they continued throwing in Shot and Shells 'till daybreak; the same was returned them from the Lines and the Batteries at Barton's Point: Our Shells very bad, most of 'em bursting in the Air or not at all.

3d. At 10 this night the Rebels began again, and a warmer fire was kept up on both sides 'till daybreak; the Rebels had removed the Mortar from Phipps' Farm to Cobble's hill; at Roxbury they had . . . Very remarkable no hurt was done as the most of their Shot and Shells fell in the Town. Our A—t—y a little mended, a few of our Shells answering.

5th. This Morning Works were perceived to be thrown up on Dorchester Heights, . . . very strong ones tho' only the labour of one night: 5 Regts. embarked under . . . of B. G. Jones and fell down to Castle William; in the night they were to have . . . on that side, while the Grenrs. Light Infy. and some more Regts. were . . . attacked on the side next the Town; the Men were not to load but . . . fixed Bayonets: in the night it came on to blow such a gale . . . boat cou'd possibly land, which stopt the expedition. . . .

6th. It was determined by a Council of War to quit the Town. Orders . . . to get ready with all expedition, and to take as little baggage as . . . Transports allotted for the Troops: the Townspeople had liberty to go or stay: Artillery, Ammunition, Stores, &c., &c., getting on board.

8th. The whole Crew of a Brig deserted last night.

9th. The Rebels having been deserned carrying Materials for making a Battery to Foster's hill[2] at Dorchester, the nearest of any to Boston; and at 8 o'clock in the evening it being reported they were at work there, our Batteries at the Blockhouse, the New Work at the Neck and . . . Wharf began to play upon them, and kept it up all night so as to prevent their Working: they likewise fired at the Town from their different Batteries at Roxbury. All the Brass Artillery on board except a few small field pieces. Orders for all the sick Men and Wo[men to] be embarked before night.

10th. Nothing but hurry and confusion.

13th. The Rebels began a Battery nearer the point of the Peninsula, intended against the Ships. Breastworks and Abbatties thrown across some of the Streets, a dry ditch made between the two Gates at the Lines and one at the Neck; the Gates barricaded. Every Cannon on board but some iron ones which are to be spiked.

14th. Were to have embarked last night, but the Wind came against us.

15th. The Wind being fair at 12 oclock in the day, the Troops were or-

[1] East Cambridge. Cobble Hill mentioned below is now the site of the McLean Asylum in Somerville. — E.

[2] Also known as Nook's Hill. This region is now South Boston. — E.

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der'd under Arms in order to embark; but after waiting some time returned to their Quarters, the Wind having shifted.

16th. Still detained by the Wind, and still firing all last night at Foster's hill.

17th. At 4 oclock in the Morn. the Troops got under Arms, at 5 they began to move, and by about 8 or 9 were all embarked, the rear being cover'd by the Grenrs. and Lt. Infy. The Rebels did not think proper to molest us. We quitted Boston with a fair wind and sailed down to King Road,[1] which is just below Castle William. We were again firing last night at Foster's hill, but the Rebels had in spite of that erected a Work there, by taking advantage of all our Artillery being away, except a few old Iron Guns.

After remaining 2 or 3 days at King Road and blowing up the Castle, the fleet fell down the Harbour to Nantasket; the Centurion left at King Road, the Rebels brought Guns [and fire]d at her without effect. The Fleet preparing for Sea, taking in Water, &c.

In the afternoon set sail with a fine Wind, and after a pleasant Voyage arrived at Halifax late in the evening with the greatest part of the fleet.

GIROLAMO DETTO IL FIORENTINO DESPONDS AND ABUSES THE WORLD.

"Mi dici che sono famoso e che tutti mi lodono. Ah! caro amico mio, qual valore ha ciò che si chiama successo in questo mondo? L'alto frutto che stentiamo tanto a cogliere, che ci lusinga tanto colla sua bella apparenza spesso in bocca sembra insipido, immaturo, od aspro. E poi, la Fama viene troppo tarde! Son vecchio e non mi fido più a belle parole. Grata sarebbe stata la lode del mondo quando era giovane, m'avrebbe consolato, rinforzato, spronato ad alte imprese, come lo squillo della tromba che eccita al conflitto, che promette vittoria. Ma ora le illusioni, le speranze sono fuggite ed il reverbero della Fama non mi pare che un rumore vano ed insulso. I cari son morti e non possono udirlo; e per me poco me ne curo. Quel che ho fatto, ho fatto e lo conto per poco. Tutte le lusinghe del mondo non cambierebbero il mio giudizio. L'albero ha portato il suo frutto, e buono o cattivo rimane quello che è." — *Lettera inedita di Girolamo.*

SUCCESS, ah yes, success, you say I've gained!
The world applauds, and yet I only sigh.
Its loud applause but feeds my vanity;
The jewel that I sought is not attained.
Something there was which once the future had —
A foolish hope, an idle dream, a light
That shone before me ever day and night —
That now is gone, and leaves me poor and sad.
'T was not to win the fickle world's applause:
That followed after as effect, not cause;
And between that and this you call success
How vast a void! Something I dreamed to do,
The joy of which should light my being through
With a serene interior happiness.
So strove I with the toil of brain and heart,
Saying, "Into the inner sphere of art
When I have pierced and made me master there,
The toil all over, I shall stand and bear
Sound fruit, sweet blossoms, like a healthy tree
That hath the winds of heaven for playmates free,
A rest and refuge for the head of care."

What now is come instead? This glorious star
Turns out to be a common, vulgar lamp —
A false marsh-meteor dancing o'er the damp,
Low stretch of blasted life; this godlike Lar
A brazen cheat; this fair Hesperian fruit
A Dead Sea apple; and the siren's lute
Strung to such discord it were better mute.

[1] Now called President's Road

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Once by the shore I mused and saw afar
A dream-like bark, that o'er the morning sea,
Through veiled and violet distances of air,
With roseate sails went gliding silently;
Freighted with bliss, to some ideal land
Its happy peaceful way it seemed to wend.
And there I longed — oh, how I longed to be!
Now on its filthy deck at last I stand:
Oh, dismal disenchantment, bitter end!
Soiled are its sails, the sea is rough and high,
Foul are the odors, coarse the company;
And sick at stomach and at heart I lie,
And curse my fate and wish that I could die.

The world has cured me of my self-conceit;
Its cold rebuffs have brushed away like dust
My youth's presumptuous faith and proud self-trust.
What do I care if they were all a cheat,
Those bright illusions of my early years?
While I believed that I was strong, I was;
Self-conscious, now, I look around and pause,
Hindered in all I do by doubts and fears.

Success! Yes, while you stinted me in praise
My pride upheld me; to myself I said,
"Some time they 'll praise me, after I am dead.
The work is good, although the world delays;
I for the prize can wait." But now you blow
The trumpet in my honor, I bend low,
And from my eyes my work's best charm has fled.
Once I compared it with the world's neglect,
And proudly said, "'T is better than they see."
Now I behold it tainted with defect
In the broad light of what it ought to be.

Fame seemed, when out of reach, how sweet and grand!
How worthless, now I grasp it in my hand!
The glory was the struggle, the affray;
Victory is only loss; at last I stand
Mourning amid dead hopes at close of day.
Give me the old enthusiasms back,
Give me the ardent longings that I lack, —
The glorious dreams that fooled me in my youth,
The sweet mirage that lured me on its track, —
And take away the bitter, barren truth.

Ah, yes! Success, I fear, has come too late!
Once it had swelled my heart and filled my sails;
Now I am reefed, it only cries and wails
In my rent cordage like a blast of fate.
The lift is gone, the spring is strained and weak;
I scorn the praise yon idle praisers speak.
What matters now the lauding of your lips,
What matters now the laurel wreath you plait
For these bald brows, for these gray hairs? It slips
Over my eyes and helps to hide my tears.
I am too old for joys — almost for fears.

Ye critics, pardon, that I dared to do
Not as you wished, but only as I chose.
You might have done far better, it is true,
And perfumed my camellia like a rose.
Oh, had you wrought my crippled works yourselves,
They had been giants which are now but elves!

Do we not feel as well our works' defect
As you who circling round them hum and sing,
Mosquito critics with a poisonous sting;
Or ye whose higher purpose 't is to teach,
Who kindly patronize, suggest, direct,
And make our labors texts on which to preach
And show your own superior intellect?
Do we not know our work is mean and poor?
'T is only when the fire is in the brain,
And all alone we strive — the outward door
Of life closed up — and listen as to one
Speaking within us with a spirit's tone,
That what we do seems not entirely vain.
Waking from that half-trance of inner thought,
The voices gone, the real world returned,
We feel the thing that we have done is nought —
A blackened brand with all the flame outburned,
A goblet cracked which all its wine hath shed,
A cage in which the singing bird is dead.

This was my hope and trust, when I am gone,
Dead, turned to dust, senseless to blame or praise,
That somewhat out of all that I had sown
Of thought and feeling on the world's highways

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Might not be held as base and noxious weeds
For Time with hand unsparing to destroy,
But, falling on some kindly soil, the seeds
Might grow and bloom into a moment's joy,
Or ripen into fruit of noble deeds.
This lent me life, and strung my throbbing strings
To music once. What joy 't would be to feel
My song into some maiden's heart might steal
And live amid her pure imaginings, —
That she should keep it in her memory
As handmaid to her love, and breathe it low,
And pour into it all the overflow
Of her young heart and say it with a sigh;
Or that some student in despairing hour
Should from a word of mine renew his power,
Some toiling heart be strengthened in its aim,
Some faltering purpose trample down its shame,
Some eye, long used to poring on the ground,
Look up and feel the sky and beauty round,
Some sorrowing mourner get a glimpse of youth,
Some world-cased spirit feel the sting of truth.
Is this so now? You say it is, and yet
It does not stir me now; the fountain's jet
But dribbles on the worn-out pipes, where first
Its shattered showers of diamonds towering burst.

Autumn has come; the grass is dry and sere;
No spring-time flowers now grace the dying year.
The fruits are nearly culled; the harsh winds blight
The lingering leaves. I only linger here,
And the time comes for me to say good-night.

Yes, I am sad — sad and dispirited,
And those I loved and labored for are dead.
The heart is hardened, once so sensitive.
Fame the world gives, but youth it cannot give;
Nor can it give me back the smiles of those
Whose praise had been the best reward on earth.
Success but makes me feel the dreadful dearth,
The gap of death that naught can ever close.
Midst all the voices one — the dearest one —
I miss to greet me now my work is done.
The hand that would so gladly on my brow
Have placed the laurel that you bring too late,
And kissed the lips below, — where is it now?
What do I care that now you call me great;
Is this the triumph, this the happiness?
Cry to the dead ones, "He hath won success."
Say, will their voices answer back to bless?

Yet courage! this is but an idle mood;
To-morrow I shall feel within my blood
A new pulse beating, a new impulse start.
'T is but a cloud to-day comes o'er my heart,
A sickening sense of weakness, where desire
Hath only left the ashes of its fire.
Art still remains, and wheresoe'er I be
It draws me with a sweet necessity.
Though in a moment's rage I storm and frown,
And with a rude hand cast its altars down,
Or, disappointed and depressed with care,
Heed not the perfume of the incense there,
A better mood will come, when I again
Shall seek its temple, worship in its train,
Put on my coronal, and be its priest,
Glad to perform the duty that is least.
For what were life without its joys and fears,
Its tumults, and its clash of smiles and tears?
What could I do, forbade to enter in
Its happy courts, but sit without and weep?
No! the old use will never let me sleep,
And, poor as all my service yet hath been,
While life continues in this breast to beat,
A space to struggle and a prize to win
Will still remain. Oh, not alone a name,
Though human praise to human ears is sweet,
Allures me. Something higher far I claim,
To shape out something that I shall not shame
To lay upon art's shrine as offering meet;
Something in which the strength of age shall be,
And youth's high hope be made reality.
So! still the same; these years have nothing taught;
Still the enthusiast! Even while I spoke
Elastic springs the hope I thought was broke.
I am a child still. Oh, thank Heaven! not all,
Despite the world's rebuffs and what you call
Success, not all is lost and turned to naught!

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Thank Heaven! there's tinder yet which can be caught
When the chance sparks of feeling on it fall.

I have not stood a beggar on the ways
And held my hand out for the critic's praise;
I have not flattered, fawned, nor coined my heart,
Degraded the high purposes of art,
Pandered to vulgar aims and groveling thought;
And if success has come, it comes unbought.
Art shall not drag her skirts along the mud
While I can help her; shall not beg and cringe,
Claim alms for pity's sake, her heaven-born blood
Ceasing with noble pride her cheeks to tinge.
I have not cast her alms, but on my knees
Been thankful for the crust she threw to me,
Me, her poor worshiper, most glad to be
Her humblest slave; glad if by slow degrees
I win one smile at last my life to bless,
And this alone for me would be success.

W. W. Story.

THE MAY-POLE OF MERRYMOUNT.

I.

MAY-DAY, 1627.

THE May-pole of Merrymount — that May-pole which inspired the historian Motley's first effort in literature, and which Hawthorne made the subject of a brilliant sketch — was erected on May-day of the year 1627. The 1st of May, old style, fell upon what is now the 10th of the month. Accordingly, on the tenth day of the coming month of May the full period of two hundred and fifty years will have elapsed since Thomas Morton and his motley crew awoke the echoes of the wilderness on the shores of Boston bay; greeting with noisy revels what may, perhaps, not inaptly be described as the English anniversary of summer's birth.

Two hundred and fifty years represent no trifling portion of the history of any people. They constitute in themselves a very respectable antiquity. In the case of America they carry us back to the beginning of all things, — to the genesis of the race; while even in connection with other and older lands, when we turn to the men and events of 1627, we are surprised to find ourselves on what is in reality the threshold of modern history. We always think of America as the youngest of the family, and so indeed it is; and yet even America's years begin to accumulate. When the May-pole was set up at Merrymount, a quarter of a thousand years ago the coming 10th of May, the names of Hampden and Cromwell and Milton were as unknown to history as those of Franklin, Washington, and Jefferson. Lord Bacon had died the year before, and a striking illustration is supplied of the little progress which modern science then had made by the fact that he — the greatest, wisest of mankind — to the last hesitated to accept as true that theory of the heavens which Copernicus had expounded only a few years less than a full century before, and the exact laws of which Kepler and Galileo were but then divining. It was but nine years since Harvey had discovered the circulation of the blood. The first collected edition of Shakespeare's plays was almost the latest novelty in English literature; it had been published four years, and the author had been dead fourteen. For Paradise Lost the world had yet to wait for forty years. Guido and Rubens were in the zenith of their artist fame, but Rembrandt was still a young and unknown man. Ravaillac had murdered Henry IV. seventeen years

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before, and the memory of his deed was no less fresh in men's minds then than that of Booth's is now. Buckingham was destined to fall by Felton's hand just one year later. Russia existed, but had not yet begun to live; and the exploits of Bethlen-Gabor filled the mind of Eastern Europe. Germany had been torn through eight only of her thirty years' religious war, and Captain Dalgetty's master, "the Lion of the North, the immortal Gustavus Adolphus," had not yet drawn his sword as the Protestant champion. His opponent Tilly was still in the full flush of victory, and four years later was to earn an immortal infamy in connection with the horrors of Magdeburg. In France, Richelieu, the Cardinal-Duke, had been three years in power, and Louis XIV. was not born until 1638. The recollections of St. Bartholomew still haunted the memories and consciences of survivors. Charles I. had been two years king of England; and his successor in the rule, Oliver Cromwell, was a clownish Huntingdon squire in his twenty-eighth year. Sir Walter Raleigh had gone to the block on Tower Hill in 1618; Sir Isaac Newton was not born until 1642.

In the midst of centennial memories names like these sound strangely remote. So far as America is concerned, they seem associated with a prehistoric past. Yet it was in that past, in the days of those men, that the events which are now to be described took place. It was while Richelieu governed, Gustavus fought, Rembrandt painted, Galileo pondered, and Milton wrote. The modern world was in its youth then, and the men who lived in it were filled with the spirit of its novelty.

Among the many who shared to a greater or less degree in this spirit of the day was a Captain Wollaston, who, in the summer of 1625, sailed into Boston bay in command of a vessel which there dropped its anchor. The country about those parts was even then not wholly uninhabited. The Indians, it is true, had some years before been nearly annihilated by a pestilence, and scarcely a cowed and slinking remnant of the once powerful Massachusetts tribe lingered about their former homes. It is said there were not over thirty warriors left in the whole region about the bay. It was an absolute wilderness, but here and there — very few and very far between — were straggling Europeans, living alone on the sea-shore. The Pilgrims had been settled at Plymouth, twenty miles further south, for five years, and their little community numbered then some one hundred and eighty souls, dwelling in thirty-two houses, surrounded by a stockade about half a mile in compass. Where Boston now stands there lived a solitary, bookish recluse, William Blackstone by name, cultivating his garden and watching the growth of some apple-trees; while Thomas Walford, a blacksmith, was his nearest neighbor, dwelling in "an English palisadoed and thatched house," over at Charlestown. Either shortly before or immediately after Wollaston's arrival a Mr. John Maverick fixed his home at Noddle's Island, now East Boston, where for protection against the Indians he built himself a block-house, or stronghold of some sort, armed with four large guns, or "murtherers." In this work he was aided by his neighbor, David Thomson, a Scotchman, who owned the peninsula of Squantum and the Farm-School island, which still bears his name. He, however, came a year later, in 1626, and was dwelling there in 1627 with his wife and infant son. In that part of the town of Weymouth then called Wessagusset and now known as "Old Spain," still lingered the remnants of an unsuccessful colony, which a Captain Robert Gorges had sought to plant there two years before, in 1623, but which he himself had soon abandoned. At Nantasket, "an uncoth place," there dwelt a few more straggling people; while across the bay, at Cape Ann, "a place more convenient for those that belong to the tribe of Zebulun than for those that chose to dwell in the tents of Issachar,"[1] tarried the outcasts from Plymouth, John Oldham, John Lyford, and Roger Conant. Two

[1] Dwellers on Cape Ann curious as to the significance of this scriptural allusion of the historian Hubbard are referred to Genesis xlix. 13, 15.

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brothers by the name of Hilton were also established near where Portsmouth now stands, in New Hampshire; while on the Isles of Shoals and along the coast of Maine, there were transient stations to supply the needs of the fishing fleet, which with each returning spring visited the neighboring waters. In all, perhaps, some two hundred and fifty souls may have been scattered along the seven hundred miles of New England coast, most of them at Plymouth.

Among these Captain Wollaston made his appearance, one of a little company of adventurers, consisting of three or four men of some substance and thirty or forty servants, as they then were called, or persons who had sold their services for a term of years, and during that period occupied towards their employers the position of apprentices. Those in control of the enterprise had no object in view other than gain, and this they thought to secure by establishing a plantation, trading post, and fishing station on the shores of a region concerning the climate and resources of which, while no real knowledge existed, the vaguest and most fabulous stories had been told. Of Captain Wollaston almost nothing at all, not even his given name, is known. So far as New England history is concerned, he was a bird of passage; flitting out from an English obscurity, he rested for a brief space upon a hillock on the shore of Boston bay, giving to it his name as a memorial forever, and then forthwith disappeared into that oblivion from which he came. Among the Plymouth people he bore the reputation of being "a man of pretie parts" and of "some eminencie," and that is both the substance and the sum of all we know about him.

What could ever have induced visionaries and gentlemen adventurers like Gorges, Gardiner, Weston, and Wollaston to seek to establish themselves amid surroundings of a nature so very unpropitious is ever a subject of honest wonder to the New Englander of to-day. That their attempts one after another failed calls for no explanation, as a ready one suggests itself in a niggard soil and an inclement winter. To face and overcome these required that dreary though admirable tenacity of purpose which religious fervor only supplies. In point of fact, however, there is a very simple way of accounting for those failures. Surprising as it now seems, the time was when New England also was accounted an unknown, earthly paradise, —a sort of garden of the Hesperides, even if it should not prove the veritable El Dorado. This time, it is true, was short, but it did exist; and it lasted from about 1610 to 1625. The idea had its origin with the early explorers, who saw nothing of New England's dark and repellent side. They did not come here when the rocks were covered with ice and the thin soil was seared and scarred by the winter's frost. They never saw that side of the picture; and the side they did see was pleasant enough. Their accounts, consequently, were of the most rose-colored and deceptive character; and from them one might yet well picture New England as a sort of nature's garden, in which perennial vineyards were circled by soft summer seas. Some of these descriptions are even now very pleasant reading. Not only Captain Robert Gorges, but Wollaston and even Weston had doubtless read, for instance, Captain John Smith's description of New England, which he published in 1616, six years before any of those named undertook personally to verify the accuracy of his account. Smith was here in the summer, and in July and August he explored the coast. Even more than those of most travelers, Smith's adventures lost nothing in the telling. He thus describes Boston bay, and under the glowing touch of the pen to which we owe that charming creation of American fable, the Princess Pocahontas *Mediatrix*, the stern reality is metamorphosed into this vision of delight:—

"And surely by reason of those sandy cliffs and cliffs of rocks, both which we saw so planted with gardens and corn fields, and so well inhabited with a goodly, strong, and well-proportioned people, besides the greatness of the timber growing on them, the greatness of the fish,

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and the moderate temper of the air, who can but approve this a most excellent place, both for health and fertility? And of all the four parts of the world that I have yet seen, not inhabited, could I have but means to transport a colony, I would rather live here than anywhere. And if it did not maintain itself, were we but once indifferently well fitted, let us starve. . . .

"Here nature and liberty affords us that freely, which in England we want, or it costeth us dearly. What pleasure can be more than (being tired with any occasion ashore) in planting vines, fruits or herbs, in contriving their own grounds to the pleasure of their own minds, . . . to recreate themselves before their own doors in their own boats upon the sea, where man, woman and child, with a small hook and line, by angling, may take divers sorts of excellent fish at their pleasures? . . . And what sport doth yield a more pleasing content, and less hurt or charge than angling with a hook, and crossing the sweet air from isle to isle, over the silent streams of a calm sea? . . .

"For gentlemen, what exercise should more delight them, than ranging daily those unknown parts, using fowling and fishing for hunting and hawking? . . . For hunting, also, — the woods, lakes and rivers afford not only chase sufficient for any that delights in that kind of toil or pleasure, but such beasts to hunt, that besides the delicacy of their bodies for food, their skins are so rich as may well recompense thy daily labor with a captain's pay."

This and not the reality was what Gorges, Weston, and Wollaston expected to find when they came to Boston bay; and it is small matter for surprise if they were proportionally disappointed, and even abandoned their ventures when the unwelcome truth forced itself upon them. Both the Weston and Wollaston expeditions, also, were on the most approved plan, specially recommended by the early explorers, consisting of some thirty or forty men unincumbered by wives or families; with such they were assured they need "not fear, but to do more good there in seven years than in England in twenty." Captain Christopher Levett, by the way, to whom this last assurance was due, was one of Captain Robert Gorges' body of assistants, under that official's brief governor-generalcy, and when giving his impressions of the country, he thus refers to Smith's glowing account, at the same time imparting an air of moderation to his own sufficiently flattering statement: —

"I will not do therein as some have done to my knowledge, speak more than is true; I will not tell you that you may smell the corn fields before you see the land; neither must men think that corn doth grow naturally (or on trees,) nor will the deer come when they are called, or stand still and look on a man until he shoot him, not knowing a man from a beast; nor the fish leap into the kettle, nor on the dry land, neither are they so plentiful, that you may dip them up in baskets, nor take cod in nets to make a voyage, which is no truer than that the fowls will present themselves to you with spits through them."

But besides these general descriptions of a land unoccupied and yet flowing with milk and honey, another account of the region of Massachusetts Bay, and perhaps the most glowing account of all, had privately reached Wollaston and his associates, and, doubtless, was the deciding motive of their venture. Of Thomas Morton it will remain to speak more at length presently; here it need only be said that he was one of Wollaston's company, and that he now came to New England not for the first time. Three years before he had passed a few months here, coming in June and returning to England in September, taking back with him a summer's impressions. He thus tells what those impressions were and what, doubtless, he led his companions to expect: —

"And when I had more seriously considered of the bewty of the place, with all her faire indowments, I did not thinke that in all the knowne world it could be paralel'd. For so many good groues of trees; dainty fine round rising hillucks: delicate faire large plaines, sweete cristall

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fountaines, and cleare running streames, that twine in fine meanders through the meads, making so sweete a murmering noise to heare, as would even lull the sences with delight a sleepe, so pleasantly doe, they glide upon the pebble stones, jetting most jocundly where they doe meete; and hand in hand runne downe to Neptunes Court, to pay the yearely tribute, which they owe to him as soveraigne Lord of all the springs, Contained within the volume of the Land, Fowles in abundance, Fish in multitude, and discovered besides; Millions of Turtledoves one the greene boughes: which sate pecking, of the full ripe pleasant grapes, that were supported by the lusty trees, whose fruitfull loade did cause the armes to bend, which here and there dispersed (you might see) Lillies and of the Daphnean-tree, which made the Land to mee seem paradice, for in mine eie, t' was Natures Master-peece: Her chiefest Magazine of, all where lives her store: if this Land be not rich, then is the whole world poore."

As he who thus described this paradise of "Lillies and of the Daphnean-tree" was of the party, it would seem to be fairly matter of inference that he guided it to Passonagessit, as what is now Mt. Wollaston was called in the Indian tongue. This lay within the present limits of the town of Quincy, directly across the marshes from Wessagusset, now Weymouth, and less than two miles away, being separated from the site of the Weston and Gorges plantation only by the Monatiquot River and the salt-water creeks and estuaries which indent that shore in all directions. There is reason for believing that Morton had taken part in Weston's unfortunate experiment at Wessagusset three years before. Now that he was returning, therefore, again to try his fortune in those parts, he naturally turned his steps to those pleasant places which he so vividly recalled as he first saw them in the bright freshness of a New England June, and as he left them in the mellow softness of its September. He found Wessagusset still occupied by the remnants of Gorges' company, who had now been there nearly two years, so that he and his associates had necessarily to look elsewhere for an abiding place; Passonagessit was, moreover, in many respects, for the purposes of the adventurers, the better spot of the two. They came there to trade. While ranging the coast in his open boat, in 1614, Smith had "got for trifles near eleven hundred beaver-skins, one hundred martens, and near as many otters; and the most of them within the distance of twenty leagues." In Morton's mind, therefore, the plantation was a mere incident, in all probability, to the establishing a regular trade in peltries. A prominent position on the shore in unobstructed view of the entrance to the bay would be with him an important consideration. Wessagusset, however, though it had the deeper water and the more sheltered anchorage, was quite hidden from the sight of vessels making the harbor, and could be approached only by a long and devious channel. Passonagessit, on the contrary, lay full in view of the harbor's entrance, a gentle upland, swelling into a hill, at the mouth of a salt-water creek which emptied into a quiet tidal bay, just midway between two promontories a couple of miles apart; while beyond these lay an apparently connected succession of islands, among which the main channel to Boston harbor threaded a devious way. The disadvantage of the place was that, except when the tide was in, it could be approached only by boats; but there was excellent anchorage beyond, and, so far as planting was concerned, Passonagessit, lying as it did close to "the Massachusetts fields," had years before been selected for his residence by the Sachem Chickatabut, by whom it had been cleared of trees. Indeed, he had continued to live there until he abandoned it at the time of the great pestilence.

Hither Wollaston and his companions were guided by Thomas Morton. The part taken by this individual in the May-pole episode was so very prominent that everything which can be ascertained about him becomes of interest in connection with it. Unfortunately, it is not much. He seems to have been a man of strange,

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inexplicable character and, probably, wholly devoid of principle. He was not unknown in the Plymouth colony, whose grave elders contemptuously spoke of him as "a petie-fogger of Furnivalls Inn." Of Morton's life before he came to America absolutely nothing can now be found out. He had certainly received a classical education of some sort; for, though he could not write English, throughout all the odd jumble of his composition he shows some familiarity with the more common Latin writers, amid an elaborate display of that pedantry then so much in vogue. An authority tells us that in England he had been an attorney in one of the western counties; while he subscribes himself as being "of Clifford's Inn, Gent.," which means, of course, a barrister in London. That he was not wholly without means is evident from the fact that he owned an interest in the Wollaston enterprise. He was a man of convivial temper, endowed with a good deal of wit and a very well-developed sense of the humorous; but that his moral character was decidedly loose is sufficiently apparent from his own book. He had, too, a strong, innate love of nature, and of every description of field sports; and, withal, he was a close observer, for his strange, incoherent, well-nigh unintelligible work, the New English Canaan, contains one of the best and closest descriptions of Indian life, traits, and customs which has come down to us. What, unless the love of adventure, ever originally brought him to America is not likely to be known. But when once he came here, he was never able to take himself off, nor could he even be driven away. He certainly, at first, seems to have had no connection with Gorges, nor is there reason to suppose that he belonged to any established company of adventurers. He appears, in fact, to have been a broken-down and probably disreputable London lawyer, with a Bohemian nature and without clients, who was not unfamiliar with that Alsatian life which Scott has depicted in his Fortunes of Nigel, and who must have felt much more at home when ranging the fields with hawk or hound than while rummaging law-books. Indeed, he seems to have been an adept in the mysteries of falconry, having been bred, as he tells us, in the common use of hawks in England. Thomas Morton, probably, is the only man who in Massachusetts ever flew bird at quarry. In his description of the country he grows warm and almost lucid as he tells of its falcons and goshawks and lannerets, — of hoods, bells, and lures; and describes how, on his first coming, he caught a lanneret which he "reclaimed, trained, and made flying in a fortnight, the same being a passinger at Michuelmas." This man, born a sportsman, bred a lawyer, ingrained an adventurer, by some odd freak of destiny was flung up as a waif on the shores of Boston bay. Robust of frame, eager in the chase, fond of nature, it was not strange he liked the life. He was one of those whom the rugged, variable New England climate, with its brilliant skies, its bracing atmosphere, its rasping ocean winds, and its extremes of heat and cold does not kill; and such it is apt to exhilarate. So, not even a succession of winters passed on the bleak summit of his sea-side hill ever made Thomas Morton swerve from his belief that New England was "Natures Master-peece," without a parallel in all the world. He was clearly of one mind with the Rev. Francis Higginson of Salem, who did not hesitate to write, "A sup of New-Englands Aire is better than a whole draught of old Englands Ale."

The adventurers established themselves where they did simply because it seemed good to them to do so. They had neither charter nor grant of land, and seemed to trouble themselves little about questions of title. They built their house nearly on the centre of the level summit of the hill, in Quincy, still called Mt. Wollaston, commanding to the eastward the broad bay with its distant islets, while to the north and south it looked over wide marshes and intersecting creeks, interspersed with upland to Shawmut and Wessagusset. Toward the west alone was it connected with the higher ranges of the interior, which were

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then still covered with their native forest growth.

The exact date of Wollaston's arrival is not known, but not improbably it was during the month of June. A season must have passed away while the party was engaged in the work of building a house and laying out a plantation, but this sufficed to convince Captain Wollaston that there was little profit to be hoped for out of that region. Accordingly, early in 1626, as would seem most likely, he determined to go elsewhere. Taking with him a number of the articled servants, he set sail for Virginia, leaving one of his associates, a Mr. Rasdell, in charge of the plantation. If he did not find anything else in Virginia, Captain Wollaston at least found a ready market for his "hired help;" as he is said to have there sold the time of those he carried with him on terms wholly satisfactory to himself. Having accomplished this stroke of business, Wollaston sent back to Rasdell, directing him to turn over the government of the plantation to a Mr. Fitcher, and himself to bring on to Virginia another detachment of the servants, whom he disposed of as he had of those which he himself brought down. It was after Rasdell's departure, and while Fitcher was in charge, that Morton's presence at Mt. Wollaston began to make itself felt. The evident intention on the part of his associates of breaking up the enterprise in no way accorded with his views; unlike them, he was pleased with the country, and he seems to have felt satisfied that a longer residence in it could be made a source of profit as well as of enjoyment.

Meanwhile, supplies had begun to run short, and the general spirit of the settlement was not one of contentment. Taking advantage of these facts, Morton gradually instilled into the minds of the few who remained unsold a suspicion, for which doubtless there was very good foundation, that it would be their turn next to go to Virginia; and to suggest that if they would make him the chief of the little settlement, they might then all dwell together as equals, protecting one another, and deriving profit from planting and from trade. The number of those left at the plantation was now reduced to nine, exclusive of Fitcher. All of these Morton won over to his views, and at last a species of mutiny broke out, as the result of which poor Mr. Fitcher was fairly put out-of-doors and compelled to ask food and shelter among the straggling settlers in the vicinity. Then began an episode so curious that it would be difficult to conceive one more so in connection with New England history, — one the bizarre effect of which it is not easy to describe. Certainly, no dram-shop in the midst of a conventicle, no billiard-room or bowling-alley in the basement of a Calvinistic meeting-house, could have seemed more out of place, more incongruous in its surroundings, than did the roistering Morton and his reckless crew among the devout, severe generation which had sought a home on that bleak and desolate coast.

Morton had two very distinct ends in view: one was enjoyment, the other profit. And he was equally reckless in his methods as regarded each. He delighted in wandering, fowling-piece in hand, over all the neighboring hills, or sailing in his boat on the bay. With the Indians he was evidently the most popular of Englishmen, for not only did they act as his huntsmen and guides, but they participated in his revels, — and not the men alone but the women also; for one of the principal allegations subsequently made against him referred to the very anomalous relations existing between himself and his followers and the neighboring squaws.

After the fashion of the period he was something of a scribbler of verses as well as a sportsman, and he had a decided partiality for those outdoor amusements which causes the England of those days to be referred to in ours with the pleasant prefix of "merrie." Accordingly, Mt. Wollaston soon ceased to be known as such, and became instead Mare Mount, in which name lay concealed a play upon words of some significance; for whereas Merry Mount was a name well calculated to stir the Puritan wrath and to be alleged against the settlement as indicative

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of the evil practices there in vogue, yet Mare Mount, if the name were so pronounced and spelt, was simply an appropriate and characteristic display of Latinity. Having decided upon this name, it only remained for Morton to confirm it by suitable ceremonies as a memorial. As May-day of the year 1627 approached great preparations were on foot at Mt. Wollaston, — a pole was to be reared, with merriment and revels after the old English wont. Of what took place on this occasion we know through the account left us by Morton, — himself the arch reveler or Lord of Misrule, — and whether it be strictly accurate in all respects or not, that account lacks neither minuteness nor picturesque effect. They were not an abstemious set, those first residents in Quincy, and amidst the cheer gotten ready for all comers against the great occasion, a barrel of strong beer and a liberal supply of bottles containing yet stronger fluids are especially mentioned. The May-pole itself consisted of a pine-tree eighty feet in length, wreathed with garlands and made gay with ribbons, while near its top were nailed the spreading antlers of a buck. When at last the holiday came, this pole was dragged to the summit of the mount amid the noise of drums and the discharge of fire-arms, and there firmly planted, the savages lending a willing aid in the work. A poem suited to the occasion had been prepared beforehand by Morton, a copy of which was now affixed to the pole. Of it the author says that "it being Enigmattically composed pusselled the Seperatists most pittifully to expound it," nor has time cast any new light upon its meaning. Bradford says that these "rimes" affixed to this "idle or idoll May-polle" tended "to ye detraction & scandall of some persons," but whom he does not specify, and Morton denied the imputation. In any event, with the exception of the two last lines, in which the first of May is proclaimed a holiday at Mare Mount, this earliest recorded effusion of the American muse is as unintelligible as it is inharmonious.[1]

Such as it was, however, it was ready, and no sooner did the May-pole stand erect than it was fastened to it, and then the revels and the merriment began.

As they danced and circled around the antlered and garlanded pine one of the company kept filling the cups of his companions, and as he did so he sang yet another song of Morton's composition, of a highly bacchanalian character, while from time to time the rest of the rout joined in the chorus.[2] These verses Brad-

[1] THE POEM.

Rise Oedipeus, and if thou canst unfould,
What meanes Caribdis underneath the mould,
When Scilla sollitary on the ground,
(Sitting in forme of Niobe) was found;
Till Amphitrites Darling did acquaint,
Grim Neptune with the Tenor of her plaint,
And causd him send forth Triton with the sound,
Of Trumpet lowd, at which the Seas were found,
So full of Protean formes, that the bold shore,
Presented Scilla a new parramore,
So stronge as Sampson and so patient,
As Job himselfe, directed thus, by fate,
To comfort Scilla so unfortunate.
I doe professe by Cupids beautious mother,
Heres Scogans choise for Scilla, and none other;
Though Scilla's sick with greife because no signe,
Can there be found of vertue masculine.
Esculapius come, I know right well,
His laboure's lost when you may ring her Knell,
The fatall sisters doome none can withstand,
Nor Cithareas powre, who poynts to land,
With proclamation that the first of May,
At Ma-re Mount shall be kept hollyday.

[2] THE SONGE.

Drinke and be merry, merry, merry boyes,
Let all your delight be in Hymens ioyes,
Jô to Hymen now the day is come,
About the merry Maypole take a Roome.
Make greene garlons, bring bottles out;
And fill sweet Nectar, freely about,
Vncover thy head, and feare no harme,
For hers good liquor to keepe it warme.
Then drinke and be merry, &c.
Iô to Hymen, &c.
Nectar is a thing assign'd,
By the Deities owne minde,
To cure the hart opprest with greife,
And of good liquors is the chiefe,
Then drinke, &c.
Iô to Hymen, &c.
Give to the Mellancolly man,
A cup or two of't now and than;
This physick will soone revive his bloud,
And make him be of a merrier moode.
Then drinke, &c.
Iô to Hymen, &c.
Give to the Nymphe thats free from scorne,
No Irish; stuff nor Scotch over worne,
Lasses in beaver coats come away,
Yee shall be welcome to us night and day.
To drinke and be merry, &c.
Jô to Hymen, &c.

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ford apparently looked upon as "tending to lasciviousness," but, though rather more intelligible, they were hardly more harmonious or better worth preserving than the others. Thomas Morton may have been a "petie-fogger," but he certainly was not a poet. In the case of the "Songe," however, one line at least, in which reference is made to "lasses in beaver coats," has some significance, as throwing a gleam of light on the composition of the choice company which circled round the May-pole.

It has already been stated at the commencement of this narrative that, allowing for the difference between the old and new styles, May-day in the year 1627 fell upon what is now the 10th of the month, which renders it a little less improbable that it in some respects resembled the sweet English anniversary whose observances it was thus sought to transplant. The episode, however, breaks out like a single fitful gleam of sickly sunlight amid the leaden gloom of our early New England annals, exciting a sense of warmth, cheerfulness, and sympathy. That the Puritan ancestry of Massachusetts were a remarkable race, possessing qualities which inspired fear and awe in their presence, and command the deepest respect and admiration when studied from a distance, no one will deny. But they were not attractive; between us and them two centuries and a half of interval is none too much. And in no respect was the unattractive side of the Puritan character more clearly brought into view than in their sour, narrow-minded dislike of innocent and joyous relaxation. Before the May-day at Merrymount, there is a record of but a single attempt to introduce into New England the pleasant festivities of the motherland, — one single attempt, the result of which was wofully unpropitious. The incident is familiar enough, but it will bear to be repeated in this connection. It took place at Plymouth in December, 1621. Just as the first year of the little colony was drawing to a close there arrived a small ship bringing some thirty-five immigrants. They were not Puritans, but they were all landed, and disposed of into the several families. Presently Christmas day came round. It hardly needs to be said that of all days in the year Christmas is most associated in the English mind with sentiments of kindness and good-will to men; it is the day of feasting, games, and jollity. On this Christmas morning at Plymouth, however, the governor arose and, as was the custom on other days, called the men together to go out to work. Most of the new-comers, liking not the innovation, excused themselves on the ground of conscientious scruples against it. The governor, in his own quaint language, carrying in it still the echoes of a grim chuckle, thus goes on to tell of the ready wit with which he discomfited the revelers. They had alleged conscientious scruples against manual labor on Christmas day, and "so ye Govr tould them that if they made it mater of conscience, he would spare them till they were better informed. So he led away ye rest and left them; but when they came home at noone from their worke, he found them in ye streete at play, openly; some pitching ye barr, & some at stoole-ball, and shuch like sports. So he went to them, and tooke away their implements, and tould them that was against his conscience, that they should play & others worke. If they made ye keeping of it mater of devotion, let them kepe their houses, but ther should be no gameing or revelling in ye streets. Since which time nothing hath been atempted that way, at least openly."

But suddenly, just when the psalm was supposed to have finally drowned the stave through all those parts, from close at hand Morton's noisy chorus broke in like a protest of human nature against the attempted suppression of its more attractive half. When its echoes reached Plymouth, language in which adequately to express their horror at such doings wholly failed the people there, and they were forced to have recourse to pagan times to find a parallel for them. "They allso set up a May-pole," wrote Governor Bradford, "drinking and dancing aboute it many days togeather, inviting the Indean women, for their consorts, dancing and frisking togither, (like so many

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fairies, or furies rather,) and worse practices. As if they had anew revived & celebrated the feasts of ye Roman Goddes Flora, or ye beasly practieses of ye madd Bacchinalians." There was something very dramatic about the situation. On the one hand the sombre Puritan settlement, and on the other, close beside it, the rollicking trading post, with the solitary vastness encompassing both. Indeed, it seems almost strange at this distance of time that men should have been found daring enough to break the awe of that primeval silence by vulgar revels about a May-pole planted on their gravel ridge between the ocean and the wilderness, — an ocean rarely whitened by a sail, and a wilderness unbroken, save at Merrymount and at Plymouth, from the St. Lawrence to the Hudson; and Plymouth was scandalized beyond expression by the goings on at Merrymount.

Altogether the settlement at Merrymount lasted about five years, from the summer of 1625 to that of 1630; and during two years of this time, in 1627–28, it was that Morton traded with the Indians and curiously observed the country, its products, and its inhabitants, as well as conducted its revels. He wrote his book, which he called the New English Canaan, at a later period, probably after the year 1630, and in it he gave in his own way the results of his observation and experience. He divided it into three parts, the first of which treats of the natives, their manners and customs, the second of the country and its products, while the last and most bulky of the three deals in a confused, metaphorical, hardly intelligible way, half narrative and half satire, with the Massachusetts and Plymouth settlements.

In his observations on the savages there is a great deal which is of positive value, though at times he indulges in inferences and generalizations which would scarcely bear the test of modern historical criticism. Yet these passages are hardly more absurd than much which is to be found in the writings of the recognized historians of that time and even later. His explanation of the origin of the Indian race, for instance, reads like a very clever satire on all the historians of the old or credulous school, and even on those modern scripturalists who still insist on tracing the descent of the different races of men from the several sons of Noah. "It may perhaps be granted that the Natives of this Country might originally come of the scattred Trojans: For after that Brutus, who was the forth from Aneas, left Latium upon the conflict had with the Latines . . . this people were dispersed there is no question. . . . And when Brutus did depart from Latium, we doe not find that his whole number went with him at once, or arrived at one place; and being put to Sea might encounter with a storme, that would carry them out of sight of Land, and then they might sayle God knoweth whither, and so might be put upon this Coast, as well as any other . . . now I am bold to conclude that the originall of the Natives of New England may be well conjectured to be from the scattered Trojans, after such time as Brutus departed from Latium."

Having thus provided the natives with an ancestry, he presently accounts for the color of their skin in this wise: "Their infants are borne with haire on their heads; and are of complexion white as our nation, but their mothers in their infancy make a bath of Wallnut leaves, husks of Walnuts, and such things as will staine their skinne for ever, wherein they dip and washe them to make them tawny." . . . And finally he closes what he has to say of them by remarking that they are "to be commended for leading a contented life, the younger being ruled by the Elder and the elder ruled by the Powahs, and the Powahs are ruled by the Devill, and then you may imagin what good rule is like to be amongst them."

When dealing with the country and its products, Morton, after the fashion of his time, indulged freely in the traveler's license, and some of his exaggerations are very humorous. For instance, when speaking of the excellent game with which New England then abounded, he exclaims, "Turkies there are, which divers times in great flocks have sallied by our doores; and then a gunne (being

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commonly in a redinesse) salutes them with such a courtesie, as makes them take a turne in the Cooke room. They daunce by the doore so well. Of these there hath bin killed, that have weighed forty eight pound a peece." Nor, Captain Levett's authority to the contrary notwithstanding, did the turkeys alone among the wild animals of savage New England come up to the settlers' doors to be shot. The bear was equally obliging. According to Morton: "The Beare is a tyrant at a Lobster, and at low water will downe to the Rocks, and groape after them with great diligence. Hee will runne away from a man as fast as a litle dogge. If a couple of Salvages chaunce to espie him at his banquet, his running away, will not serve his turne, for they will coate him, and chase him betweene them home to theire howses, where they kill him, to save a laboure in carrying him farre." This trait in the beaver, also, does not seem to have been observed by the naturalists, that he conveys food and wood "to his howse built on the water, wherein he sitts with his tayle hanging in the water, which else would over heate and rot off." As respects rats, Morton makes the astounding statement that "the Country by Nature is troubled with none;" while of the rattlesnake he says, it "is no lesse hurtfull than the Adder of England, nor no more. I have had my dogge venomed with troubling one of these; and so swelled, that I had thought it would have bin his death: but with one Saucer of Salet oyle poured downe his throate, he has recovered, and the swelling asswaged by the next day. The like experiment hath bin made upon a boy, that hath by chaunce troad upon one of these, and the boy never the worse. Therefore it is simplicity in any one that shall tell a bug beare tale of horrible, or terrible Serpents that are in that land." Nothing, however, can be more natural or prettier than the following description of a familiar bird which has now delighted many generations of New Englanders: "There is a curious bird to see to, called a hunning bird, no bigger than a great Beetle; that out of question lives upon the Bee, which he eateth and catcheth amongst Flowers: For it is his Custome to frequent those places, Flowers he cannot feed upon by reason of his sharp bill, which is like the poynt of a Spannish needle, but shorte. His fethers have a glasse like silke, and as hee stirres, they shew to be of a chaingable coloure: and has bin, and is admired for shape coloure, and size."

In reading the New English Canaan it is very curious to notice how old the names of the islands and localities are, in and about Boston bay. Morton speaks, for instance, of going over in his canoe to shoot ducks at Nut Island; and again he refers to Pettick's Island as being so called "in memory of Leonard Peddock that landed there." Yet Nut Island is one of the smallest of the many small islands in the bay, and of Leonard Peddock not even a tradition remains. The fact that the pretty promontory of Squantum, also, was already as early as 1627 known by that name is apparent from Morton's book. It has since then been somewhat notorious for the houses of call on its rocky shores, which have not at all times been too particular as to the quality of the "intoxicants" they have supplied to their patrons. It was, therefore, in an almost prophetic spirit that Morton wrote "neere Squantos Chappell (a place so by us called) is a Fountaine, that causeth a dead sleepe for 48. howres, to those that drinke 24. ounces at a draught, and so proportionably."

Charles Francis Adams, Jr.

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SPRING MIRACLES.

When the icy heart of nature yearns
  Faintly in its wintry stupor deep,
And the prescient Earth, half conscious, turns
  Sunward, smiling in her frozen sleep, —

How do dull-brown tubers, which have lain
  In their darksome prison heaped away,
Know that Spring entreats the world again,
  And begin their struggle toward the day?

No spring light has touched them where they lay,
  No spring warmth has reached them in their tomb,
Yet they sprout and yearn and reach alway
  Toward the distant goal of life and bloom.

Planted in the self-same garden bed,
  Nourished by the self-same rain and light,
Whence do roses draw their glowing red?
  Whence the lily cups their shining white?

Whence does the refulgent marigold
  Gain the gilding for her yellow globes?
Where do pansies find, amid the mold,
  Purple hues to prank their velvet robes?

How do sweet-peas plume their wings with pink,
  Lavender, and crimson rich and strong?
Nature gives them one and all to drink
  Limpid crystal, colorless as air.

Little gardener, with your golden locks
  Bright with sunshine or uncurled with dew,
Musing there among your pinks and phlox,
  Finding always something strange or new, —

Trust me, child, the wisest, strongest brain,
  Cobwebbed with much learning though it be,
Querying thus, must query all in vain,
  Pausing foiled at last, like you or me.

Sages ponder on the mysteries
  Hidden close in petal, root, and stem;
Nature yields more questions than replies, —
  Babes may ask, but who can answer them?

Elizabeth Akers Allen.

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ON SAND ISLAND.

THE island itself is only one mile long, while in width it is always more or less, the ocean giving it new measure storm by storm and tide by tide.

On the island are two houses, the one with its face to the southwest, the other looking toward the east, and occupying positions as far, the one from the other, as the limits of sand permit. A ridge of rocks rises from the sea near either house, suggesting the possibility of the building site having been chosen with reference to something firm. All else on the island is sand and its belongings. Between the two houses, in very high storms, the ocean on the north shakes hands with the ocean on the south, griping the sands in their grinding palms, and giving small promise of letting go while a grain remains to be shaken.

In one of the two houses lived, sixteen months ago, John Ware and his wife Nancy. In the other house lived Dick Dixon, his wife, and their children.

A little more than sixteen months ago, one afternoon in May, John Ware and his wife left the main-land in a small row-boat to go and look at the house on the southwest of the island.

"We 'll live here this summer," said John, after they had looked at the one-roomed dwelling, "because it will be so handy to run my boat in at night; and then by the fall we 'll have money enough to go and live like folks."

"I wonder why the windows are only on one side of the house," said Nancy. "To see the land, one must go out-doors."

"I s'pose 't was a queer old fellow that built it; like as not he did n't want to see the land, nohow," said John; and he said no more.

The next week, early in June, they moved. The day after the moving, John Ware sailed his boat, the Silver Thistle, up and down the coast after the fishing yacht Menhaden, in search of bony fish. In the afternoon sixty thousand fish were caught in the seine and put into the carry-away, which was John's boat.

It was near evening when, with a small lad to give him aid, he turned the Silver Thistle toward the main-land. On a point that stretched down oceanward a full mile stood a mill for the making of fish oil. When near the place, John gave a signal from a horn to announce his approach. The fish were hoisted from the boat into a car, and drawn up the bit of wooden railway into the dark entrance to the great mill, where millions of fish disappeared, and from whence came thousands of gallons of oil.

John Ware's share of that sixty thousand fish was eight dollars. He went home with the good news. Nancy was waiting for him on the sands. "Eight dollars a day!" he said, boyishly. "Why, Nan, we 'll be able to live *quite* like folks by fall, at this rate."

"I 'm so glad," she said; "but there will be rainy days, and days when it blows too hard for you to go fishing, and *my* eight-dollar days will come *then*."

"Lonely a'ready, hey?" with gentle commiseration in his voice.

"It makes a long day with not a soul to speak to. Now that you have come, don't let 's talk about it," she said.

"I 'm going to the main after I 've had my supper, Nan; but the twilight is long, and I 'll be back afore it 's gone."

"I 'll go in the boat with you."

He hesitated in speaking, as he answered, "I 'm sorry, Nan, but I 'm going in the dingey to-night, and I 've something to fetch back; there won't be room for you."

She was silent and grieved, and let him depart without going down the sand to see him off; but after he had gone she watched the boat as long as she could see its dim outline, as long as she could discern a dark speck in the distance.

The twilight lingered long that night, but it had been gone two hours when Nan heard a low cry. She listened a mo-

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ment, then opened the door, and a white kitten rubbed itself in and purred about her feet.

Had it been a wild Indian, it would not have surprised her more. Outside, the wind was moving the ocean in an uncertain, desultory way; now a whiff from the south, then a puff from the west, and then a "dying away," to be followed by a brisk bit of air out of the north.

Nan took the kitten in her arms; she stroked it as she sat listening and wondering how the cat came to be there. Then she arose and went outside to keep her watch. The heavens above seemed very near to the low roof as she went, thinking, "It will be a rough sea soon, and John ought to be here before the wind blows much harder."

From what seemed to be a cloud, lying to the north and west, rays of flashing light went up toward the zenith. They lit up the troubled sea with a weird light, and made the very sands of the island instinct with strange life.

"I'm glad there's northern lights; 't will help him home," she thought, and went down near the shore, the kitten in her arms. As she went, she saw something that made her draw breath quickly. It was her husband, and he was rolling up the sands a barrel of flour.

Laughing half at the momentary fear that held her, as she knew who it was, and half at the relief she felt in learning why he had not taken her with him in the boat, she dropped the kitten and ran to help him.

"I thought I'd fetch something home for you to speak to when I'm away," he said; "and even a kitten is better than nothing."

"A *whole barrel of flour!*" said Nan in surprise.

"Yes; why not? You set me a-thinking to-night about storms and so on, and I just made up my mind to have it on hand while the weather was just right. It isn't every night I'd feel willing to row over with a barrel of flour in that mite of a boat."

"I wish you had told me, John, what you were going *for*," she said, stooping to aid in rolling the barrel up the sands.

"I wanted to surprise you, Nan," was all that he said.

And that little "difference" was the only cloud that came into the fair sky of John and his wife that summer.

Every morning John Ware went to his work on the ocean; every day Nan worked and waited, and now and then walked across the island to visit her neighbors, taking care to choose a time for her visiting when the tide should be low, for the sands were wet at high water.

Pleasure parties went sailing past her, sometimes, as she sat alone in her doorway, but there was nothing to tempt any one of them to land on the island. There was only sun and sand and a bit of a weather-brown house.

Nan gave the white kitten a name. She called it Comfort. It did comfort her, for it winked and mewed and purred in reply to the words and the fish she gave it.

John Ware worked hard, was happy, and did prosper amazingly. "A good load to-day, and I'll have my two hundred clear to keep us this winter," he said one morning, as he stepped into his small boat and pushed off to the Silver Thistle. He ran up the sail, looking at his wife as he made it fast. Nan had Comfort in her arms.

A breeze, with September in its every breath, blew down from the main-land. Mad little white caps chased each other far out to sea. The Silver Thistle danced on the short waves while the sail filled, and then the boat shot steadily away before the wind.

The fishing season was nearly over in that region, which was exposed to the full force of ocean waves, and the small boats were not built to weather heavy storms. Nan shivered as she turned away. "It's cold, Comfort," she said, "and we love warmth, don't we?"

Comfort purred, and lay still in her arms as she went in toward the house.

It was Monday. Nan began to wash, wishing that she had a larger pile of clothes than lay in the corner; the day would be so long and the September twilight would come so early. When she

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went outside to fasten up the clothes-line, she saw the Silver Thistle, a distant speck of white, following the yacht Menhaden down the coast.

The wind was blowing harder and faster; the sand began to flutter in little rows across the island, and Nan's clothes "whipped" so on the line that she took them down shortly after she put them up. "If 't was only from the other way the wind blew, I 'd get one of *my* eight-dollar days," she thought, "for 't would send the boats scudding in."

As the day deepened into noon, the wind suddenly veered. Presently the short seas changed to a long roll, then quickened and grew into breakers that boomed along the sands. Nan got down the spy-glass and looked across the ocean. Once she saw, or thought she saw, the Silver Thistle in the distance. "It 's him," she said, "coming in at last! I see the patch that I put in, after the Menhaden's boom ran through the sail." Then she hastened to get all signs of suds and tubs out of sight, to make the one-roomed house look tidy for its master's coming.

Nan had been a mill girl from her very early childhood. She knew nothing of home until she had part and lot in this one. She was very grateful for it; gratitude, in her nature, arose to a height that love could not reach. Every moment the wind increased and the breakers grew. Nan made biscuit for tea, thinking, as she took the flour from the barrel, of the night when it came home, and how she had laughed at John the next morning for supposing they two would stay on the island long enough to eat a barrel of flour. "Why, it 's two thirds gone a'ready, but the sea makes hungry," was the thought with which she opened the door of the oven in the stove and quickly thrust her pan of biscuit in.

"Now, I 'll take another look out," she said. Comfort lay in John's easy-chair and blinked lazily as her mistress spoke. Nan put her eye to the glass, but, seeing nothing, rubbed the glass with her apron and looked again. A ship was sailing away on the distant horizon; only one! She scanned every mile that lay within sight. Then she thought that she must have been much longer than usual making the biscuit, and that the Silver Thistle had sailed around to the upper side of the island. She laughed softly as she remembered how simple she had been to suppose that John *could* anchor his boat on that side in such a blow. Nan was sorry and a good deal out of patience that the house had been built with all its windows (there were but two) on one side. She wanted to watch for her husband to come across the eddying sands, and it blew too hard to go out and wait. An hour went by. The biscuit had baked and browned and been taken from the oven. Supper was ready, but John was not come. Clouds had gathered. It was growing near to night.

Nan had run round the corner a dozen times within that hour, but had seen only the ridges of sand shifting and blowing and rising behind the house to a height that prevented sight of the coast-line on the north.

"I must go up where I can see," she said, at last; never doubting for an instant but that, her battle through, the wind would yield to her vision the Silver Thistle at anchor, and her husband, somewhere.

Her feet sank in the sands; the wind swept her on with a force that bent her strong young figure. Two or three times she fell, tangled in the dense undergrowth that the sea had swept in. Half blinded by the blowing of her hair in her face, she reached the crest of the island and looked across the wide space that lay between it and the main-land. She could discern masts rocking in the distant harbor, but no trace of any boat, or sail, or man, nearer than the town up the coast.

"He 's gone in, for fear of his boat," she thought, "and I must stay alone to-night. I 'll hurry home before it gets dark;" and she faced the wind. It took away her breath and made her gasp and turn again to catch it. Boom! boom! boom! The breakers ran up the sands as she reached her door.

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Comfort got up and yawned, and turning around three times lay down again as Nan went in.

"Pussy, pussy, my little comfort you are, to-night! Let me sit down!" she said, gathering up the furry creature and taking its place in the chair. The supper was cold when she ate of it, and she thought how lonely John would be, for he had grown to be a home-man that summer.

All that September night the waves tore in upon the sands of the island. Once or twice Nan, lying in her bed, felt a qualm like seasickness, as the poor little dwelling trembled with the force of the wind. "God bless the poor fellows on the sea to-night," murmured the woman, repeating the words over and over again with a vague feeling that men must be upon the ocean somewhere that night, and that they would need divine aid and friendliness. She quite forgot to pray for herself or for her husband, safe upon the firm main-land. Toward morning the wind lessened and the ocean lost its highest waves. As soon as the day dawned, the staunchest boat in the harbor up the coast put out to sea.

John Ware had, just before the wind changed on the previous day, taken into the Silver Thistle twenty thousand white fish. The lad who usually went with him was suffering from toothache. John was a good seaman; his load was light, and everything seemed fair for a good run to the factory; therefore the boy was left in the cabin of the Menhaden, and he started for the shore alone.

Darkness had fallen, and yet the fish had not been landed at the mill, and the Silver Thistle was not in the harbor. The men of the fishing gang to which John Ware belonged were in that staunch boat on their way to look for him.

"It 's no use to look there," one said, with a nod of the head as they passed by the island.

"No, poor thing! She will know soon enough! Let her sleep while she may," said another. But Nan was on the rocks when the day came. She had gone up the few feet of sand to the height of the island and seen the boat put out. Knowing that it would pass the point of rocks, she was waiting there to hail it as the men went by.

Either they did not see her, or seeing her did not respond to the signal she gave. So she learned nothing of the Silver Thistle that morning.

At noonday Nan grew very restless; a vague feeling that something was wrong crept over her, holding every motive to life in check.

The sea could not answer her question. The Menhaden had not gone out as usual; for it she had kept steadfast watch. In her desire to speak to some one of the fear that bound her, she left her home and toiled through the sand to the house on the eastern end of the island. She found no one at home except two of the younger children. Their father and mother had "gone to the main," they said, "before it got so rough the day before, and they two had been alone all night." The children were so happy to see her, and were evidently so reluctant to stay alone, that Nan took them with her when she went back. As she drew near, the boat that had gone out at daybreak was sailing in toward the island.

The inevitable had come. With words that could not be misunderstood, the rough fishermen told the woman that her husband was lost. Nan could not receive the meaning of this thing that had come to her. She put forth all the resistance of a strong nature against a fact that could not be proved.

"Have you found the Silver Thistle?" she cried. "Till you find that *empty*, I will not believe you."

Poor soul! She seemed to feel that these men were active in forcing sorrow upon her, a sorrow that she could only drink in slowly. Nan was like the earth when it has been drying many days under the strong light and heat of the sun, and a sharp rain-fall descends with violence upon it. Her spirit shook off sorrow as the parched earth shakes off the rain.

"Well for her! Well for her that she will not believe all at once," said the fishermen, as they turned away from the island and went landward.

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In a few days the place of the Silver Thistle was occupied by another boat, and at the end of September boats and men went southward, whither the fish had gone.

When Mrs. Ware went to the mill owner for money, she was told that her husband had, the day before he was lost, received all the money due to him. Nan doubted the statement, because John had always told her every particular relating to his money affairs, running to her as gleefully as a boy after a day of good luck on the sea, to tell her all about it.

With her sorrow and her doubt of the truth of the mill owner's statement and her poverty, Nan still stayed in the place that had been her home. She was waiting for something to happen, — for some proof that her husband was lost. For such indication she watched through all the bright October. With every tide that rose by day she walked up and down on the sands, gathering drift-wood for her fire, but always looking for fragments of wreck from the farther shore.

Dick Dixon and his wife were kind to Nan in their way, but their way was for her to leave the house and go somewhere on the land; back to the cotton-mill, perhaps, where Nan had earned her bread before she came to her home. They urged this vehemently; they warned her that it would be in winter, and was even already, unsafe to remain there alone.

Nan listened to them with quiet patience, and thanked them, but remained in her one-roomed house at night, haunting the shore by day, until November came. The flour in the barrel was getting low; that with the fish she caught from the ledge of rock was the only food she had for Comfort and herself.

It was growing cold. The winds cut fiercely at times, as poor Nan gathered drift-wood, scanning with breathless interest each fragment; she was so certain that she should know if anything came in from the Silver Thistle or the small boat.

One day in November, Mrs. Dixon appeared at Mrs. Ware's cottage just as the latter was at her dinner; that dinner consisted of bread and salt-fish.

"Next week Thursday will be Thanksgiving," said Mrs. Dixon (after having spent at least half an hour in urging Nan to leave the island), "and I should like to have you come over and spend it with us."

Nan promised to go if the weather were clear. When the Thursday came, it was clear with a high wind, after the usual style of that day in November; and Nan went, Comfort following her and shivering in the sharp blast that sent the sands into the air.

"It's wicked!" said Nan, as the fisherman and his family were gathered about the dinner table.

"What is it that's so wicked?" asked Mr. Dixon, as Mrs. Ware stood hesitatingly beside her chair, after all were seated.

"For me to sit down, when it isn't Thanksgiving with me. I'm not thankful! Tell me what I've got to be thankful for!"

"For this dinner. Come! I know you are hungry," said Mr. Dixon.

"For this dinner I *am* thankful," said the poor woman.

Nan did not tell them that she was living on the smallest allowance of bread, and had been for a week, that she might watch for some token from the sea as many days as possible. She did not betray her hunger, although it was excessive, but she did eat with gratitude. She ate and rose up to go to her own place. In vain they urged her to stay over night.

"Something might wash up, and I not be there," said Nan. "No! I *must* go."

Comfort crept out to follow her home, but Nan, with a catch in her breath, put her back; she shut the kitten in and went onward. This woman had shared her bread with the kitten. Soon one or the other must go without food. Secretly, it was more for Comfort's sake than her own that Nan had accepted the invitation to that dinner.

Dick Dixon, following with his eyes the bleak figure toiling in the wind up the sands, said to his wife, "She'll die of cold and starvation."

And she said, in reply, "You must go

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to-morrow, Dick, to the town, and see about it."

"It shall not be my fault, if she stays there another week," he promised, "for I will report the case to-morrow."

While they talked, Nan was going farther and farther over the sands, until at last her figure crossed the height and went down out of sight on the other side. Nan was thinking as she went. She knew as well as they could know that she must go away somewhere before the snow should fall and the breakers come in edged with ice.

The wind was biting cold; the sun had put out from under the clouds a hard, yellow, metallic face that gleamed coldly into hers as she drew near home. Suddenly Nan threw out her arms from her shawl (she had walked with them tightly folded in it); she lifted them up above her head, exclaiming, "I will! I will be thankful. I will keep Thanksgiving, if only thou wilt send to me some sure thing to tell me he is gone." Nan turned her eyes from the sky above to the ocean that was spread out southward and westward as far as human sight could reach. "Cold, awful, cruel sea! terrible sea!" she cried, her full lips trembling with emotion and the chill quivering in the air.

She went into her little house. It was more lonely than ever. She missed Comfort with her accustomed furry rub against her feet; but she tried to think only of the warmth and food the kitten was certain to have in the other house. She made haste to light the fire, that she might go on her daily quest to the shore. The sun was sinking below the far-away sea line when Nan went out, hurrying, as fast as she could go, up the sands and down again. She gathered much drift and threw it back, as she caught it up, where the tide would not sweep it out again, for she felt a coming storm in all the air, and knew that she might need the wood sorely. Now and then a bit of plank or broken spar was driven deep into the sand, and she pulled many times before getting it free. Her lonely round was over at last, and it was time to go to yonder solitary dwelling. She had ceased to watch ocean or shore. Neither the one nor the other gave answer to her faithful seeking; and yet she did so long, with all her heart, to keep Thanksgiving that night.

When near home she stooped to gather up an armful of wood to keep her little blaze in life awhile longer. When her arm was nearly filled, her hand, outstretched to reach another stick, touched something that was not wood, nor yet was it rock or earth.

Presently she had drawn from under the sand a large piece of old sail-cloth. She dropped her store of fire-wood and dragged the portion she had found homeward to examine it more closely by the light of the fire. Was it by this that she should gain her Thanksgiving? At last the trophy was drawn in and the door shut against the wind, and the two candles (all she had) were lighted.

With almost reverent hands, Nan unfolded the sail and spread it upon the floor. Near the corner, by the boom, there was a patch. Nan shrieked when she saw it; it was so like the one she had put into the sail of the Silver Thistle. She examined it almost stitch by stitch and thread by thread, and found the very place where she had put in black linen because the white was used up.

At last she cried out, "It is! *it is!* I do believe that John Ware is drowned! Now I will go and — and" — but Nan's future was very dark. The blackness of it shut down before her like a pall. She knew then how much easier it had been to wait and not believe, than it would be to believe and go — whither? And yet, had she not promised to keep Thanksgiving? Heaven, by its agents, had already prepared the answer to her prayer and guided her hand to its finding; should she not keep her promise?

She kneeled down before John's easy-chair to speak the words that came so slowly back, in responding emotions, from her heart. Burying her face in the cushion, she began to think out her prayer.

Nan was conscientious. She feared to speak words she did not mean, and so she must think about it all.

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At last she prayed, "Help me to be thankful! I am, and I am not. Oh, help me!"

The drift-wood kindled and shot a ruddy glow out through the chinks in the stove, and the lines of rosy light flickered across the woman's face as she turned it on the cushion; for she had let the candles burn only while she examined the piece of sail-cloth.

It had grown quite dark out-of-doors when, suddenly, Nan felt that she was not alone. John Ware, her husband, stood in the cabin door, and she rushed up to give him welcome, crying out, "I was trying to keep Thanksgiving, John, because I thought you dead. 'T was a bitter thanksgiving."

And he, with his dear, strong voice, told her how the Silver Thistle had all in a moment capsized and gone down, almost before he could loose the small boat and spring clear of the larger one. He told her of his toil in the buffeting waves before he could get into the little boat.

"I did it for love of you, Nan," he said; "and then I floated without an oar until a ship, outward bound, saw me and saved me, and for these two months I've been going from and getting back to you."

And then, Nan remembered it all: the sight of the Silver Thistle coming in, how it was gone when she looked again, and the ship on the far horizon sailing down the distance. She remembered, too, as one remembers in a dream, her prayers that night for some one on the sea.

"I did n't know, John dear, that I was praying for *you*," she said. "I 'm so glad I waited here for you to come. They wanted me to go away somewhere," — plaintively — "when there is n't *anywhere* without you, for me."

Just as he was answering her, there came from the wood in the stove a loud snapping sound. Nan jumped up from her kneeling position, startled by the noise. Her thanksgiving was over! She was alone in the one-roomed house, even as she had been when she fell asleep and dreamed the dream that gave her husband to her.

The sharpness of her agony knew no bounds. She wrung her hands and cried, "Cruel! cruel! Who makes dreams? God knows I tried to be thankful; I was thankful, and now to mock me so!" She gathered up the sail, and, holding it with all the power of crushing that she had, she ran, in the darkness, to the point of rocks and thrust it down into the black, boiling sea.

All night poor Nan lay writhing with her agony, for she loved her husband as one may learn to love, having only one object on which to lavish that love. This man, rough fisherman as he had been, to this woman had been all gentleness. He had been to her the very manifestation of divine tenderness and care. And now, what had she to look forward to?

She had outwardly the cold, relentless rim of black, seething waters, four rude walls, a pound or two of flour, a little fire, and a few articles of furniture. She had in her spiritual nature a blank, dead wall, against which her whole being threw itself with blind fury.

Nan, poor Nan, at last fell into sleep. Another morning dawned. Its brightness aroused her. A healthy hunger urged its power. She prepared the flour, piling the drift-wood into the stove with lavish hand, and ate her breakfast, careless of the future. Then she put her little house in order, made up a bundle of clothing, went out, and shut the door.

Nan had turned her face away from the spot that had been so cruel to her. She went to her only neighbor. "Will you put me on shore?" she asked; "I 'm going back to the mill."

"That 's right, woman," said Dick Dixon, and he drew his boat along the icy sands until it floated in clear water. Then he rowed across, with Nan in the boat, to the main-land.

She wrung his hand for thanks, and, with her bundle in her arms, went up into the land, turning only once to glance at the island lying bound in ice in the midst of the sea.

She went to the railroad station. Nan had no money, neither did she owe any man money. Walking up to the ticket

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office, with a cold, fixed face she drew off her wedding-ring. "Will you," she said, "give me a ticket for this to L——? I have no money."

"For a brass ring?" the man questioned, thoughtlessly.

"For my wedding-ring!" said Nan, proudly. "But—I don't need it any more; my husband is dead."

The station-master looked at Nan a moment. He motioned back the ring almost rudely, and thrusting forward the ticket she needed turned away.

She hesitated. Then she snatched the ring and the ticket, thinking in her heart, "I'll travel back here and pay for this ticket with the first money I earn."

With the outward train went Nan; back into the stir of the town she went. It was night when she reached L——; the mill, where she had toiled before John Ware came into her life, was not far from the station, and she went to it, for the light streaming forth into the November night from its many windows told the story of labor going on within. How well Nan knew the way! It seemed to her, as she opened the office door and went in, bearing her bundle, as though she had never been away.

She trembled as she put the question, "Is loom No. — running?" (Loom No. — was Nan's old working home.) A sudden affection for the loom grew in Nan's heart. She was skilled in the work of weaving cotton.

"No," was the answer.

"Will you give it to me?" she demanded, hunger helping her eagerness, for Nan had eaten nothing since her breakfast on Sand Island.

"You?" with a questioning look at her parcel. "Do you understand weaving?"

"It is my old loom," she answered.

"And your name is" —

She gave it, forgetting for the moment that it was no longer her name.

The loom was promised to Nan. She went forth to seek lodgings at her old boarding-house, and fell into the same place and the former ways so thoroughly, that oftentimes, when the motion and the noise about her in the great mill filled her sight and hearing, she tried to think that life on Sand Island was only a dream.

While the winds were high and the snows fell and the ice grew, Nan worked patiently and steadfastly from morning until night, six days in the week, weaving cotton.

When the spring, with the warmth of its own rejoicing, made the earth forget its ache of cold, Nan longed to see Sand Island again. It was midsummer when she went to the town on the coast and made her offering of money and thanks to the station-master who, in November, gave her a passenger ticket for L——. The man looked at her with surprise, for of all the people to whom he had given tickets, this was the first that had returned to give thanks.

At the town wharf Nan found a boatman. He had just come up from the harbor bar, where he had stayed clamming as long as the rising tide would let him.

"Never mind the clams," said Nan, gathering in her dress from contact with them as she stepped into his boat. "It will take too long to get them out, and the wind may rise."

"True! The wind rises now with the tide, mostly. I hope you're not afraid."

"No," said Nan, looking out toward the ocean with unspoken fear in her eyes, while at her heart she had no fear. "Why should I be?" she thought, as the oars touched water and the boat moved on. "Sand Island and the ocean have done their worst for me."

And yet the place powerfully attracted and repelled her, as she drew near it. Three times she caused the boatman to cease from rowing, thinking in her heart as she did so that she would not land. The fishing boats were within sight. Soon they would be coming in. It was the desire to learn something of the fishing interests that her husband had once had part and lot in that caused her after the third delay to say resolutely, "I will go on."

The boatman crossed his oars and laid them at rest; the boat floated, turning on the tide. Doubtful and perplexed he said, "It is n't my business to know who

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you are, nor why you 're bound for yonder island, but if it 's drowning yourself that you 're thinking of, don't go there to do it."

"Did any one, ever?" eagerly questioned Nan, smiling softly to herself at the thought, and wondering how any one could have courage to go forward to meet Death.

The boatman made no answer. He was watching her narrowly, and wishing that he had her safely on shore.

"Death is n't so pleasant to me that I should hasten to meet it," she said. "I am Nancy Ware, wife of John Ware." Even then the poor soul could not bring herself to say widow of John Ware.

Nan's story was known in all that region, although her face was not. The boatman looked at her with curiosity and interest as he rowed on toward the island. Presently he remarked, "You 've heard the news, then?"

"What news?" gasped Nan. "I've heard no news," she said, speaking still louder; "what is it?"

"They 'll tell you at the house, yonder, all about it," he replied, rowing with vigor, for he saw, fluttering against the blue of the sky, a far-away ruffle of sea, and knew that the wind was moving on the waters and that he had no time to lose in getting back to the mainland. Faster and faster he rowed, nearer and nearer came Sand Island. As the boat touched the shore the man sprang into the tide and hauled it up. "Come," he said, "don't keep me. I've not a moment to spare."

Nan was trembling. She could not walk a boat's length without aid. He lifted her to the ground, and giving his boat a thrust forward, springing into it at the same moment, he was beyond recall when she remembered that she had given him no money. Trying bravely to steady her quivering body and make it do service for her will by taking her to the small brown house on the rocks above, she went forward. With her white face and her asking eyes, she appeared to Mrs. Dixon in the cottage.

"I've been looking for you near a week," said the fisherman's wife. "I knew you was a-coming, but to-night I did n't see any boat crossing over. I 'm heartily glad to see you, Nancy Ware."

"Did you send for me? Tell me everything," gasped the excited woman.

"Send for you? No. Where could I send? But I knew you 'd have to come; you who looked so long up and down for something."

"Tell me everything," repeated Nan, wondering how this woman could have news for her and not speak it out at once.

For answer Mrs. Dixon went into the adjoining room and fetched from thence an "oil-skin" jacket, which she laid across Nan's lap. "There!" she said. "'T was found just eight days ago. What do you think of that?"

Nan was turning it over and over in vain search of something that she did not find.

"Oh, there is n't any mistake, not a mite, but what it 's your husband's jacket. Every man of the crew identified it, even without the contents."

"Contents!" echoed Nan, her large gray eyes grasping in their sight every possible content that a coat, meant for living man, could hold.

"Poor soul!" cried Mrs. Dixon, reading the thought that grew into expression in her face. "Not that that you think; but I will show you." She went again into the room whence she had brought the jacket, and returned with a small parcel wrapped in paper.

"This was in the breast pocket, buttoned in tight," she said, laying it on the coat. Nan's fingers fell to work taking off the paper wrapping. When it was removed, there lay revealed a shrunken, shriveled, water-worn pocket-book. It was ready to fall into fragments at a touch. On any shore, Nan would have recognized it. It was her gift to John Ware before he became her husband.

A dark, faded blur lay across it. It was the mark of the ocean over the name that Nan had written there with a flush of "dainty shame" that she should dare to write it at all, — a name that meant for her, at that time, all the future on earth and much of heaven beside. The well-known characters had faded from

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sight, but she could read them in the deeper lines graven on her heart. She looked at it with tearless eyes.

Mrs. Dixon ventured to say, "I'd open it, if I was you."

Mechanically Nan fumbled at the rusty clasp. "There is nothing in it, I know," she said. "I remember it was empty the day before he went." While she was speaking, the clasp gave way, and a dry, pulpy mass of paper lay disclosed.

"You must n't touch it; but it 's money, that is!" said the fisherman's wife, eagerly. "It 'll all fall to pieces if you try to open it. It 's got to go to the bank, or somewhere, afore it 's picked out, and then you can get new money for it, so they say."

"Then they did pay John, after all; and I 've been thinking wrong, hard thoughts against the mill owners all this time," said Nan, slowly.

"But you are glad to get the money, Nancy Ware, ain't you, now?"

Without giving expression to any feeling of pleasure, she simply asked where it had been found.

Little Dick, who had entered, said that he knew, for he had found it; and at once Nan arose to go to the place with the lad.

As they were going, little Dick said: "It was a tough old storm that did it, Mrs. Ware. The boat was pounded into the sand fit to grow into it, and all covered up, deep down as my arm up to the elbow. We struck it with a stick, and it sounded just like rock; so Mame and me dug down and found the dingey bottom side up. There it is now! The men got it out; and nailed fast to it was the old oiler."

Nan went to the spot. One glance convinced her that it was the small boat in which John used to come on shore at night after anchoring the Silver Thistle. She knelt down on the sand beside it, stroking it softly; coaxing it, the boy said, when he told the story at home, to tell her where it had been and what it had done with John.

On going back to the cottage, she learned the news of the sea, the fishermen, and the boats. When she asked of her home, she was told that it remained as she had left it.

"I don't think," said Mr. Dixon, who had returned from his day of toil, "that a soul has spent a night in the place since you went away."

The southwest wind blowing over the ocean made Nan restless. She knew with what a cool moan the sea was heaving on the sands upon the farther side. When the moon was up, she arose from her chair, and said, "I am going over to spend the night in the old place."

"You 're not expecting anything more from the sea, are you?" asked Mr. Dixon, aroused and unwilling to have her go.

"No," she said, "I am not." Nan had never heard of poetic justice, yet she could not help saying, "The sea took my all from me; why should it not give me back as well?"

In spite of protest, Nan went forth alone. Dick Dixon sat in his house door as she went, and said to his wife: "It 's safe enough, but it is the queerest freak. Most women would be frightened to death at the thought."

"Nancy Ware is n't like other women," replied his wife. "She never showed the least mite of pleasure at finding that money. I do believe she cared a great deal more about the old boat that had carried her husband so many times, and the jacket that had kept him dry, than she did for the money that will serve her many a good turn yet."

Meanwhile Nan went up the slope and passed out of sight over the crest of the island, and so came to the one-roomed building that had been to her a home. At the instant she reached the door, a gold-white meteor shot across and down the sky, brighter in its light, for the time, than the moon itself.

"If I were God," said Nan, "and could do things like that, I would do other things, as well. O God," she cried, in anguish of spirit. "Why not? Why not?" After a time, she loosed the rude fastening of the door and went in, the moonlight slanting in after her. The place was still, lonely, weird, and yet it seemed scarcely touched by human hands since the morning she went away from

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it. With true neighborly instinct Mrs. Dixon had, in November, removed to her own house all the articles liable to be carried off by a chance visitor. The bed was there, and the stove, and the chairs. Nan had no use for them; nevertheless there came to her at the instant a feeling of satisfaction in the knowledge of their possession. Mrs. Dixon had provided Nan with a candle and matches. She closed the door, lit the candle, and looked around the place. Spiders had taken up their unmolested abode in it. She opened the door, the wind extinguishing the flame of the candle in her hand. She knew that when it was full sea the wind would drop away and leave the ocean phosphorescent, as it rocked softly into calm. Drawing John's easy-chair into the moonlight, she moved to and fro in it until the old, uneven boards of the floor creaked.

For the first time since her sorrow came, Nancy Ware thought of her future; thought of it not merely as a life at work weaving cotton to-day and perhaps to-morrow, but as a period of time, as a series of years to be endured, to be gotten over somehow, as the best that she could do. She was not yet twenty years old. Childhood she scarcely remembered; girlhood she had not had; hard work for bread and shelter had shut that happy lot away from her. The uncared-for, uncanny air of the house oppressed her after a time. A swallow darted past her face and flew out through a broken window pane near by.

Meanwhile, in the house at the farther end of the island, Dick Dixon and his wife had talked together about Nan's spending the night alone, and had decided that "it would not do at all," and that they must go over and persuade her to return with them. About half-way between the two houses they met, Nan returning of her own wish.

"It is musty over there, shut away from the fresh air," said Nan, simply.

"Nothing like finding out things for one's own self, is there?" said Dick Dixon. "If we'd 'a' told you so, you would n't have let it make the least mite of difference with your going."

"You might have waited a night or two and had the place cleaned up a little before you went," said Mrs. Dixon, "but I'm glad you met us part way. I'm tired and sleepy; the days are so long, now." She yawned wearily and struggled through the sand heavily.

"I'm sorry I made you so much trouble," replied Nan; "but I believe I was startled by a swallow in the house. I never liked swallows; they look at you so, and never wink or blink a bit."

The following morning, Nan startled the fisherman's household by the announcement that she was going to take a vacation from the mill work and spend it in the little house. She made the statement with a rising blush that puzzled Dick Dixon, especially as Nan spoke with cheerful tones running through the words she uttered.

"Nancy Ware!" exclaimed Mrs. Dixon.

"Well?"

"Don't you know that you can't stay there all alone?"

"I don't mean to. Here is little Dick. Will you let him stay with me until some one else comes? There is a poor soul in the mill working her very life out without a day of rest, year in and year out. I am going to send for her to come and stay with me. It will do us both good, and the money in the pocket-book will be a blessing to her as well as to me."

"I wish you would n't do it," said Mrs. Dixon. "It is right enough for a woman to stay with her husband anywhere; but two women just alone, so far off and so lonely and everything" —

Nan smiled but made no answer, and an hour later she was on her way to the house with a scrubbing pail and soap, accompanied by little Dick with his small hand wagon laden with needful articles.

The weather was perfect. The cool southwest wind met them on the crest of the island and blew in their faces, cooling the air that fell around them as they went down to the little house. Nan's face shone with a nameless happiness. She ran like a child up and down the shore with the boy, gathering drift-wood to light a fire. She told no one the se-

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cret of her new joy. It had come to her partly by thinking the matter of John's loss over before going to sleep the night before, and coming to the conclusion that, after all, she had not proof enough of John's loss to dare to marry again (not that Nan had any intention of or wish for such an event, only the thought came to her through the suggestion of the possibility of such a thing as marriage); and partly by the repetition of the very dream, in all its minuteness, that she had dreamed on Thanksgiving night. It had seemed so real and so plausible to Nan, and yet she knew too well that no one, certainly not the fisherman or his wife, would feel the hope or see the reasonableness of it all; therefore she went her way alone, and said nothing of her new hope or of the dream.

There were four young swallows in the nest on the ledge over the window near the door. It went hard with Nan to dislodge them. With little Dick's help she carefully removed the nest, built of swamp mud and bits of last year's sedge from the land shore, and, with the parent birds flapping in her face with dives and darts that threatened everything in the way of vengeance, she placed it securely on a projection in the porch at the door.

Nan watched the sea as she worked. It grew dear to her with its old endearing ways of rise and fall and change of hue. At noon, which she knew by the sun, little Dick came in and ate his dinner with her from the basket of provisions that they had brought. In the afternoon, when the room was cleaned, they went back to the cottage together. The next day Dick Dixon went to the town with Nan to get the provisions she needed for her little venture.

He laughed at her about her summer cottage by the sea, as they went, but Nan sat by, unmoved and content. She sent off, that afternoon, a letter to the poor, hard-working woman in the mill at *L——, inviting her to spend a month on* Sand Island, and asking her to report her absence to the superintendent at the mill, also to bring with her Nan's trunk.

The day following this trip to the town on the coast, Nan and little Dick moved into the cottage, and Comfort went with them. A week later came the woman from the mill. Her thankfulness had so much heart-break in it that Nan cried with pity at finding that there was one soul that had had less joy than she had.

The first week, her guest could do little but look at the ocean and lament that she had lived so long and never seen it until so late. The second week, both women began to look for employment; their lives had been too busy to sit long in idleness. The third week, they were busy at all odd hours stitching shoes, which Dick Dixon obtained for them. Little Dick, with true fisherman's instinct and luck, caught fish at each day's rise of the tide, from the ledge of rocks. The two cottages grew very neighborly, their inmates interchanging visits nearly every day.

On the sands John's boat still lay; it was beyond repair and would lie there until time or seas should destroy it. Nan shyly visited it when she could do so unobserved. She clung to it simply because it had been near to John since she had.

"My month is over," said Nan's companion, one day; "my month is over tomorrow."

Nan started visibly. "Don't you like it here?" she asked.

"Like it! I would live here forever if I could," she said; "but I must go back to my work."

"Wait with me until the fall winds begin to blow. I'll go then," said Nan, feeling that every day on Sand Island was so much gained, — for what, or by what, she did not stop to ask. "Beside," she added, "we can earn enough to live, even here."

And so it was then and there decided that the two women should stay on until autumn. Pleasure parties, much to Nan's annoyance, began to land at the island and peer curiously into her little cabin as they sauntered by. Nan's story was popular in the village, and strangers were eager to see the woman who had stayed through cold and semi-starvation,

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waiting for a piece of patched sail-cloth to wash up.

The summer was stealing by. Nan made a little notch with every day on the window ledge, a tiny stroke with a pin, to tell how fast the days were growing into the last weeks and the final month of her stay. She stitched shoes faster than ever, now, feeling a pride that John's money had not yet been touched to supply her needs. She would like to keep it intact as long as possible.

Once in the week Dick Dixon went to the post-office in the town on the coast; usually that once was on Saturday, in the afternoon. The little errands that were given him to do occupied several hours, so that when he returned the sun was nearly always past its setting. Sometimes on his return he rowed around to Nan's cabin. Sometimes she waited at his cottage to take home the parcels he fetched for her.

The last Saturday in August came. Nan and the woman had an unusual number of shoes to return. Little Dick took the parcel across to his father before dinner on that day. They had worked at them during the morning to the neglect of household duties. As soon as the parcel was ready, Nan began her Saturday's baking, intending to finish it and go across to the cottage in time to fetch back the bundles of new work with little Dick. It was too late to make bread and have it rise in time to bake, and Nan made biscuit. Oddly enough she had not made biscuit since the day John was expected home. As she kneaded the flour before the open window, she said to the woman who sat in the door paring apples for pies, "The fishing boats are coming in early to-day." She saw the Menhaden, followed by her seine-boats, sailing toward the harbor, and the lighters, fish-laden to the sea's edge, going before a fair wind to the mill.

Dick Dixon at that moment started for the main-land, wishing as he rowed on that the Menhaden would throw him a line and tow him in; but the sloop sailed past and was at the harbor's mouth before he had rowed out half the distance. Before he was at the pier, he saw a group of men on it gesticulating in an excited manner, and at the moment his boat touched the dock a long, loud hurrah went up from a score of fishermen. He laughed. "They've had a good catch to-day," he thought, as he made his boat fast to the dock and climbed up to learn the news. The instant his head appeared above the timbers, another shout rang out. The men were wringing some one by the hand, and laughing like boys over a snow man.

"Hello!" he called. "What's up? Got a mermaid ashore?"

"There's Dixon! See if he knows him," said the Menhaden's captain; but there was no chance for the test to be put. The man was at Dick Dixon's side.

"How is she, Dick?" were the first words that were spoken.

"Well and hearty, my lad," said Dick Dixon, and then he made feint of clinging a moment to John Ware's hand before dropping down on a timber of the dock. "Who'd ha' thought anything would have struck me so?" he thought, but no one paid attention to Dick Dixon.

"All aboard!" shouted some one.

"For what?" shouted Dick, in return.

"We're going to take him over," said one of the men.

"Not without me in the boat," he said, clinging to a young lad of the crew and following on. The seine-boat had already a dozen men in it.

John Ware was pleased with his reception; it gave him joy to meet so hearty a welcome to his old life, but he would have preferred his own little dingey and a pair of oars to take himself over to Sand Island. The men, eager and curious to learn his story, plied him with many questions, when he longed to keep still. They learned that which Nan had dreamed. The Silver Thistle capsized and went down. John Ware sprang clear of the sinking boat and battled for life, reaching the small boat, from whence, greatly exhausted, he was picked up by one of the boats of the very ship Nan had seen that day sailing down the horizon.

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In the hope of meeting some inward-bound sail, by which he could return, he went with the ship on her voyage to the far East. When, months later, it reached its port, he sought out another ship in which he could return as a seaman. That ship met with storms that disabled it so that time was lost in repairs at a foreign port.

"In fact," said John, "I've had a pretty tough time of it from first to last. I'd rather catch bony fish in sight of a home shore all the year round."

To save further questioning, he insisted on taking a turn at the oars, but a dozen hands prevented. Then they fell to wondering how Mrs. Ware would take the sudden news, and they talked over, man-fashion, the best way of telling her what had happened.

"You'd better leave that to the women," spoke Dick Dixon. "They'll manage that."

Nan, on the island, went on with the baking for Sunday. The biscuit were out and the pies were in the oven, when in came little Dick with eyes distended to the utmost.

"Oh, Mrs. Ware!" he cried. "Something's happened, I know! There's lots of men coming over the island, and father's along with 'em, and ma too, 'thout anything on her head."

Nan's first thought was, "What could happen to me?" Her second thought made the blood flash like heat lightning in her face.

"There, now! See the heads coming up over the sand!" cried the boy, running to the corner of the house. Both women had gone out and were at the corner. The group of men had hesitated and were standing still. Mrs. Dixon was coming heavily through the sand, with one hand pressed over her heart and the other holding the corner of her apron over her head.

Nan ran lightly to meet her. "What has happened? Is anything the matter?" she asked.

"No! No! Nothing's the matter," she gasped; then, the two meeting, she let go the apron and her heart at the same instant, and clasped Nan in her fat, motherly arms and kissed her. Nan never knew whether the words, "He's come!" or the kiss came first.

"Who's come?"

The coolness of the woman threw Mrs. Dixon off her guard. "Your husband's come!" she said.

"Keep those men away!" said Nan; for Mrs. Dixon had given the signal for approach.

Nan felt that her feet were sinking deeper and deeper into the sand. Then John seemed to come and take hold of her before she went down out of sight.

Sarah J. Pritchard.

SEEKING THE MAY-FLOWER.

The sweetest sound our whole year round —
'T is the first robin of the spring!
The song of the full orchard choir
Is not so fine a thing.

Glad sights are common: Nature draws
Her random pictures through the year,
But oft her music bids us long
Remember those most dear.

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To me, when in the sudden spring
  I hear the earliest robin's lay,
With the first trill there comes again
    One picture of the May.

The veil is parted wide, and lo,
  A moment, though my eyelids close,
Once more I see that wooded hill
    Where the arbutus grows.

I see the village dryad kneel,
  Trailing her slender fingers through
The knotted tendrils, as she lifts
    Their pink, pale flowers to view.

Once more I dare to stoop beside
  The dove-eyed beauty of my choice,
And long to touch her careless hair,
    And think how dear her voice.

My eager, wandering hands assist
  With fragrant blooms her lap to fill,
And half by chance they meet her own,
    Half by our young hearts' will.

Till, at the last, those blossoms won, —
  Like her, so pure, so sweet, so shy, —
Upon the gray and lichened rocks
    Close at her feet I lie.

Fresh blows the breeze through hemlock-trees,
  The fields are edged with green below;
And naught but youth and hope and love
    We know or care to know!

Hark! from the moss-clung apple bough,
  Beyond the tumbled wall, there broke
That gurgling music of the May, —
    'T was the first robin spoke!

I heard it, ay, and heard it not, —
  For little then my glad heart wist
What toil and time should come to pass,
    And what delight be missed;

Nor thought thereafter, year by year
  Hearing that fresh yet olden song,
To yearn for unreturning joys
    That with its joy belong.

Edmund C. Stedman.

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LIFE AND WORK OF THE EASTERN FARMER.

We are all familiar with the lavish praise bestowed—especially when votes are to be secured—upon the "bone and sinew of the country;" but the farmers themselves are very far from accepting as true, even if sincere, the estimate of their qualities which the editor and the public speaker so loudly profess.

The average farmer is precisely what any other average man would be who had grown up under the same conditions. There is no mysterious charm belonging to his occupation which removes him beyond the reach of the influences by which all mankind are controlled. Coming from the same original stock and inheriting the same peculiarities of race, he is essentially the same as men in other vocations. The character of his work, the necessities of his financial condition, and the social surroundings amid which he has been reared have had the same influence in molding his character that similar conditions have had in molding the characters of others.

Farming is in a certain sense the basis of all individual and national prosperity, but the case would be more fairly stated were we to say that farming happens to be the first step in an industrial process, *many steps of which are alike essential* to civilization. The farmer produces raw material, and without raw material the world must come to a stop; but the butcher, the baker, the spinner, the weaver, and every artisan, render as essential service in the development of this raw material into the forms demanded by modern life as does the farmer in growing it.

As a member of the farmer class, I hasten to disclaim for it any *especial* consideration given it because of its contribution to the welfare of mankind. We are as useful as any other hard-working people, no more and no less. We claim no higher appreciation for muscular effort exerted in swinging the flail than for that applied to the wielding of the hammer.

The controlling motive of a farmer in performing his work and carrying on his business is the hope of material gain. He works for the money that he expects to earn, and not with any conscious reference to the service he is rendering to the world. In his capacity as a farmer he is neither a philanthropist nor a patriot, only a man of business. If we wish properly to estimate his character and his value as a factor of modern civilization, we must not be misled by sentimental considerations as to his relation with nature and his "noble" occupation.

The conditions of Eastern farming and of Eastern farm life are the true index as they are the true cause of the character of the Eastern farmer. These conditions are constantly varying, and their effect is always modified by individual qualities.

It may be possible to strike such an average as shall afford a tolerably good suggestion of the real character and condition of the farmer and a hint as to his future. That is to say, certain prevalent influences tend to mark the type, and certain modifications of these influences may lead to its improvement. Any attempt to portray the class as a whole would be met by such a list of exceptions as would seriously affect the result, but the following may be considered true in a large number of cases, and applicable, with minor changes, to many more.

Let us take the case of an outlying farm in New England, of one hundred acres, — a farm that has been in cultivation from the earlier settlement of the country and which is of the average degree of improvement, with the usual division into arable, mowing, pasture, and wood land. It lies two or three miles away from a considerable town or village, and its chief industry is the selling of milk in the town. With an allowance of two acres per cow for summer pasture and of one and a half acres of mowing land for winter feeding, the cows

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it keeps number about a dozen. For team work on the farm and for road work and pleasure driving there are kept two horses and two oxen. In addition to these there will be a greater or less amount of young stock and the usual swine and poultry, and perhaps a few sheep. The farmer himself is the chief workman on the place, and he has the regular help of a hired man or a grown son. An extra hand during the working season is usual, but in winter the farmer and his one assistant will do all of the work of feeding, milking, delivering the milk, hauling out manure, etc.

A few years ago the house work was done almost entirely by the mother of the family and her daughters, or by a girl taken to "bring up;" but latterly the more troublesome element of an Irish girl in the kitchen has become general, for the daughter of the farmer has aspirations and tastes which disqualify her for efficient household drudgery. In spite of all modern appliances, much of the work of the farmer's household must be so characterized. The life of American farm women is, however, not now under discussion; the subject is a fruitful one and has important bearings upon the development of the race; but what we are to consider here is simply the work and condition of the farmer himself. The milk-selling farmer — and this industry is one of the most widespread in Eastern farming — is more regularly employed than any other. Winter and summer his cows must be milked twice a day. Evening's milk must be cooled and safely kept until morning; and morning's milk must be ready for early delivery. It is usual for the farmer to rise at three every morning, winter and summer, to milk his cows, — with one assistant, — and to start as early as five o'clock to deliver his milk. Returning about the middle of the forenoon, he is able to attend to the details of barn work in winter and field work in summer until half past two or three o'clock in the afternoon, less the brief interval needed for the consumption of food. Early in the afternoon the cows must be again milked, and the cans of milk must in summer time be set in spring water for cooling. Then comes the feeding of the stock and the greasing of axles, the mending of harness, the repairing of tools, and the thousand and one odds and ends of the farmer's irregular work. In the winter, save for the early rising and the work of cold mornings, life is by no means hurried, and after a very early supper there is often a stroll to the corner store or to a neighbor's house for a little wholesome idleness and gossip, — the latter not invariably wholesome. At about the hour when the average reader of The Atlantic has finished his after-dinner cigar, all lights are extinguished and the farm household is wrapped in heavy slumber, for such early rising as the milkman is condemned to must needs trench upon the valuable evening hours for the requisite rest and sleep.

In summer, the conditions of life are immeasurably hardened. The farmer himself is necessarily absent several hours every morning with his milk wagon; but although he cannot lend a hand at the early field work, this work must go on with promptness, and he must arrange in advance for its proper performance. From the moment when he has finished his late breakfast until the last glimmer of twilight, he is doomed to harrowing and often anxious toil. There is no wide margin of profit that will admit of a slackening of the pace. Land must be prepared for planting; planting must be done when the condition of the ground and the state of the weather permit. Weeds grow without regard to our convenience, and they must be kept down from the first; and well on into the intervals of the hay harvest the corn field needs all of the cultivation that there is time for. Regularly as clock-work, in the late hours of the night and the early hours of the afternoon, the milking must be attended to, and the daily trip to town knows no exception because of heat, rain, or snow. At rigidly fixed hours, this part of the work *must* be done, and all other hours of the growing and of the harvest seasons are almost more than filled with work of imperative need. These

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alone seem to make a sufficient demand on the patience and endurance of the most industrious farmer; but, aside from these, he is loaded with the endless details of an intricate business, and with the responsibility of the successful management of a capital of from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars, upon the safety and the economical management of which entirely depend his success; he must avoid leakage and waste, and make every dollar paid for labor, or seed, or manure, or live stock, bring its adequate return.

Probably no occupation in the world can compare with farming in the opportunity that it offers for the *losing* of money. Nothing is so enticing as slate-and-pencil farming. Ten acres of land can be plowed, manured, and planted with corn, and the crop can be well cultivated and harvested for so many dollars. Such land with such manuring and cultivation may be trusted to yield so many bushels of corn to the acre; and, after making due allowance for chance, the balance of the calculation shows a snug profit. In like manner we may figure out a corresponding profit from the hay fields, from the root crops, from two or three acres of potatoes, and from a patch of garden truck for which the neighboring village will furnish a good market. Then the poultry will return a profitable income in eggs and in "broilers," and altogether it is easy for an enthusiastic person to show how interest on invested capital and good compensation for labor are to be secured in agriculture.

But when the test of practice is applied to our well-studied and proven scheme, when we see how far our allowance for "chances" has fallen below what is needed to cover the contingencies of late springs, dry summers, early frosts, grasshoppers, wire-worms, Colorado beetles, midge, weevil, pip, murrain, garget, milk-fever, potato-rot, oats-rust, winter-killing, and all the rest; when we learn the degree of vigilance needed to keep every minute of hired labor and team work effectively employed; and when we come finally to the items of low markets and bad debts, we shall see how far these and similar drawbacks have undone our arithmetic, and how often our well-contrived balance must be taken into the footings of the other column of figures.

The regular work of the farmer, as indicated in the foregoing sketch of his occupations, and as perceptible to the summer boarder who watches his work from the piazza, although arduous and exacting, may be quite compatible with a happy life; and when we estimate the promise of the occupation as offering a pleasant livelihood, no able-bodied man need be deterred by it. But when we add this long list of contingencies and consider the ceaseless anxiety that they bring, we may well hesitate before adopting such a life for ourselves or desiring it for our children. No true estimate of the developed character of the farmer can be formed without giving due value to this uncertain factor in the calculation.

Instances are hardly exceptional where a clear, natural intelligence, an indomitable courage, and great industry have turned themselves into a real source of mental and moral strength. Success achieved in spite of such drawbacks is all the sweeter and all the more inspiriting because of them. But if we take the case of the average farmer with average human weaknesses, we cannot fail to see that, however well he may have borne up against the more obvious requirements of his work, he has been warped and cramped, and often made in many ways unlovely, by the hard and anxious toil through which his halting success has been attained.

In nearly every other occupation than farming, the hardest worker finds a daily relief from his toil, and from the suggestion of toil, in a home that is entirely apart from his industry. However arduous and anxious and long continued the work, there comes a time when it is laid aside, and when the workman goes into a new sphere, where the atmosphere is entirely changed. His home is a place of rest and pleasure, or at least a place of change. The pen and the hammer are left in the counting-room and in the shop, and however far the home may fall below his desires and ambition, it is at

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least free from the cares of the day's occupation. The American farmer has no such relief. His house is a part of his farm; his fireside is shared by an uncongenial hired man, his family circle includes too often a vulgar and uninteresting servant, and from one year to another, his living room being the kitchen and work room of the busy farmhouse, he rarely knows what it is to divest himself of the surroundings of his labor and business, and to give himself over to the needed domestic enjoyment and recreation. It is this feature of his life more than any other, which seems objectionable. If it is objectionable for him, it is infinitely more so for his wife and daughters, who, lacking the frequent visit to the town or occasional chat with strangers, and the invigorating effect of open-air work, yield all the more completely to depressing cares. They become more and more deficient in the lightness and cheerfulness and mental gayety to which in any other occupation the chief toiler of the family would look for recreation at his own fire-side.

So far as interest in his business is concerned, the farmer's condition is in every way elevated when he devotes himself to some improved form of agriculture, or to some special industry which gives him better compensation for his work. This benefit by no means generally results from an attempt at "scientific" agriculture, nor is the adoption of a special industry by any means generally successful. Failure in either of these directions is disheartening and discouraging to those who are watching his example. There are many well-tried improvement upon the old methods of our fathers which are universally adopted, especially in the direction of the use of better implements and more judicious care in the application of manure. But the average agricultural newspaper, while doing great good, has naturally led enthusiastic men to see a chance for ameliorating their condition by the adoption of processes which are not suited to their circumstances, or which they themselves are not qualified to carry out. It is this that has led to the outcry — much more prevalent a generation ago than now — against "book farming." On the whole, whatever may have been the influences of agricultural writers upon the fortune of their early converts, they have vastly modified and improved all modern farm work, and have greatly benefited the more recent farmer.

The conditions of the industry are hard, chiefly because the business of farming is a laborious one and one in which an enormous population is working, with dogged industry, for a moderate reward. However enterprising and intelligent a farmer may be, when he goes to market to sell his crops he finds himself in active competition with men who are working for their bare subsistence.

Much is said about the competition of the farmers of the rich West as a serious obstacle to success at the East. This is the case only in so far as the Eastern farmer attempts to compete with the Western in the production of crops which will bear storage and long transportation. As a business proposition, it seems clear that this drawback is to be overcome only by the cultivation at the East of such products as it is not within the power of Western competition to supply, or only such as our situation and the good quality of our land will enable us to produce at low cost. Milk, fresh butter, and hay are the three most promising staples for which so large a demand exists as to furnish employment for the whole farming population. Hay from its bulk does not bear a very long transportation. Milk will always bring a higher price when produced near to the point where it is to be consumed. Butter making is not an especially profitable industry if we depend upon the average grocery-store demand, but it is possible for any farmer at the East, who will take the trouble to make and to retain a good reputation for his dairy, to secure a price enough higher than that of the regular market to constitute a good margin of profit.

So far as relief in Eastern farming is to be achieved with no material change in the character of life and work, it must apparently be sought in this direction.

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In his relation to Eastern civilization, past, present, and prospective, it may fairly be questioned whether the influence of the Eastern farmer is increased since the general introduction of railroads, and we are justified in looking with some anxiety to the relative position which he is to hold hereafter.

There are well-known influences at work which are not promising. The desire of the sons and daughters of the farmer to obtain some other means of livelihood, and the too frequent yielding to this temptation on the part of the more intelligent of these young persons, is the most obvious danger to the future of the industry.

Much has been said of the dignity and independence which come of the ownership of land, but it is possible that this influence has been overestimated, and that our ideas of it have been derived more or less from our European traditions. Perhaps, after all, we ought to and do attach the most importance to that which is the most rare. In England, where the ownership of land carries with it a certain social dignity, and where the mere possession of money has a less marked influence in this direction, there is no doubt that the title-deeds to broad acres constitute a certain sort of patent of nobility. In this country, where land is plenty and cheap and where large fortunes are rare, a farmer gets consideration less for the amount of land that he himself owns than for the sum total of the mortgages which he holds upon his neighbors' land. That is to say, it is better to be rich in money than in land, and instances are comparatively rare, even among those who are cultivating their ancestral acres, where the farm would not be gladly sold for a sum of which the income would secure a better and easier mode of life. The farm is not regarded with especial affection; it is mainly regarded — along with its stock and tools — as an instrument for making money.

The American farmer is distinguished from the English farmer chiefly by having his capital invested in the land which he cultivates, rather than in the tools and live stock and working capital needed to carry on his business. As a general rule the farmer's whole fortune is invested in his land. Often his land is mortgaged and he has little loose money with which to improve his system of work. The necessity for making a living and paying interest, without sufficient capital for the best management, makes the life of the farmer too often a grinding one. If he is skillful and industrious and prudent, he may hope with certainty to free himself from debt and to accumulate a respectable support for his old age.

When we consider any class of working people, as a class, this is perhaps all that we can hope for under any circumstances. The unhopeful thing about it all is that while farmers work less hard than their fathers did, and while they get a better return for their work, the surroundings of their life have not improved as have those of men engaged in other industries, so that although actually much better off than their ancestors were, they are relatively less well off in the more attractive conditions of other classes of workmen; and this deficiency is driving away the children on whom they ought to depend for assistance and for succession.

In the abstract, farming is a dignified occupation, and in proportion as it borrows aid from science it becomes more dignified. So far as the casual observer can see, it combines more of what is desirable than does any other pursuit. While it promises no brilliant reward, it insures a steady, reliable, and sufficient return for the capital and labor invested in it. It promises a sure provision for old age, and it secures the wholesome pride that comes of the ownership of visible property. Indeed, look at it and argue about it as we may, it is not easy to see why it is not the best occupation for a wholesome and intelligent man.

Those who know the condition of the art intimately, and who have studied the influences of its work and its life upon those who are engaged in it, recognize serious drawbacks which must in some way be removed unless it is to fall away still more from its original character, and

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is to be given over to German and Irish immigrants who, during one or two generations, will be contented with what it has to offer. It is difficult even to theorize as to the means of relief, if farming must be considered, first of all, as a means for obtaining a livelihood and for making money; and no effort to improve the situation of the farmer will be successful which does not keep this prime necessity always in view. It is easy to see how the condition of any farmer's family might be improved by a large additional income, but there is no obvious source from which this increase is to be drawn, nor will he adopt any scheme that will endanger the income that he now receives.

If we could convert the farmer into a chemist and physiologist, and give him the satisfaction that comes of controlling the combinations of physical and chemical materials according to laws which he understands, and of securing his results with scientific accuracy, we should accomplish our purpose, for no man with such scientific knowledge — realizing its relation to his daily work — could fail of an enthusiastic fondness for his profession. But the worst of it is that all efforts in this direction have generally ended in producing a "smatterer" whose theories are baffled by constant disappointment and whose worldly prosperity is lessened by his mistaken experiments.

Successful farming implies, first of all, steady and dogged hard work, coupled with prudent and watchful skill. When the hopes of enthusiastic agricultural reformers are considered with the cold eye of practical common sense, they must inevitably be condemned to disappointment. In so far as they constitute an incentive towards improvement, they work great good, but the success of the future is to be attained too often through the distressing failure of the present. The art is an experimental one, and the temptations to extend experiments are enticing. Unfortunately, novel processes depend for their success upon contingencies which are likely to be disregarded at the outset, and however much any improvement may be destined to prosper after its application shall have been practically tested and modified, it is altogether likely that its first introduction will result in failure. The mere money losses coming of these failures is not so serious, but the discouragement and disappointment that they entail exert the gravest influence where what is chiefly needed is the encouragement of success.

It is something to know the direction that improving effort should take, and it seems to be generally conceded that what American agriculture needs, at the East and at the West, but especially at the East, is *an improvement in the character of its personnel.* There is everywhere ample opportunity for the profitable and successful introduction of modified processes and of new industries. There is, too, hardly an instance where the processes and industries now pursued are not susceptible of great improvement of detail. There are few farms so well managed and so successful that if given into the hands of a better, more intelligent, and more enterprising farmer, they would not produce better results. The father is working according to his light, and is directing his work by such intelligence as his natural capacity and his training have given him. His brighter son, with more natural intelligence, with a better education, and less trammeled by traditions and prejudices, might so modify the same industry as to make it more certain, more profitable, and in every way more satisfactory.

The change that is now taking place, especially in New England, is toward the greater economy of living, and the harder work and closer management of business that comes with immigrant proprietorship, and this element is by no means to be depended upon for the improvement of our farming. It may result in a more money-making agriculture, but it will supplant our best political element by the introduction of what has thus far seemed to be one of the worst.

Look at the question as we will, it is difficult to see how else than by improving the race of American farmers we are to accomplish any result whose good effect will be radical and lasting. This

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brings us around to that threadbare subject of the vague discussion of agricultural writers: How to keep the boys on the farm.

The devices recommended for accomplishing this result have thus far failed of their object. The average farmer boy is not a sentimentalist, and he is not likely to be moved by the sort of talk so often lavished upon him. To use a vulgarism, he has "an extremely level head." He fails to realize the attraction and the dignity which are implied by what he is told of the nobleness of his father's calling, of the purifying and elevating influences of a daily intercourse with nature. He is not to be caught with this sort of chaff. His cultivation has not been of that æsthetic character that he has an especial drawing toward nobleness, or purity, or elevation. Nature, as he knows it, shows at times an unattractive side, and he fails to recognize precisely what is meant by Mother Earth as a source of dignity. To him Mother Earth is an exacting parent, calling for constant and regular toil, and whipping him on day by day with weeds to be hoed, dry gardens to be watered, snowdrifts to be shoveled, and an almost endless round of embarrassments to be overcome. As for the purity and simplicity of the farmer's life, he knows very much better than to pin his faith to it. To him the farmer's house is too often a place where the mother is overworked, tired, wearied with constant annoyance, and made peevish and fretful. The conversation of hired men and young neighbors and brothers is not marked by a refined delicacy and simplicity, — as he understands these terms. At the end of all our preaching he will say, at least to himself, that this is probably the sort of talk that we consider appropriate to the occasion, but that if we knew what he knows about farming, we would see how little effect it is likely to have. If he sought our motive in saying it, he would conclude that we were interested in keeping up the supply of farm labor, and that so far as *he* was concerned, since he must work for a living, he would work at some other industry if he could get a chance, and leave those who were less fortunate to work on the farm.

The more sentimental and more influential considerations governing in this matter were very well set forth by Dr. Holland in a paper on Farm Life in New England, published in these pages some twenty years ago. While acknowledging the frequency of bright exceptions to the rule, he does not hesitate to set it down as a rule that the life described is in every way a hateful one, where every member of the family, from father to child, is driven by the lash of stern necessity, and where many conditions which are requisite in the life of all other classes of the same wealth are comparatively rare; where the expectant mother of the child is worked without stint to her last day, while the mother of the colt is relieved from all hard toil and treated with consideration throughout the last months of her time; where, in short, whether from interest or from a mistaken idea of necessity, hard work, long hours, poor food, and dismal surroundings are the rule of the farmer's household.

Since that time, there have been noticeable modifications, involving the introduction of more or less tastefulness, because of the cheap literature and cheap music of these later days. But much as these have done to affect the individual characters of the younger members of the family, they have only aggravated the evil, so far as farm work is concerned, by creating a desire, born of knowledge, for the pleasanter manner of life which the town has to offer. The young girls whom one now sees about railway stations in the most distant part of the country are dressed after the instructions of Harper's Bazar and Peterson's Magazine, and they know more than their older sisters did of the difference between their own life and that of their city cousins. They are certainly not to be blamed if they long for some vocation in which they can more freely indulge their growing ideas of luxury, and gratify their growing desire for better dress and more interesting companionship.

All that has here been said is seriously true and important. The circum-

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stances described are so generally prevalent as to constitute, with constant minor variations, an almost universal rule. Where we are to look for relief is the most serious problem. Relief must be found, or the character of our farming class must assuredly degenerate. In one way or another we must change, in a radical degree, the conditions of the farmer's life. We can perfectly understand why it should be distasteful to any young person of ordinary ambition or intelligence, and we know from the constant flocking of farmers' sons and daughters to even the least attractive employments of the town or village that this distaste is everywhere a controlling one.

It is easy to say that the farmer's life must be made more cheerful, attractive, and refined, and less arduous, but it is by no means easy to see how the improvement is to be brought about. The cardinal defect is the loneliness and dullness of the isolated farm-house. Intelligent and educated young women, brought up among the pleasantest surroundings, marry young farmers, and undertake their new life with the determination that, in their case at least, the more obvious social requirements shall be met. During the earlier years after marriage they adhere to their resolution, and are regular in attendance at the church and public lecture, and they keep up, so far as possible, social intercourse with their neighbors. But as time goes on, as the family increases, as toil begins to tell on health and strength and energy, they drop out, little by little, from the habit of going abroad, until often for weeks together they never exchange a look or thought with any human being outside of their own households. Aside from the overworked members of their own families, their companionship is confined to hired men who smell of the stable, and to hired girls with whom they are yoked in the daily round of household duties.

Having given much consideration to the subject, I have come to believe that the agriculture of continental Europe is far more wisely arranged than ours, for there, almost as a universal rule, isolated farm life is unknown. The reward of the cultivator is less, and his labor is at least as great. The people are of a very much lower order, and are lacking in the cultivated intelligence which distinguishes so many of our own farming class. Women and even young girls perform rude labor in the field and in the stable, and those aspirations which are born of a universal diffusion of periodical literature are almost unknown. At the same time, when the hard and long day's work is over, there comes to all the inexpressible relief and delight of the active, social intercourse of the village, where the tillers of the country for a mile around have gathered together their homes and their herds, and where the most intimate social life prevails. Observation even indicates that the habit of out-of-door labor has had no injurious effect upon the women of these villages. The "nut-brown maid" grows too fast into the wrinkled-brown woman, but better a sunburnt and weather-beaten cheek than that pallor that comes of anthracite and in-door toil. Better the broad back and stout limb of the peasant mother than the hollow chest and wasted energy of the American farmer's wife.

I by no means intend to say that our own farming class is not far superior to the peasantry of Europe, but I do believe that if a good system of village life for farmers could be adopted here under the modifying influences of the more refined and intelligent American character, we should have gained a most important step in advance. We have in New England many villages almost exclusively of farmers, — villages where the old-time settlers gathered together for defense against the Indians, and for the protection of houses and stock and store from river floods. These villages are as different as it is possible to conceive from the ordinary European cluster of unattractive cottages, lining both sides of a street, which is filled for one half of its width with manure heaps. It may be naturally assumed that any adaptation of the village-system among us would be governed by the same refining influences which have made our few existing

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agricultural villages so beautiful and attractive.

That which most distinguishes American people is the general spread of education among them, but it is, after all, an education which soon reaches its limit, and, so far as the district school of a sparsely settled country neighborhood is concerned, it goes little beyond the simplest rudiments. An inexperienced young miss holds school for not more than one half the year in an unattractive and inconvenient room, in which are gathered together most of the boys and girls of the school-going age from all the farms about. The books and other appliances of instruction are inadequate. There is no grading of the pupils, and the frequent change of teachers prevents the possibility of experienced instructions. Even in the meanest peasant village of Germany, — a village always prolific in children, — an inexorable law compels all between the ages of five and fourteen to attend regularly the teaching of a master, an officer of the state, who has generally adopted his profession for life, and who adds to a certain specified degree of capability the advantages of long experience.

No thoughtful person can fail to be convinced, after a due consideration of the argument in its favor, that if the social influences inseparable from village life could be secured to the American farmer, the greatest drawback of his life would be done away with. It remains, unfortunately, a serious question how far such a radical change is practicable. There is little doubt that the family would naturally drift into some more costly style of living, and the necessity for hauling to a distant home all the crops of the fields, and of hauling out the manure made at the homestead, would add somewhat to the expenses of the business. In the case of the individual farmer now cultivating land upon which he lives, it is not unlikely that he would find a certain pecuniary disadvantage in the change. But as a broad question of the future benefit of our agriculture, it must be conceded that whatever will tend to make the occupation more attractive cannot fail, by enlisting the services of more intelligent minds, to insure its very decided improvement. As the case now stands, the farmer's son will become a clerk or a mechanic rather than remain a farmer, because clerks and mechanics live in communities where there is more to interest the mind and where, too, the opportunities for enjoyment and amusement are greater. The farmer's daughter will marry the clerk or the mechanic rather than a farmer, because she knows the life of a farmer's wife to be a life of dullness and dearth, while she believes that the wife of the clerk or mechanic will be condemned to less arduous labor and will have much more agreeable surroundings. I have no means of judging what may have been the experience in Deerfield, Massachusetts, for instance, but I am confident that many a mechanic's daughter, and indeed many young women of much higher position in life, would consider her lot a fortunate one in becoming the wife of a farmer whose homestead lay on the beautiful street of this old village.

All that is here said is to a certain extent mere theory, but the subject is one that has not thus far met any practical solution, and in which, therefore, nothing except theorizing is possible. The broad fact is that the farming class in this country is degenerating by the withdrawal of its best blood, and still more serious injury is being done to it by the introduction of the lower class of foreigners. It may well be doubted whether it is possible so to modify the manner of life of the isolated farm-house as to make it materially more attractive to American boys and girls. All that can be done is to rob it of its isolation by withdrawing its people and placing them under better conditions of life. In a word, the only way that seems to offer to keep the boys on the farm is to move everybody off of the farm, bringing them together into snug little communities, where they may secure, without abandoning the manifest advantages of their occupation, the greater social interest and stimulus which they now hope to enjoy by going into other callings whose

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natural advantages are less. That such a course as this would restore the farmer to his former position as a leading element in Eastern civilization cannot be questioned. That he will retain even the relative influence that he exercises to-day, unless some radical change is made, is at least very doubtful.

In considering the questions here suggested, we must never lose sight of the fact that the controlling element is economy. The farmer exists because he is needed. The world demands the products that he produces, and the world must needs pay him a living compensation for them. No change will be possible which disregards this, and all who know the present circumstances which control the reward of the farming class know that these circumstances would be inadequate to maintain him in a life of greater ease while calling for greater expense. This gives the added embarrassment that we must not only change the mode of life, but must also increase the ratio of profit, if this is possible. This is possible only through a reduction of the area cultivated, the cultivation of this reduced area in a more thorough and profitable way, and the turning of farming industry into channels better adapted to securing a profitable return.

To discuss a modification of the whole system of farming would involve far more detail than is possible in this paper, since we must include the consideration of features which would change with changing locality. But by way of illustration we may take the previously supposed case of a farmer owning one hundred acres of land and milking a dozen cows, selling the milk as before in the distant town. Assume that he and his neighbors within a radius of about a mile are living in a central village, from which his land is one mile distant. During the working season, say from the middle of April until late in October, he must with his teams and assistants spend the whole day on the land. The cows are milked and all stable-work done before breakfast, and some one drives them out to pasture. The men remain afield until an hour before sunset; they must be content with a cold dinner, as is the usual custom with mechanics and laborers. The cows are driven home in time for the evening milking, and are put into the barn-yard at night with green fodder brought home by the returning teams. After the "chores" are done, and a hearty and substantial supper is eaten, — the principal meal of the day, — all hands will be too weary for much enjoyment of the evening, but not so weary that they will not appreciate the difference between the lounging places of a village and the former dullness at the farm. Other farmers in the neighborhood will, many of them, also be milk producers, and as the stables are near together they will naturally coöperate, sending their milk to market with a single team, employing the services of a single man in the place of five or six men and teams heretofore needed to market the same milk. I have recently received an account of this sort of coöperation, where the cost of selling was reduced to a fraction over eight cents for each hundred quarts.

This arrangement will have the still further benefit of allowing the farmer to remain at home and attend to his more important work, leaving the detail of marketing to be done by a person especially qualified for it and therefore able to do it more cheaply than he could do it in person. During the working season there will be enough rainy weather to allow the work of the stable, the barn-yard, and the wood shed to be properly attended to. There will, of course, be sudden showers and occasional storms and other inconveniences which will make the farmer regret at times that he lives at such a distance from his field work, but he will find more than compensation in the advantages that come naturally from living in a village. For his wife and children the improvement will be absolute, and it will be no slight argument in favor of the change that both in-doors and out-of-doors a better class of servant will be available, because of the better life that can be offered. It will be easier to secure the services of laborers who are married and who live in their own houses, and so avoid the serious annoyance to

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the household that attends the boarding of hired men.

To make this radical change in any farming neighborhood as at present constituted would be impracticable. It would probably take a generation to convince the farmers of a community of its advantages; it would cost too much, even if not entirely impracticable, to move the house and stables to the central point; and it would involve such a change of habits of labor and of living as must necessarily be the work of time. However, if the principle commends itself to the leading men of the neighborhood, and especially to young men about to marry, the nucleus of a village may be established, and sooner or later the present or the coming generation will find a way to come into the fold.

If we assume that by this or some other means the more intelligent of the young men are induced to remain farmers, it is interesting to consider in what way their greater intelligence is to be made to tell on their work so as to secure the necessary improvement. It would not be unreasonable to suppose that young men of the class we have in mind, those who now seek occupations which afford a better field for their intelligence, and who seek them because of their intelligence, would establish such centres of discussion and interest in improved farming as would not only displace the worthless gossip now so common at the country store, but would awaken a real enthusiasm in better processes and systems.

Not only would there be this tendency toward improvement, but where farmers are close neighbors and are able to conduct their interests in such a way as to help each other, there would naturally grow up some sort of coöperative business. By the establishment of a butter factory or cheese factory, or by the common ownership of a milk route, or where tobacco is grown the undertaking of its manufacture as an employment for winter, or the raising of honey or of poultry, or the establishment of some valuable breed of live stock with a reputation for excellence that will cause it to be sought for from abroad, or by some other combination, they would secure profitable business.

Of course all the farmers in New England cannot within the next ten years move into villages, but what is suggested is that the farmers of some one community should try the experiment. Their success might induce others to follow the example, and, little by little, in proportion to the promise of a good result, more and more would seek the advantages which the system would offer, so that sooner or later the benefits which are now experienced in village life in Europe might be felt here in the higher degree which greater intelligence and greater freedom would be sure to produce.

While advancing these suggestions, with much confidence in their practical value, I would by no means confine the outlook for Eastern farming to this single road to success. Coöperative industry may be largely adopted among farmers living at some distance from each other. The cheese factory has become an institution. The better quality of the product when made in large quantities, and the better price that its quality and the improved system for marketing have secured, constitute a very decided success in our agriculture. Butter factories are coming into vogue with a promise of equally good results.

A very good substitute for the coöperative management of a milk route is in very general adoption throughout New England, where some single farmer who devotes himself chiefly to selling milk buys the product of his neighbors' dairies for a certain fixed price, taking upon himself the labor, the risk, and the profit of marketing. The coöperative breeding of live stock cannot as yet be said to have become well established, but its possibilities of success are considerable. A community can afford to buy and keep a thorough-bred horse, or bull, or boar, or buck, which would cost far too much for the means of a single owner, and thus gradually give to the stock of the whole neighborhood a superiority that will secure it a wide-spread reputation and insure good prices. Let us keep always in

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view the important principle of making two blades of grass grow where but one grew before; but let us remit no effort which may tend to make one blade worth what two were worth before.

Incidentally, there may be combinations to secure good outlet drainage for tracts of land belonging to different owners, and later, a provision for the general irrigation of these lands. It is not to be hoped that, either as a whole or in its details, agricultural improvement is to be advanced with anything like a rush. Farmers are generally "conservative" in the worst sense of the term. They have during the past generation adopted many improvements and modifications in the methods of their work, the mere suggestion of which would have been scouted by their fathers; but they are themselves as ready as their fathers were to scout any new suggestion, and it is only by iteration and reiteration that the shorter steps of tentative experiment can be urged upon their acceptance.

In reviewing what is written above, the thought arises that the one impression that it will surely produce will be that its writer fails to appreciate the better influences that cluster around the better class of farmers' homes. Such an inference would be quite unjust. Knowing as I do the intrinsic worth and the charming qualities of very many of these households, I appeal to the best of the thoughtful men and women whom they include, to confirm my statement that they find many elements of their life to be pinching and hard, and that however admirable they may now be, they would be in no way injured but in many ways improved by more frequent intercourse with their equals, and especially with their betters.

That the picture I have sketched of the average farmer's family is not overdrawn, I appeal to every country clergyman and physician to bear witness. The truths suggested are patent to all. They are set forth in no spirit of hypercriticism and with no other view than to help to ameliorate the condition of those to whom they refer. Knowing the farmer more intimately than does the average editor or orator, I am confident that my estimate of his character and of his life will strike him as being more just, if not more honest.

George E. Waring, Jr.

CROOMBE.

My friend Prew had a genius for putting himself at a disadvantage. He did not do it clumsily and because he could not help it, but chose his drawbacks as if by an intuition that they were in some way good for him. They often proved so; and, at least, if they did not benefit *him*, they did not fail to be of profit to some one else. It was characteristic of him that he should have isolated himself in that little Jersey village whither he went to practice medicine. The old name of this village was English Neighborhood. As it sat there on the hill-side facing the wide, wistful salt-marshes, it seemed to be waiting to grow up, like a child who longs to be of some importance.

This semblance was not deceptive, for the village dreamed much of its future, and cherished hopes of a vast prosperity. Measured in a straight line across the Weehawken hills, the distance to New York was only three or four miles: what, then, more natural than that the inhabitants of the great city should some day pour across the river in large numbers, select this very village from among the hundred others that environ the island, and settle there, bringing with them wealth and grandeur? But as yet the

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place remained a small, languid settlement, with only one marked distinction, — a large shed-like building guarded by an inclosure hard by on the salty plain, and devoted to the making of nitro-glycerine.

Not satisfied with fixing his home in this particular spot, and inviting the tyranny of circumstance, Prew subjected himself to still another tyranny: he hired a man to attend to his horse. The man's name was Joe Croombe. He was a small, shrunken creature, with thin hair; his face tanned the color of undressed leather, and his mouth curbed by a withered iron-gray mustache. The doctor, returning from his visits, on the first evening of Croombe's engagement, found him stretched on the sofa of the consulting room, — a dilapidated, indolent figure clad in a faded, flapping vest instead of a coat, and finished off by a pair of vast boots so fully illustrating the varieties of Jersey mud that they would have been of value to any geological museum. Croombe kept his recumbent position and entered suavely into conversation with his employer: first concerning patients, and then in praise of the neighborhood and the splendid views to be had from the heights along the Hudson. Prew was taken by surprise, and let him ramble on. He did not want to injure the man's feelings by thrusting a quadruped into the conversation. But while he revolved how he should come to the point, Croombe, growing more expansive as he talked, brought his bubble of dignity to a condition where it could be pricked. Having strayed at large, for a while, on the subject of real estate: "Me and my family," he said, casually, "owns a piece of land up at Closter. That 's the way to git rich, doc'. Bought it for twenty dollars an acre, and now it 's wuth two hundred and seventy."

Prew was not startled by the enormous advance. He had already learned how illusory were land sales and the prices of land in that region. But he so far affected belief as to ask why Croombe did not at once enrich himself by selling out.

"We ain't in no hurry," said the other, shaking his small head slowly. "We ain't in no hurry."

"Perhaps not being in a hurry is the usual thing, then, in your family," said Prew. "You don't seem to be so to-night, but *I* am in a hurry, and I rather think my horse is. Suppose you go and see."

"That 's so!" exclaimed Croombe, jumping up from the couch. "Glad you reminded me, doc'. I pretty near let it slip. If ever you find me forgettin' any little thing like that, I 'd be real obliged if you 'd mention it."

This was like the key-note of Croombe's conception as to his relation with his employer. He never lost sight of the inspiring idea that he was one American gentleman who had consented for a season to take care of another American gentleman's horse, and to render such other services as his genial fancy might suggest; the fact of a casual transfer of money from the latter to the former gentleman's pocket being rather obstructive than otherwise to pleasant intercourse between them. Prew felt a liberal, forgiving interest in watching Croombe's method of balancing their mutual obligations on this principle. But the precautions which his servant took were sometimes highly inconvenient. One day, for example, he disappeared from the face of the earth, could not be found at his own home, and explained next morning that he had been cleaning a well belonging to a house at some distance. On this occasion he confuted criticism by replying with a touch of indignation: "Why, well-cleaning was always one of my trades!" It turned out that he had also been a bar-tender, an expressman, a carpenter, a soldier; and he evidently thought that his contract with the doctor covered a right to resume any one of his former occupations at will; so that grooming and gardening for Prew should not unfit him for carrying out his other duties to the human race. For a time Prew received these eccentricities with a benign amusement. He even seemed to think that there was a peculiar providence in Croombe's having found a person so easy-going, to exhibit his foibles

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to. For the man had errands in so many other directions than the doctor's, and exhibited such constant industry in doing jobs for almost any one else, that Prew was at liberty to attend to his horse himself, a great part of the time. It was difficult, however, to reconcile some of Croombe's absences with his favorite theory of their being the result of his previous occupations. He had indeed been a shad-fisher and the cook of a mackerel-boat; but this did not seem a sufficient warrant for rambling away to the Hudson and relieving the shad-nets there of a basket of fish without letting the owner know of his considerate action. The foraging habits of his military life might partly excuse this, and might also account for his taking a day off, now and then, to follow the sedgy creeks of the Hackensack, fishing and shooting. But Prew could discover nothing in his past career which gave any color of reason to Croombe's passion for haunting auctions. Other pastimes to which he was given were equally irrational. Yet Prew bore all patiently, until Croombe one day proposed to drop a week out of what he still imaginatively called his engagement with the doctor, — the time to be used in driving a wagon-load of nitro-glycerine from the neighboring factory to a place in Connecticut.

"Nitro-glycerine!" Prew echoed, aghast.

"Yes," said the other, deprecatingly, "that was one of my regular trades."

He brought out with emphasis the word "regular." But Prew absolutely withheld his consent, and hinted that it would be well for Croombe to add one more to his list of "regular" occupations by coming to the house more consecutively.

With a grieved air, Croombe gave up his plan. Then matters went on for a while just as before; the doctor still pardoning Croombe's eagerness to do chores for other people, because he knew how pressing his poverty was. But little by little he became aware that Croombe seldom took any money for these services. He now perceived that his man was indulging himself in the luxury of giving away much time and labor miscellaneously, merely in order to feel that he was not enslaved to any one person. He commented to him on this discovery, placing before him the situation: that he, Prew, was supporting Croombe for the benefit of the community at large. "I don't call it supporting," said his servant, with pride. "If I chose, I *could* have pay for all that outside work."

One day Croombe invited the doctor to see his wife; not in a strictly social way, for medical advice was needed. But as he had no intention of paying for either advice or medicine, the invitation was in the nature of a hospitable act. Anything, of course, which the doctor could do for his wife would be regarded as a personal favor to himself; and between gentlemen on the same level this tacit understanding was enough. But he took the further precaution of making light of the malady. "My opinion is," he complained, "she works herself up into this chills and fever just by nagging at me to send our little gal to school."

"But your child has the fever, too."

"Yes."

"Then, if you think it all comes from her not going to school, why not try sending her?"

For the first time since Prew had known him, Croombe looked ashamed of himself. His wife, — who had once been pretty, and even now in her old saffron gown possessed a dim and troubled beauty, — his pallid, ailing wife turned to Prew and said warmly: "I know I had n't ought to urge it on him so, though it 's nature to me. Poor Joe! You see he has all he can do, now, to get along."

Croombe drew down the straightforward visor of his cap, so as to shelter his eyes, and thrust his hands gloomily into his trousers pockets. He turned away and looked out of the window of the small, shaky hovel, as if the aspect of the interior had suddenly pained him beyond endurance. Just then, the wife, who after her utterance on Croombe's behalf had fallen to brooding again, spoke out almost querulously. "I *do* think, anyhow," she said, "you might have spared to build that piazza 'side

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of the house, and put the money into schoolin'."

Croombe, still gazing out of the window, plucked up courage at this, and answered with some bitterness: "How many times have I told you I could n't have got anything for the lumber? You know how I picked it up, odd bits."

Prew remembered the pile of old lumber which had accumulated slowly beside the shanty, till there was enough to build the erratic, tottering little balcony with. He detected a hidden virtue in Croombe's gratuitous jobs of house-repairing for the neighbors.

"Besides," continued the father, "don't Etta play house under that balcony, and scold about her doll not goin' to school, till you 'd think she was a regular grown woman with a good-for-nothin' of a husband?" Before any reply could be made, Croombe gave a shout. "Here comes Etta, now!" he exclaimed. "And she 's goin' to play on her balcony."

The next moment a gay, prancing child with light hair and dark eyes, running down the hill-side against which the shanty feebly supported itself, appeared, laughing, upon the balcony, and gazed in through the window at her withered papa. Prew had never seen his man happy before. The little girl quickly darted around the house and came in. There was something wonderfully breezy in all the movements of her agile, tiny form. An odor of fresh grass hung about her; her eyes had a dark gleam like that of the water in the creeks; and her fair hair and lively face seemed to have drawn to themselves the brighter parts of the sunlight, leaving some other quality of it to stain her father's cheeks that leathery brown.

"You see, doc', she 's like me," said Croombe, unconscious of the startling contrast between them. "She loves the hills and the woods; she don't want to be cooped up. Say, Etta, how would you like goin' to school?"

"My doll must go to school," answered Etta, with authority, indicating her own superior exemption.

"And what will *you* do?" asked Prew.

"I 'll have a great big house like the works on the meadows, and live there when I 'm rich."

Croombe glanced over at the doctor with a knowing air. "I 'm holdin' on to that land at Closter, you know. I ain't in no hurry."

"But your doll," said Prew to Etta, "will know more than you, if you don't go to school."

The child hesitated now in that half-pleased, partly frightened way that children have when they suspect that something too clever for them has been said. Prew pressed the question: "Don't you really want to go?"

Little Etta gazed embarrassed at some wild flowers she had brought in her hand; then she eyed her mother, who in an absent, brooding way was awaiting the issue. At last she carried her mother the flowers. "Papa," she said, "likes me to get the flowers for mamma; but mamma wants me to go to school. Shall I go with you? Yes, with *you*, — I will." She appeared to think the doctor would take her at once, in his buggy.

Croombe was crest-fallen. But "Not to-day," said Prew.

The next morning Croombe came and examined with much interest a certain decayed gate-post at the doctor's, in which a swarm of bees had housed themselves. "Curious," he remarked, dreamily, "there seems to be quite some bees there: 't ain't very large, *too*." And he devoted the day to hiving the bees, for Prew's benefit. This was understood as a full confession that he had had the worst of it in the discussion as to Etta. The confession was strengthened by his being on hand a great deal, after that, when he was not needed, and even appearing frequently when he was. He soon relapsed into his shiftless ways; but Prew would not dismiss him. He thought of the ailing wife and the wild, pretty daughter.

In Etta he saw a type of the neglected village itself. Perched like it on the hill-side, she dreamed — also like the village — of growing up, getting rich, being important in the world. Many improvements in the village, which might have helped it to gain its desires, were

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deferred: similarly, the education that Etta needed was replaced with empty expectations. Prew tried to enforce upon her father the mistake he was making. But Croombe would not yield so far as to send her to school. That, he fancied, might hurt his independence; and his independence, he appeared to think, was the best dowry he could give her. He could conceive of no better way to benefit Etta than to wait for good fortune, proudly. If improvement was to come, he had faith in its coming suddenly, or by some more dignified pursuit than currying a horse.

But one day Prew made a great discovery: Croombe's land at Closter turned out to be nearly worthless. It was a small lot, mainly swamp, and its total value was the sum which Croombe had adroitly made to appear as the price of each acre. Even that value was an imaginary one. Armed with this information, Prew again tried to move his man. He offered to buy the land at its assumed worth. Croombe refused: nevertheless, he felt the force of the attack. The very next day he resigned his place with Prew, and said he had found a vacancy at the glycerine works. It was in vain that the doctor tried to dissuade him from this perilous business.

"'T ain't a hundredth part as bad as Chickamauga battle-ground," said Croombe; "and the wages is high. I think," he added, without dropping his air of severe self-respect, "I think my wife's fever 'll git better, now."

Prew saw that the danger steadied his lax and desultory nature; possibly it was essential to the man's success. Most of his pursuits had been dangerous. We soon accustomed ourselves to this idea, and used to laugh at the likeness between Croombe and the material he worked in; both so mild, even languid, yet capable of a change that filled them with exceptional force.

Led by my interest in Croombe, I one day visited the works. How still and harmless seemed the long "converting-room"! There, in long troughs, stood rows of stone pitchers containing nitric acid and surrounded by ice-cold water. Above them were ranged glass jars full of glycerine that trickled drop by drop into the acid, and a light current of air impelled by steam fanned the mixture. This simple process changed the healing oil into a glittering liquid charged with sudden death and the terrors of earthquakes. Two men paced up and down, silent, watchful as serpents, their movements quick as those of fine steel. If but a few drops of the oil flowed too fast into the acid — fire! If the soft air-current should waver for an instant — fire! The men counted the drops with keen eyes, and stirred the fuming fluid with short tubes of glass; always pacing to and fro, wary, quiet, as if they were keepers of some caged wild beast. How still and peaceful seemed the room, how punctiliously clean the floor was kept! It was flooded every day, I found, to carry off chance drops which, stepped upon, would have hurled the watchers beyond human reach, and left the factory a splintered ruin.

. . . . . .

What had happened? Had there been an explosion? A roaring sound shook the air around me, and filled my ears with strange hummings. That was the noise of the train I had just left. But there I stood, looking over the marshes amazed. Where the nitro-glycerine works had once been remained now merely a gaunt heap of charred and scattered timbers. It seemed as if the explosion had just happened. I knew that was impossible, yet I hurried to Prew's house with something of the illusion hanging about me. He was not in.

"When did it happen?" I asked the servant. She did not understand. "The explosion," I added, impatiently. "Over there."

"Oh, that was last autumn."

Then I explained that I had been away all winter, and had not heard of it. Hastening away I turned down a lane near Prew's that led to the marshes, and near the railroad I found an old shrewd man spading in a field. He was unwholesomely glad to find some one to whom the story of the disaster was new. He had something to say about cans of "com-

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pound glycerin," and carboys of acid, and a load going out by canal-boat. No one knew just how it began. "First it went off inside, and then outside, and it blew those six men — well, you could n't find anything of 'em afterward, so 's to reco'nize 'em. We found three fingers, and in another place two or three" —

"Never mind that," I interposed, to his surprise. "Were the men all killed?"

"Every one. As I say, you could n't find the pieces, so 's to count up six fair and square, but they was all there. What was left of 'em, you could put it all into a dinner-can."

"Horrible!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," he repeated, "you could just put it all in a dinner-can, — one of the men's dinner-cans." This allusion, no doubt, struck him as exceedingly apt; and he felt encouraged to go on with an account so grotesquely hideous that I suspected he was drawing on his fancy.

"Did you have a funeral?" I asked, suddenly.

But here the shrewd old man's memory or else his imagination failed him. "I don't remember," he said, mysteriously, "whether we had a funeral or not."

After a pause I asked if he had known Joe Croombe. "Yes, I did," he answered. "He was a good fellow, Joe; it hurt me, I tell you, to have him took off that way." He spoke with the force of real regret, and went on to say how he had been sitting in the store when Joe stopped in on his way to the works. "Well, he had n't been gone long when we heard suthin' go off, and the doors flew open, and windows — my! — they was smashed all around here. 'Hit him ag'in!' says I. I thought it was a cannon. I had n't more 'n got the words out, when it went off ag'in. Then I heard a woman crying; she come running out. It was Joe's wife. 'My husband 's dead!' says she. She come running out, crying, 'My husband 's dead!' And his little gal," he continued in an awe-struck voice, "when *she* heard it up at the school-house, she stopped right in her lesson with her hand at her heart, and she said, 'My father 's dead!' That was before any one told her." He stopped, with his hand on his spade, staring out at the ruin-heap; then he maundered on through many repetitious details. "Jacob Wheeler was twenty rods away with a cart and team; both the horses was knocked flat, and he — why, he did n't know whether he jumped or was throwed out. Jury tried to censure *him*. I was on the jury, and I said: 'Do you want to censure that poor fella because he got knocked flat and was n't killed? A little more and he *would* have been killed, and then how 'd you have felt if you 'd censured him?'"

The feeble old logician's garrulity made it appear as if he were trying to hobble away from the whole dreary subject. He had told all he knew, and I feared that to stay would tempt him to put an undue tax on his fancy. I moved away, but I could not turn my eyes from the ruin. Close by me was a field where the daisies were spreading their white, flat petals; beyond lay the rough, tawny marsh, burnt black in spots and overhung by a haze, against which some willows were blotted like pale yellow lights. There was a wild charm in the scene, yet it was indescribably mournful. Its dumbness seemed to reflect the unsatisfied longing which I felt to see Croombe once more in his old state, — well, happy, and worthless. Was I unreasonable? Did I overrate the man, now that he was dead, or had we valued him too slightly while he lived? As humanity constantly misestimates its greatest, so it blunders in measuring its least. In this case we had been content to assign to Croombe the part of a rough comedian; he had suddenly become the centre of a tragedy. Nature for a time had tolerated our levity; but she now showed that there was something in this frail life which we had not calculated upon. Croombe gone, the void which he left was filled with a mysterious, contradictory sacredness.

George Parsons Lathrop.

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CASTLES IN SPAIN.

How much of my young heart, O Spain,
  Went out to thee in days of yore!
What dreams romantic filled my brain,
And summoned back to life again
The Paladins of Charlemain,
  The Cid Campeador!

And shapes more shadowy than these,
  In the dim twilight half revealed:
Phœnician galleys on the seas,
The Roman camps like hives of bees,
The Goth uplifting from his knees
  Pelayo on his shield.

It was these memories perchance,
  From annals of remotest eld,
That lent the colors of romance
To every trivial circumstance,
And changed the form and countenance
  Of all that I beheld.

Old towns, whose history lies hid
  In monkish chronicle or rhyme, —
Burgos, the birthplace of the Cid,
Zamora and Valladolid,
Toledo, built and walled amid
  The wars of Wamba's time;

The long, straight line of the highway,
  The distant town that seems so near,
The peasants in the fields, that stay
Their toil to cross themselves and pray,
When from the belfry at midday
  The Angelus they hear;

The crosses in the mountain pass,
  Mules gay with tassels, the loud din
Of muleteers, the tethered ass
That crops the dusty wayside grass,
And cavaliers with spurs of brass
  Alighting at the inn;

White hamlets hidden in fields of wheat,
  White cities slumbering by the sea,
White sunshine flooding square and street,
Dark mountain-ranges, at whose feet

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The river-beds are dry with heat,
  All was a dream to me.

Yet something sombre and severe
  O'er the enchanted landscape reigned;
A terror in the atmosphere
As if King Philip listened near,
Or Torquemada, the austere,
  His ghostly sway maintained.

The softer Andalusian skies
  Dispelled the sadness and the gloom;
There Cadiz by the seaside lies,
And Seville's orange-orchards rise,
Making the land a paradise
  Of beauty and of bloom.

There Córdova is hidden among
  The palm, the olive, and the vine;
Gem of the South, by poets sung,
And in whose Mosque Almanzor hung
As lamps the bells that once had rung
  At Compostella's shrine.

But over all the rest supreme,
  The star of stars, the cynosure,
The artist's and the poet's theme,
The young man's vision, the old man's dream, —
Granada by its winding stream,
  The city of the Moor!

And there the Alhambra still recalls
  Aladdin's palace of delight:
Allah il Allah! through its halls
Whispers the fountain as it falls;
The Darro darts beneath its walls,
  The hills with snow are white.

Ah yes, the hills are white with snow,
  And cold with blasts that bite and freeze;
But in the happy vale below
The orange and pomegranate grow,
And wafts of air toss to and fro
  The blossoming almond-trees.

The Vega cleft by the Xenil,
  The fascination and allure
Of the sweet landscape chain the will.
The traveller lingers on the hill,
His parted lips are breathing still
  The last sigh of the Moor.

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How like a ruin overgrown
  With flowers that hide the rents of time
Stands now the Past that I have known;
Castles in Spain, not built of stone,
But of white summer cloud, and blown
  Into this little mist of rhyme!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE WAGNER MUSIC-DRAMA.

WHETHER we admit or not the first dogma of the Wagner creed, that the individual arts have in past times reached their highest possible degree of development, and that the highest art-work of the future is to consist in a union of the arts, we must all agree that the occasion on which this doctrine was first brought to a fair trial at Bayreuth last summer, in full accordance with the ideal of its author, is to be regarded as the most important musical event in this age of festivals, if not in all the history of music.

It was evident that if the Bayreuth Festival should fail, it could not be because the composer did not have his own way in everything. The choice of the city for the performance of his stage-play, the situation, architecture, and internal arrangements of the theatre, the selection of the vocal and instrumental artists from the best that the German stage affords, and the supervision at the rehearsals of the whole performance, down to the smallest details, were all subject to his own will and control; and when we consider the character of the audience that had gathered from all quarters of the globe, from Egypt and St. Petersburg to New York and San Francisco, — Germany, America, England, France, Russia, and Italy being represented in the order given, — an audience headed by two emperors and one king, a whole host of dukes and grand dukes, about one hundred *capellmeisters*, and as many critics and authors, the list of *literati* and artists including such names as Mosenthal, Frenzel, Bodenstedt, Menzel, Leubach, Joseph and Nicolas Rubinstein, Marianne Brandt, Anna Mehlig, and so on, *ad libitum*, we must admit the truth of the remark of Hanslick, that this time the mountain had to go to the prophet.

Of the difficulties which stood in the way of the Bayreuth Festival we can form some idea from the fact that in 1862 Wagner had given up all hope of surviving the performance of his Tetralogy, as he tells us in the preface to the first edition of the poems of the Ring. Many were the hostile factors that had to be overcome, for he appeared in the character of a reformer; and next to religion art is the domain of human interests in which proposed reforms and innovations are most vigorously opposed and resented. To bring these reforms before the eyes of the public under the most favorable circumstances possible, or, in other words, to show the difference between the old opera and the new music-drama, may be regarded as the principal object of the Bayreuth Festival of last year. In consideration also of the incomplete manner in which Wagner's works had previously been brought on the stage, and of the defective style of their performance, it was desirable that of his *chef-d'œuvre*, at least, there should be a series of *model performances*. Not to speak of America and England, where Lohengrin and Tannhäuser are

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simply reduced to farces by the Italian version of the text, in Germany, even, the almost universal faults of operatic performances are the defective articulation of the words by the singers, the barbaric cutting down and altering of the score by unconscientious capellmeisters, and the neglect of artistic and logical dramatic acting by the vocalist, who addresses his songs to the audience instead of endeavoring to keep up the illusions of the play. It was in these points that Bayreuth performances contrasted so favorably with ordinary performances. A special notice was put up behind the scenes, among other things requesting the vocalists never to address the public.

The festival of last year was not meant to be an isolated phenomenon in the history of music, but the first of a series of festivals, to recur at intervals of one or more years. Bayreuth is to become the Olympia of modern dramatic art, the rendezvous of the first artists in the country, who are to unite in the performance of works of art of sufficient originality and merit to justify their production in such a manner. The style of execution is to receive special attention, and thus a tradition of style will be gradually brought about, which cannot fail to react favorably on the theatres represented. It is admitted that the German stage was corrupted by the opera; it can now be regenerated through the influence of the music-drama: thus the national theatre at Bayreuth will become a sort of musical university for advanced pupils, with the great composers as teachers, and the lovers of music of all nations as an audience at the annual public recitals. In details of dramatic action much improvement was made; at the rehearsals Wagner paid particular attention to this point, and was constantly active on the stage, showing by example how this or that ought to be done.

The rehearsals covered the space of three months, and, without counting frequent repetitions of individual scenes and passages, embraced twelve performances of the whole Ring, — a tremendous task for the vocalists and musicians; and it was a subject of general surprise that, with the exception of the case of Unger as Siegfried, scarcely any traces of fatigue were noticeable in the last series of performances. The enthusiasm for the work and cause must account for this. The genuine interest which all the distinguished performers took in the Tetralogy, apart from all selfish considerations, is something unique in the history of the stage. It led them to volunteer their services freely, and to sacrifice their whole summer vacation; and some of them compromised their dignity as soloists so far as to sing in the chorus of men, in the Götterdämmerung. The wild chorus of the Walküren owed much of its magical effect to the voices of the *prime donne* who took part in it behind the scenes. The members of the orchestra, almost all soloists, consented to give up all individuality and chance of being personally noticed, by burying themselves in the "mystic abyss," out of sight of the audience.

About the Wagner theatre, or *Bühnenfestspielhaus*, as it is officially called, so much has been written that I will not enter into a detailed description of it. If the expression be allowed, Wagner may be said to have a genius for originality. To attain that naturalness and perfect illusion which are necessary for the full enjoyment of a work of art, he introduced in his theatre a number of new and striking devices. Unanimous was the approval of the arrangement just referred to, by which the movements of the orchestra were made invisible; the advantages resulting from it were that it greatly aided the illusion, that the vocalists were not overpowered or "degraded into an inferior position," that the objection "too much brass" was done away with, and that the instruments blended much better with one another, while each one retained its individuality. Emperor William himself requested to be shown into the mystic abyss where "his court musicians had to sweat;" for the locality has the one disadvantage of being insufferably hot, so hot that some of the musicians have sworn they will not come another year unless arrangements are made for the in-

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troduction of fresh air without a draught. A trumpet signal, consisting of a prominent "motive" of the drama for the evening, announces that the performance is to begin; a second signal, within, signifies that the seats must be taken at once, and simultaneously all the lights are turned down to prevent reading of text-books and scores, so that full attention is secured for the scenic impressions and dramatic actions which, Wagner insists, are as essential factors in the music-drama as the libretto and the music itself. The seats, arranged as in a segment of the Greek amphitheatre, are of almost equal excellence for seeing and hearing, and very commodious, so that when the curtain is divided in the middle, "as by invisible hands," and the scene is revealed, there is nothing to remind one of one's material existence, or of the fact that one is in a theatre. The illusion is complete. One more praiseworthy arrangement I will mention. The performances began at four in the afternoon, and after the trumpet signal five minutes' grace was allowed; then the twelve doors were closed against all, beyond appeal, so that the hearer might without disturbance enjoy the orchestral preludes so magnificently played, and so important as exponents of the prevailing sentiment of the coming act. On the first Walküre night, poor Rothschild arrived too late, either because he had found the price of a carriage beyond his means, or because he had been delayed by investing in the luxury of a ham sandwich; all his wealth failed to procure him admission to the first act of the Walküre.

It is well known that Wagner, finding the old German Nibelungenlied insufficient for his purpose, gathered the material for the first three dramas of his Tetralogy from the Edda, a collection of Northern myths; the fourth drama, Götterdämmerung only, is based upon the Nibelungenlied. In skillfully tracing the lost connecting thread of the confused mass of legends, and uniting them into a continuous dramatic narrative, filling up lacunæ from his own imagination, and embellishing the whole with poetic fancies, he rendered a service to German mythology which the great German philologists have not been slow in acknowledging. The thread upon which the innumerable incidents of the plot of the Ring des Nibelungen are strung is, very briefly, as follows: the gold, the Rhine gold, originally rested on the bed of the Rhine, guarded by three water nymphs, the Rhine daughters. Three races, the gods, the giants, and the Nibelungen, contended for the possession of it, and through it for the mastery of the world. The Nibelungen were a race of dwarfs who dwelt in Nibelheim, in subterranean caves; they wrought in precious metals and amassed wonderful treasures. One of them, Alberich, obtained the gold, and made it into a ring, by means of which he became master of his race and of their inestimable treasures, the chief of which was the *Tarnhelm*, or magic helmet, which conferred upon its possessor the power of transforming himself into any shape he pleased. Wotan, king of the gods, made a contract with two giants, Fasolt and Fafner, that they should build a citadel from which the gods could safely rule the world, promising them as a reward Freia, the goddess of youth and beauty. But after the castle was finished, Wotan refused to give up Freia. The giants demanded the Nibelungen treasures as a substitute; these Wotan obtained from Alberich by strategy, and gave them to the giants. Fafner, in the shape of an immense dragon, henceforth guarded these treasures, including the ring and the Tarnhelm. Before Alberich parted with the ring, he laid a curse upon it: it should bring death to whomsoever should acquire it.

Then the gods took up their abode in their new citadel; but, having obtained their power through deceit, peace could not be insured until the crime should be expiated. The ring must be restored to its rightful owners, the Rhine daughters. But the gods could not take it from Fafner, since their contract with him was inviolable; this could be done only by one endowed with free will, who would take the fault upon himself and do penance for it. The gods saw the capacity

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of such a free will in man, and they educated a race of mortals from which should spring one who would atone for their crime. At length the hero was born, Siegfried, who was to overcome the dragon and regain the ring. Born and brought up in the forest, he was wondrously strong and courageous, and easily slew the dragon and took possession of the treasure, the ring, and the Tarnhelm. After this transaction he was directed to go to a distant mountain, on the summit of which slept a beautiful maiden. This was Brünnhilde, one of the nine Walküren; they were daughters of Wotan, and their duty was to watch over conflicts, and convey the fallen heroes to Walhalla, the abode of the gods. Brünnhilde, for an act of disobedience to her father, had been shorn of her divinity, and doomed to marry a mortal. She was surrounded by fire, but Siegfried, who knew not the meaning of fear, penetrated the flames, awakened her, and the two plighted their troth; he placed the ring upon her finger, then left her on the rocky height, and went forth to seek new adventures. In the course of his travels, Siegfried came to the court of Gunther, king of the Gibichungen, on the banks of the Rhine. Gudrune, sister of Gunther, being enamored of Siegfried, gave him a love potion, which caused him to love her and forget Brünnhilde.

Gunther promised his sister to Siegfried on condition that the latter would aid him to gain Brünnhilde, of whose charms he had heard. Siegfried, by means of his Tarnhelm, assumed the form of Gunther, presented himself to Brünnhilde, forced the ring from her, and compelled her to go to the court of the Gibichungen. Hagen, a half-brother of Gunther and natural son of Alberich, knew the story of the ring, and determined to restore it to his father. Brünnhilde, enraged at Siegfried's desertion of her, thirsting for vengeance, confided to Hagen that he was vulnerable in the back. At a hunting-party, the next day, Hagen watched his opportunity and stabbed Siegfried, mortally wounding him. The corpse was carried to the hall of the Gibichungen, and then Brünnhilde, having heard about the love potion and its effects, declared herself to be Siegfried's true wife. She caused a funeral pyre to be erected for him, and set fire to it herself; then, after restoring the ring to the Rhine daughters, she mounted her horse and rushed into the flames. Immediately the waters of the Rhine overflowed and rose to the very hall. The Rhine daughters came to the surface of the waves, seized Hagen, who tried to snatch the ring from them, and dragged him down into the deep.

That these poems abound in situations of unparalleled dramatic interest, no one need be told who has ever heard one of Wagner's music-dramas. His genius shows itself to fullest advantage in slowly developing a highly tragic climax, and in illustrating it with that passionate, energetic music which carries our feelings along like a mighty storm-wind. Another prominent characteristic of the poems under consideration is what a German would call their *Anschaulichkeit;* that is, the scenes and events are brought before the eyes in a direct, intuitive manner, almost without the aid, it seems, of abstract words and concepts. In general there is an uninterrupted flow of action which makes them well adapted to the stage. It is true that this very characteristic excludes and forbids similes and figures and the general poetic embellishments. But it must be remembered that these poems were not written as pure literary products. They are like a beautiful body to which only the added music supplies the real poetic soul, and only in connection with the music should they be judged. The poetic characterization of the *dramatis personæ* is for the most part excellent; but here, too, the poetry is greatly aided by the music, the main characterization being left to the orchestra, which with all its modern resources, the manifold combinations of strings, wood, and brass, can indicate shades of character and emotion much more perfectly than the human voice alone.

There is a poetic innovation in the Ring des Nibelungen, on which a vast amount of German sarcasm had been

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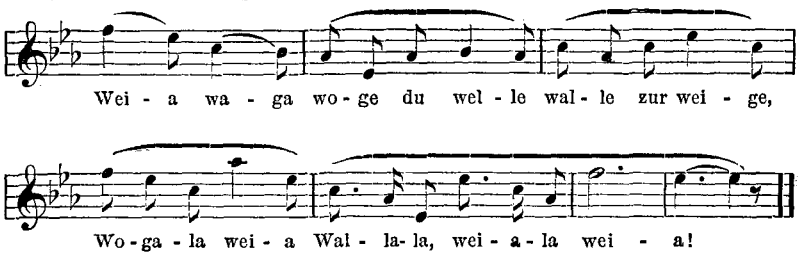
expended previous to the Bayreuth performance. I mean the alliterative verse, which no one has ever used to such an extent as Wagner has in his Tetralogy, and in Tristan und Isolde. There are some passages where the alliteration is labored, and striving after it gives rise to a violence against the most natural way of expressing a thought; but generally the substitution of alliteration for the customary rhyme must be regarded as one of the great improvements introduced by Wagner on the operatic stage. Rhyme is useless in song, as it is not noticed by the ear, whereas by making several words in a line begin with the same consonant or vowel, Wagner has imparted to his verse something of the charm and flow of the Italian. One of the best instances of the charm of alliterative verse occurs in the introductory drama, Rheingold. It opens with a strangely impressive orchestral prelude, which begins with a colossal organ-point on E-flat, extending over nearly one hundred and fifty bars. First the bass is heard alone, then one after another the 'celli and other instruments come in, splitting the chord into its component harmonic intervals, always in a six-eighth wave-like motion, suggesting the waters of a river. The hearer is fairly intoxicated by the strange, never-heard sound-colors, if I may use the expression. Suddenly the chord changes to the subdominant; the curtain divides and shows us in faint twilight the three Rhine daughters in long blue robes, swimming about some rocks under the surface of the Rhine, gliding up and down, to and fro, with a free and easy movement. Their song opens with the following beautiful melody, to these words, which excited so much merriment in certain quarters that the Nibelungen music had come to be briefly called Wagalaweia music.



Rheingold is a drama in one act, and continues for more than two hours and a half without interruption. All this time the eyes and ears of the spectator are in constant demand, and for nerves unused to such incessant activity the effort is too great, and fatigue ensues. It would be too great for all were it not for the constant change of scene, and the rapidity with which the most extraordinary actions follow each other. The frolicking of the Rhine maidens in the water, their flirtation with Alberich the dwarf prince, the final rape of the gold, the scene between Wotan and Fricka, who scolds her husband for selling the goddess Freia to the two giants for the castle Walhalla, the appearance of the giants to claim their prey, the intervention of the gods Donner and Froh; the adventures of Wotan and Loge in the subterranean home of the dwarfs, where Alberich transforms himself into a monstrous snake and a toad successively, to show the power of his Tarnhelm or magic helmet; then the return of the gods, the ransom of Freia with the gold taken from the dwarf, and their final march across the Rhine on the rainbow bridge, while the laments of the Rhine daughters for their lost gold are heard below, to the sound of eight harps, — all these actions with their details and minor incidents are of such an absorbing nature, that at the first hearing one is apt to overlook a great portion of the music, and is afterwards inclined to ask if Wagner did not make a mistake in complicating the action of the drama so much as to endanger the music's losing its share of the spectator's attention. But this is the case only at the first hearing, and

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only in Rheingold, which is musically far inferior to the other dramas.

After Rheingold comes Die Walküre, in which we are introduced to a wild chief named Hunding, his wife Sieglinde, and her brother Siegmund; also to the nine Walküren maidens, who carry on their steeds to Walhalla the heroes who fall in battle. They are maidens in warlike attire, with spear and helmet, and their song is of a wild character, and peculiarly impressive and characteristic. Die Walküre is the one of the four dramas which is perhaps destined soonest to attain popularity. This may be due partly to the fact that it contains several orchestral pieces well adapted to the concert stage, which have been frequently given to the public here and in America. Such are the Ride of the Walküren, Wotan's Farewell, Magic Fire Scene, and the Introduction to the third act, which are of great interest as purely instrumental pieces. These, with the Funeral March in the Götterdämmerung, the Introduction to the third act of Siegfried, to Lohengrin, and to Tristan und Isolde, raise serious doubts as to the truth of Wagner's own doctrine, that absolute music had reached its highest possible development before his time.

Siegfried, which comes next after Die Walküre, is musically and poetically the finest of the four dramas. It made the deepest impression of all, and made the most proselytes to the cause; its undisputed success marks a peculiar triumph of Wagner's theories, since it shares with Tristan und Isolde the honor of being the purest embodiment of his ideal. There is in Siegfried nothing approaching polyphonic song. At no time are there more than two persons on the stage, and in the first two acts not a woman is seen, although for a short time the song of the bird (sung by Lili Lehman) is heard from the tree tops.

A court pianist of some repute — entirely blind and therefore obliged at Bayreuth to concentrate all his attention on the music — told me that, however much music one has heard before, in listening to Siegfried one feels as if it were the first time that one hears real music, such as Nature herself would make if she ever made music in our sense of the word. And indeed this is the feeling with which one leaves the theatre after each act of Siegfried. It is a rare revelation of the powers of human genius. One of the most important characteristics of Wagner's music is here brought into full light. When we make a general comparison of English and German poetry, we find that the best of the English has man for its central object; it is the poetry of man; whereas the greater part and the best of German poetry is the poetry of nature. But while we find in the music of Germany much of this poetry of nature reflected in her Folksongs, and in the lyric songs of Schubert, Franz, and other composers, on the dramatic stage, with few exceptions, this *Waturgefühl* had not been developed to any extent before Wagner's operas, particularly the Ring des Nibelungen, appeared. Beethoven has often, and justly, been compared with Shakespeare, because he has given to all the sentiments and emotions of the human heart their fullest and deepest expression in his music. But as an interpreter of the emotions inspired by nature, Wagner, with his fuller command of all the powers of the modern orchestra, stands above him, while in the portrayal of purely human feelings, especially of those that are sad, he is scarcely inferior to the composer of the Sonata Pathétique.

I will mention some of the scenes which the Ring des Nibelungen offers in such abundance to the music for illustration or interpretation. First, we are taken into the fairy-land under the waters of the Rhine, and are made to feel most vividly the poetry of the situation; then we are taken to the subterranean home of the dwarfs, which is lighted solely by the precious metals, or by the fire of Mime's smithy in which Siegfried forges his infallible sword. Anon we are on some

> . . . "most steep fantastic pinnacle,
> The fretwork of some earthquake, where the clouds
> Pause to repose themselves in passing by."

Again we find ourselves on the banks of the romantic Rhine, bordered by wild rocks and inhabited by nymphs of the

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Loreley type. In the first scene of Rheingold and the beginning of act second of the Götterdämmerung the orchestra renders most beautifully the feelings inspired by a gorgeous sunrise, which is also in scenic respects a perfect triumph of stage-mechanism. We are transported to the forest; we hear the sighing of the pines, the rustling of the leaves, and the sweet chirping of the birds. This entire scene, in which the violins are used so exquisitely to produce a dreamy forest feeling, evinces how well Wagner understands the use of this instrument, though he first showed how brass instruments can be used to best advantage in an orchestra. The judicious use of wind, wood, and brass gives to Wagnerian music a peculiar richness and emotional warmth, and it adds a powerful under-current which seems to supply bones and sinews to the music. In this department Wagner has enriched the art of music more than any other composer. The reintroduction of several antiquated instruments in the Nibelungen orchestra is of importance when viewed from this stand-point. In looking over the vast number of musical instruments used in the Middle Ages, but unknown now except as curiosities, in the Germanic museum of Nürnberg, one wonders what strange tones and effects may not be hidden in them, and whether one of the chief directions of musical development in the future is not to consist in the restitution of some more of these instruments, or in the invention of new ones.

Götterdämmerung, the last of the four dramas, may be briefly characterized as dramatically the most developed and perfect part of the Tetralogy. The mythological element is least prominent in it, and we are chiefly among human beings. King Gunther, his sister Gudrune, and his half-brother Hagen are the new characters. It seems that in this drama Wagner has for the moment returned to some of the old forms of musical expression; for in the second act is introduced an eight-part chorus of Hagen's soldiers, which is a masterpiece of its kind; then there is a duet between Siegfried and Brünnhilde, a trio of the Rhine daughters, and something resembling a short ballet, in reality a wedding procession. In introducing these forms, Wagner did not by any means become untrue to his ideal. Here the dramatic situation naturally demands them, and he at once resorts to them; he objects to the introduction of choruses, etc., only when they interrupt the dramatic action. The Götterdämmerung is of extreme length, the score being almost twice as long as that of Rheingold; it was not finished until 1873, and is his latest product.

Among the many differences between the ordinary opera libretto and the text to Wagner's music-dramas, not the least is this, that in the latter the details of the scenery and action are minutely described. In reading the poems of the Ring, one often pauses at these descriptions, and wonders how such scenes can possibly be represented on the stage of any theatre. Much was demanded at Bayreuth, but uncommon means stood at the disposal of the machinist and stage manager. Two small steam-engines were in use, colored and uncolored steam being a conspicuous — in Rheingold rather too conspicuous — feature of the scenery. Electric lights of all colors were in constant demand, and other applicable discoveries of modern science were not overlooked. The immense size of the stage, which is larger than the auditorium, was also a great advantage. And yet, as a whole, the *mise en scène* was far less of a success than the musical and dramatic representation. In Rheingold, the transition from one scene to another, from the banks of the Rhine to the subterranean Nibelheim, and *vice versâ*, so ingeniously plotted, was, through fault of the workmen, accomplished in a very unsatisfactory manner; and the metamorphosis of Alberich into a dragon might have been effected with more dexterity. The rainbow was not exactly of the form of those we ordinarily see, and there were some short-comings in the citadel of Walhalla. The scenic representation of the Ride of the Walküre was a perfect farce. A series of figures, intended to represent maidens on horseback, each with a fallen hero on her saddle, were

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by means of a magic lantern made to pass across the storm clouds, but the execution was jerky, and without the aid of the text-book it would have been difficult to conjecture whether a given figure was meant for a "camel" or a "weasel." In Siegfried, the dragon deported itself very clumsily in its fight with the hero, and the conduct of the bear, which is brought in by the latter to terrify Mime, showed that the sight of an actual bruin is a rarity in Germany. Finally, the end of the last scene in Götterdämmerung was a complete failure and spoiled the effect of the magnificent music which concludes the drama. Brünnhilde did not mount her horse and dash into the burning funeral pyre of Siegfried, as the text gave us to expect she would, but she simply led her horse behind the scenes, whereupon the flames lighted up behind them; and the inflated green canvas creeping toward the front of the stage was very far from representing the overflowing waters of the Rhine. These were the most serious defects in the performance, and most of them occurred only in the first series of representations, the second and third series being in all respects superior to the first.

Out of place as such short-comings were in "model performances," they by no means seriously interfered with the enjoyment of the stage-play, and, without taking into consideration the faultless music and almost faultless acting, were far outweighed by the many extraordinary beauties and original features of the scenery. It was not the usual decorative scenery of operas, but mostly landscape of a wild, romantic character. At a fourth and fifth hearing of the Tetralogy, when the music and acting no longer required my undivided attention, I often found myself unconsciously studying the details of the scenery, just as one studies a real landscape, and the memory of those scenes is as vivid as the memory of similar scenes witnessed on the Rhine or the Columbia River. The phenomena of weather, — clouds, thunder, and lightning, even if once or twice the thunder came before the lightning, — were a wonderful success, and in many cases, literally speaking, not inferior to nature.

Henry T. Finck.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

If it were not that it is almost too unpleasant to talk about, M. Émile Zola's new novel, L'Assommoir, might provoke a controversy that would not be without its interest. M. Émile Zola is a realist as no man was ever a realist before, — as no man has ever ventured to be. He is known as having already published several novels in which the doctrines of extreme realism received a tolerably unshrinking application; but as compared with his present performance, even the story entitled Son Excellence Eugène Rougon, which describes the love affairs of a prime minister in a stable, savors of ignoble compromise and concession. The programme of L'Assommoir is to call a spade a spade — and something worse. M. Zola, who is a radical in politics as well as in literature, began to publish his story a year ago, day by day, in one of the extreme republican newspapers of Paris; but, as the violent democrats in France have usually been, in their literary tastes, real Rosa-Matildas — this was part of the peculiar ghastliness of the great Revolution — the serial was interrupted by vehement protests from the subscribers, who found it, as the French say when they desire to emulate — or to satirize — English sensibilities, too "shoking." It was then transferred to the pages of a less sensitive periodical, and was so effectually advertised by the

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scandal it had created that, on its republication in a volume, no less than four editions were demanded in a single day. Seriously speaking, and apart from scandal, the great ability of the book would make it noticeable. Pronounce it as disgusting as one may, it is impossible to deny that it is an extraordinarily stout piece of work. As regards controversy, it will have been effectually answered only when novelists of the opposite school produce something as solid, as closely wrought, and, in the French phrase, as *travaillé*. A dozen volumes of modern *marivaudage* by M. Victor Cherbuliez will be no answer to it, for they will only beg the question. M. Zola has at any rate the merit of not begging the question. If realism is good, he says, it is good all the way through; only when it is superficial — then only — can you charge it with a vice. L'Assommoir is a story of the people, of the most miserable class in the Parisian population; the heroine is a washer-woman and the hero — in so far as there is a hero — is a roof-mender. The cheerful theme of the tale is the downward course of this humble couple, their *dégringolade*, through one stage of suffering and depravation to another, and finally their utter ruin, shame, and extinction. M. Zola evidently knows his theme; he has studied the "dangerous classes" intimately and he goes by book. He would claim for his work, I suppose, a high philological value. He has mastered the vocabulary and phraseology of the social stratum that he analyzes, and as these people have something very like a complete dialect of their own, the achievement is a real *tour de force*. This dialect is extremely foul and obscene, but the author does not spare us a syllable. He prints an immense number of words of which it is safe to say that they have never before, under any circumstances, seen themselves in the garish light of print, and which, as we meet them on the page, seem to blush for their sponsor, in default of his blushing for them. In addition to this he describes certain things — objects, sensations, odors, nameless abominations — which have hitherto been unhonored and unsung, but with which he appears to have closely familiarized himself. For instance, his heroine being a washer-woman, he paints the portrait of the dirty linen that passes through her hands — depicts its aspect, its emanations, its general presence — with a completeness that leaves nothing to be desired. Speaking perfectly dispassionately, it may be said that you read L'Assommoir holding your nose, and that to get to the end of it is a real victory over physical nausea. It might seem that a book of which one is obliged to speak in these terms is not a book to allude to at all; but, for various reasons, the case against L'Assommoir is not so simple as that. The talent and power of the book are very great, much greater than those of which M. Zola has hitherto given evidence, and the energy with which the author follows the straight line he has laid down for himself is highly respectable. To know so supremely well what one wants to do is in itself a great force. That M. Zola should want to do just what he does do is at once very surprising and very natural. It is surprising in the artist, as such, as we usually consider him, for we always suppose the artist to be a man of delicacy. But it is natural in M. Zola, individually considered, because it is his privilege to strike as a mind in which the absence of delicacy is altogether phenomenal and abnormal. When we talk about delicacy, we begin to speak a different language from his own. This is the great difficulty with L'Assommoir, and not the fact that the author prints a greater or smaller number of dirty words. Life unfortunately contains a very dirty element, and in describing life we must make our account with it. But when M. Zola deals with foul things it is from the foul point of view; we seem to see him sitting in the midst of them; "objective" as he is, with regard to them he is more "subjective" still. He does not, as the French say, dominate the situation. The presence in such a mind as M. Zola's of a literary sense so extraordinary, so masterly, is a very singular phenomenon, and one which seems to prove the commonness, among French-

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men, of the literary sense. In no other race, certainly, would it be likely to sprout in such a soil. The great fault of M. Zola and the school to which he belongs is the failing to feel that delicacy is a positive factor in a real work of art. It is with delicacy in art as it is with generosity in life: these qualities are not obligatory, they are only complementary. If you urge a man to be generous he is free to remind you of the adage which commands him to be just. In the same way if you urge a novelist to be delicate he may inform you that his duty is to be accurate. Nevertheless you feel that generosity sets the stamp upon an honorable life, and delicacy gives its last expression to even the most realistic novel.

— A visit to Washington lately gave me an outside and an inside view of the capital. It is ten years or more since I had been there, and some of the contrasts in the aspect of the city came to me freshly. The same half-holiday look was there; the people in the avenue had the appearance of expecting a procession to pass in half an hour, and civilization and barbarism seemed on the most intimate terms of neighborliness. I joined the army of loiterers and took on, I have no doubt, the general semblance of concealing some deep design beneath my innocent exterior. We all of us bore the air of conspirators, and walked through the corridors as if we had matches in our pockets and full information as to the situation of the several trains below. I felt a strong disposition to wink at every other disreputable-looking man on the premises. Every one surely must have noticed the singular effect produced by a community of tide-waiters.

The novelty of this could not last, and I needed but to pass into one or two streets to recover the decorous idea of domestic and social life. A glimpse that I had of an interior taken with a sudden passage from the rotunda at the capitol into the quiet retreat of the library, with its wonderful outlook from alcoved recesses off upon Virginia hills and skies, set me to thinking and asking questions, which confirmed my previous notion that a man of letters, having a movable home, could scarcely do a wiser thing than encamp in Washington during the congressional season. Here, for instance, is the congressional library, rich in materials for American history, and placed freely at every one's disposal; here are the galleries of the two houses, from which one may watch debates seldom devoid of interest, and carrying numberless hints to the spectator which the printed reports never mention; here is the supreme court, with the opportunity which it offers for hearing great legal encounters; and here are the several departments and government institutions, full of instruction and suggestion for the student. Within a brief compass one may get epitomes of the national life, so that the city is almost as compact as the International Exhibition, and with more vital display.

Yet the strongest claim which Washington has upon the interest of the man of letters is undoubtedly in the society which it affords. Society in America has been so disintegrated by the powerful demands of business and professional pursuits, that nowhere except in Washington is there kept alive that idea of society which regards conversation and free exchange of thought as a priceless substitute for books. Here one finds that of which he has read or perhaps met in foreign capitals, a community of educated, well-bred people, whose business it is to be sociable, and who can really help one to facts and ideas, always upon sound principles of exchange. Subjects, in investigating which one may spend weeks at the library, blindly groping his way, will be illuminated by an hour's conversation with the secretary of a legation, and a foreign tour may be taken at a dinner party.

The orderly arrangement of material products at an international fair gives a comparison with the representation of foreign thought at the capital. An educated American after reading Mr. Ticknor's life is filled with a sense of regret that the world of intelligent society should be so remote from his neighborhood. Let him spend a few weeks in Washington,

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with as definite a right to society as Mr. Ticknor had, and he will discover that he need not cross the water to stock his journal with records of conversation and scene that may have conspicuous place in the light reading of his children or grandchildren. I am not, myself, very movable, but just as America, when it comes to the point of a decision, is vastly more interesting to me than Europe, so I would rather pass a winter in Washington, if I had my choice, than in London, and I believe that as an American student I should gather a more abundant return.

— Speaking of cults and Turgenef (I adopt the simplest permissible spelling), the people I know who follow Turgenef as a cult are of the best taste. There are some who would not only place him in the front rank, but even at the head, of modern fiction. I am a respecter of legitimate authority, and it pains me not to be able to agree with them; but when you cannot agree, how can you? I cannot persuade myself, after a good deal of effort, that Turgenef is better than a number of his contemporaries in each of the leading countries, including our own. He is brilliant in passages, but unequal. The best modern work is characterized by a symmetry, an air of reflectiveness, a close covering of every point, a through-and-through fineness of texture which he seems to me to lack. His people appear sketchy, his plots a little loose-jointed, and the whole effect slightly chaotic, although many of these people are boldly and truthfully delineated, and the plots abound in elements of dramatic power. A story of his gives me the feeling of an unfinished frieze, on which here and there charming figures, especially those of his women, are painted in cool grays, blues, and whites, like the work of a French master, while between them occur long intervals of harsh tints and unformed shapes.

Not to go further into the intricacy of comparisons with rivals more nearly at his own level, if the people of Turgenef be contrasted with the consistent development and thorough finish of those of Thackeray, their want of completeness is seen. He even appears to change their characters and destinations as they are carried along in defiance of logic. Thus in Fathers and Sons, Nicholas Kirsanof, whose hair is represented as having turned prematurely white, early in the book, through grief for a beloved wife, is shown living cheerfully soon after with a pretty peasant girl. His brother, a kind of Russian Major Pendennis, who has retired from a brilliant position in the world and become a recluse for a somewhat similar reason, is in love with this same pretty peasant, Fenitchka. He even fights a duel about her with Bazarof. Bazarof, the central figure of the book, is supposed at the same time to be devoured by a hopeless passion for Madame Odintsof, of which, as a sort of stoic philosopher, he is ashamed; but the occasion of the duel is his being discovered kissing Fenitchka. Arcadi is in love with Madame Odintsof too, but on the whole loves her sister better. Madame Odintsof loves Bazarof — although she had concealed it — so generously that when he is dying, of malignant typhus, she goes to him, careless of the disease, and kisses him on the forehead. Then, in the next chapter, she marries "an intelligent lawyer with a well-developed practical turn of mind."

The transitions in Smoke, especially the final one, are much more startling. Litvinof is jilted by a lady whom he dearly loves, in order that she may make a more advantageous marriage. She meets him long after, when he has quite recovered from his disappointment and is about to marry a young girl of a sweet and confiding nature. She entangles him, wrecks his happiness completely, and then again abandons him. If the story had paused here, one would have been overcome with a profound feeling of melancholy, as at the conclusion of Hamlet or some other hopeless tragedy. The conception was a powerful one. But what does Turgenef do? Why he embarks the hero on a railroad train, and puts in his mouth this pretty enough but trifling reflection: "The train was moving against the wind. Clouds of smoke, now light, now dark, rolled by the win-

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dow. Litvinof watched the clouds. 'Smoke, smoke,' he kept repeating, and suddenly all the past seemed like smoke to him." In the next chapter he marries the other woman, who obligingly takes up with him again.

I do not like this arbitrary business. It may be more true than we usually admit. Life is unfortunately very fickle; but should it not be the care of the novelist to introduce characters capable of more fixity in their emotions, more statuesque, if one might say so? Nothing is more natural than to fall in love a little with each successive pretty woman, but these trifling passions hardly constitute material for literature of a high order, and there is no pathos in their disappointment. There is no call, in books, at least, to have the fact of human mutability so persistently forced upon us. We might be left when the emotion of the moment was supreme to please ourselves with the illusion that it would last. At any rate if this is not done, nobody can be blamed for not yielding his sympathy at the points where it suits the author's whim to demand it. For my part, having seen elsewhere so much of his theory, and the easy way in which his people get over their troubles, I refuse, at the end of Liza, to bewail with Lavretsky, who appears to be really left in the lurch. "Since life is such an easily adjustable matter," I say, "why does not Lavretsky console himself with another wife, or a mistress, like the rest of them?"

One would say that Turgenef had seen the absurdity of winding up a book in the old-fashioned conventional way, and abandoned it, but had forgotten to put anything in its place. To summarize the above complaint, he makes characters which are inconsistent with themselves, and he fritters away the fullest benefit of a telling situation.

If I were to touch upon two more points in which he is not only not great but positively disagreeable, they would be, first, something which I can account for only by calling it a distorted sense of humor; secondly, his satire upon his own countrymen, especially in Smoke, which is nothing less than brutal. The first consists in the practice of giving to his minor characters, generally those of the best disposition, some repulsive physical trait. Ptoughine, who has a pathetic history as a rejected but ever constant lover, has little black teeth and a nose like a potato. Bazarof's father also has little black teeth. His mother has a prejudice against cold water. Bambaef, who has a faithful heart, has at the same time checks and nose "with a soft look as though they had been well boiled." Kharlof, the Lear of the steppe, is a horrible, thick-necked, grisly man pervaded by a strong odor. In the same book is another well-meaning personage with a long face like a horse, covered with yellowish down and moist with fine drops of sweat even in the coldest weather.

Turgenef's satire upon Russia is savage and unrelieved. "Such is the fate of Russia," he says; "the best of her subjects are uncomfortable associates." Again, "Time flies nowhere so fast as in Russia, but we are told it flies still faster in prison." Among his noblemen there is not, he says, "a sincere word, one worthy thought. What perfect ignorance they displayed of everything true and noble!" His students and young radicals fare no better. The picture is mean and coarse in every part. All this has an appearance of epigram and brilliancy, but I cannot see that it is anything more than an appearance. Such bitterness is not called for, upon his own presentation of the facts. If there can be one such sensible and high-minded character in each book as Litvinof and Lavretsky, there must be others in Russia. There must have been some spark of generosity and elevated purpose among his young agitators, however misguided. It is not the spirit of a great mind to launch sweeping aspersions upon classes whose circumstances are not, after all, of their own making, and to avoid every friendly suggestion of a remedy for evils detected.

I am of opinion that Turgenef is saved by a number of exquisite details, natural single figures, touches of insight, and bits of picturesque description. If he de-

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pended upon the conception of his plots, their purpose, or his manner of telling a story, I do not think he would have a cult, and certain ones of us would not be called upon to be harassed with the doubt whether we are not perversely doing injustice to the greatest writer of the age.

— Is there anything quite so good, in this somewhat flavorless world, as real Yankee talk (I don't mean the dialect) when you "get it good"? I should be very sorry for anything that made some people whom I recently met any wiser, better, or more cultivated; they were so precious for the parlance which was part of their present condition. They got into the cars at Brighton, an old woman and a middle-aged one; both of that eminently respectable but desolately narrow-minded class which does so prevail in New England. They were friends, but met accidentally in the train, both being bound to Boston on a shopping excursion. One sat in the seat with me, the other just behind me, so that they talked literally into my right ear, and I could not escape a word they said. The dialogue ran as follows: —

"Why, Mis' Kettell, you don't say you're here! Goin' in shoppin'? So be I. Is n't it amazin' to think Thanksgivin 's so near come round ag'in? It don't seem anywheres near a year, does it?"

"Well, no, it don't. Do you put eggs in your squash pies?"

"Why, yes; don't you?"

"Well, no; I use crackers. Eggs are so dear. I think crackers most as good" (timidly).

"Well, I never ate a squash pie yet with crackers in it but what I could taste 'em. Where do you get your raisins? To Newman's?"

"What d's he ask? He used to be dear. We hain't traded there much for a year."

"Thirty cents for them I got; I thought they was cheap. Mis' Allen went to Boston yesterday. I expect she went in to look at cloaks. Jordan & Marsh opened yesterday."

"No, she 's goin' to wear her shawl ag'in this winter. It 's pretty thick, you know, an' big, an' you can always put somethin' under. 'T ain't such a shawl 's I should ever have bought, though."

"No, 't ain't a warm-lookin' shawl, an she hain't got the figger for a shawl, either; but I expect Mr. Allen he 's pretty close with her. What do you think of this stuff?" (showing a little pattern of gray serge.)

"Well, it 's a nice color, but seems to me it 's a little slazy."

"Well" (with a deep sigh), "I 'm afraid 't is, but I don't want to give over quarter of a dollar a yard, 'n' this was the best I could get for that, in this color, 'n' I 'd set my heart on havin' gray. How dreadful your eye does look, Mis' Kettell! Ain't you a doin' anythin' for it?"

The elder woman's right eye was badly inflamed, and alarmingly unpleasant in appearance.

"Well, no, I hain't done much. It 's pestered me most to death for three weeks. I did try an alum curd. I heard that was good for sore eyes, but it did n't do me a mite of good. If it ain't better in a week, I told Mr. Kettell this morning I should go to a doctor."

"A week! I should think so. Why, your eye 'll run out, if you ain't careful. Why don't you try milk 'n' merlasses. That 's real good. The merlasses is kind o' sticky, but it 's real cleansin', and the milk is healin'."

"You don't say so. I never heard of it. I 'll try it, certain, for I do hate a doctor's bill worse 'n' anything in this world, and so does Mr. Kettell. Did you go to the funeral, yesterday?"

"No. I was dreadful disappointed, but I could n't get through my bakin'. They say there was a great crowd; 'n' folks a pretendin' to be her relations that wa' n't never heard of before."

"Why, she did n't leave much, did she?"

"Well, no; Mr. Gunn, he says after he 's paid himself for her board all these years, 'n' her tombstone 's put up, 'n' her husband's (there hain't never been so much 's a stick or a stone set to his grave), there won't be anything left to

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speak of; if there is, I think the Gunns oughter have it, don't you? They 've took care of her so long."

"Hm — I don't know about that, either; 't wan't any more 'n their dooty."

"Well, I suppose not, if you look at it that way."

Here the train stopped; the two women gathered up their bundles: Mrs. Kettell wiped her poor old eye, and as she went stumbling out, I heard her say to her friend, "What was 't you said you gave for raisins to Newman's?"

— Every man and woman who like myself proposes to write the coming American novel rejoiced in the announcement, a month or two ago, that the duello of ancient and honorable origin was to be revived. Good society, after an interregnum of shameful peace, resolved in this country to go back to the "thirty-six commandments" of the Code Galway. Authoritative letters from London, lately published, assure us that the resolve "was approved there in the highest classes." There is no redress now for wounded honor or bruised backs among sensitive and refined young men except an appeal to the sword. Consider the opportunities opened to such of us as are fiction-mongers! We have had to paint on a flat canvas heretofore. Wall Street catastrophes, the rise and fall of stocks and parties, — these were our tragedies, our conflicts of passion; our novels were like Flemish market-places. Did I wish to depict Alonzo tormented by the Erinnys, I had to make him a defaulting cashier or a swindling cornerer in sugar. Was Imogene to reveal the depths of womanly fidelity, I had to make her a sales-lady at three dollars per week. Now, dice, a woman, a challenge, a lonely moor, small swords, death, remorse! Every novel-writer, as I did, seized on a fresh sheet and prepared his bloodiest, blackest dyes. The harvest of incident promised to be abundant. We knew that the public, like Bob Acres, would find that valor was catching. The talk of these modern young fire-eaters would act upon it as the trumpet to the war-horse. "The thunder of valor would sour the milk of human kindness in our breasts." When good society legalized pistols and swords, what dramatic possibilities might we not hope for from the lower classes where passion is less controlled? At last there was a chance of introducing a proper *chiaro-oscuro* in American life, a dark background to the everlasting shop! We might hope for a return of that dramatic epoch in Dublin society when the first question asked by a lady of her suitor was, "Have you blazed?" and the second, "Leveled how many?" We gloated over ancient picturesque records; as, for instance, of the great combat between Cormac O'Connor and Teige O'Connor, who hewed at each other with broadswords in the castle of Dublin, the archbishops, nobles, and ladies of rank in full dress looking on. Presently Mr. T. O'Connor succeeded in cutting the head of Mr. C. O'Connor clean off, and laid it in the genteelest manner at the feet of the chief-justice. Perhaps it was too much to hope for such first-class material as this; but we might reasonably anticipate tragedy, and a good deal of it. The public is a rational public; it can appreciate the common sense which prompts an injured man to wash out his dishonor in the blood of his enemy. The thing may not be lawful, it may not be Christian, but it has a show of justice in it. The *lex talionis* has its roots pretty deep in every man's nature. If the old bloody duel or any other good thing in the past can be dug up with Dr. Schliemann's old copper for the benefit of literature and art, this amiable public would cry, Let us dig them up, in Heaven's name!

But as a novel-writer I protest against any tawdry shams. When my Alonzo says that his wounded honor requires a chance to kill or be killed, he must mean what he says. Am I to take him post-haste to Jersey or Canada, followed by a pack of noisy reporters, merely to pop off a pistol, nobody knows how, nobody knows where, and not as much blood drawn as if he had been comfortably vaccinated? A fight where nobody means to be hurt or to hurt is no more the duel of our hot-blooded ancestors than Mercutio's yellow hose, standing empty on

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the stage, would represent that foolish but courageous gentleman. We had enough of these bloodless duellos before the war. The fire-eaters were known as the longest-lived men in Richmond. I will not have Alonzo made ridiculous. If good society is to give us the duel again, I, for one, call, like Sim Tappertit, for gore, human gore, and plenty of it!

—As a wandering and wondering pilgrim to Philadelphia, I tried to keep an impartial eye on all that I could well *take in*, but must confess to feeling slightly aggrieved toward the close of the late Centennial Exhibition on noting that only one or two pictures in the almost exclusively Boston room in the Annex had been honored with placards of approval. Consolation, however, was within easy reach. I had only to step into the adjoining rooms and look again at some of those from which the badges of judgment so lavishly displayed themselves. Involuntarily I recalled an absurd story told me by a Boston artist. He said that when the metropolitan judges came on to our "village" to assist in determining which pictures should be accepted for representation, they finally capped all argument upon the subject by shutting their eyes and *feeling* along the canvases for the *smoothest*. And as I looked about me I could half believe it.

On the other hand, not caring to fit every wish within the measure of *intense Boston*, I found I could desire far more variety than our too limited display afforded. Artistic cliqueism, the trying to do like somebody else, was too apparent. It was not encouraging to note how little effort the artists had made to swing outside their respective circles; and the inclosed area was so small! But the show as a whole tended to confirm what any close observer of the exhibitions of each season must have heretofore noted, namely, that Boston has far more *quality* in art than she has largeness of composition or variety in style or subject. Landscapists, so far, outnumber all others; and how few even among these attempt anything large! Inness does, and, in a measure, Cole, but the majority of Boston artists seem to show a tacit sneer for large pictures, which is not easily accounted for, since size—other things being equal—certainly denotes added power. The small luminous landscape with a Corot sky seems to be the Boston favorite at present; but is the strong tendency to accent New England landscapes with French skies a safe one, and how long can it be followed without producing satiety? The bloom of this ethereal treatment is not caught and imprisoned by indifferent hands. The celebrated Frenchman who has been so largely copied is said to have got up at a certain hour each morning to seize upon just that light; he did not have as variable skies to choose from as have our artists, of whom it could be wished that they would confine themselves as strictly to native things as he did.

Outsiders have remarked in some of our later story-tellers a strong tendency to repeat one another, along with a very limited range of vision; and surely New England pictorial art is in far more danger of running into a similar groove, as it is naturally more limited in focus. Boston may well laugh at the old-time niggling, the smoothly finished, highly polished surfaces and tense lines of the New York painters, but one was also forced to respect the vast and bold landscape outlook, or the largely modeled and filled-in historical groups that lined the walls at Philadelphia. Their pioneering ambition and daring imagination might well serve as a spur to Boston art, while Boston could with entire safety spare them many a hint that they must yet assimilate in order to produce really artistic pictures. She could lend them some of her finer fancy and later-day suggestiveness of treatment, thus mellowing the hardness of line and making it less obvious where the first began and the last ended. The thing of beauty that is a joy forever, forever defies the eye to catch its salient points; but the big American canvases did nothing of this sort. Whoever goes through the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, or any of the New York art repositories, must notice how little their artists of to-day have veered from the

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method of those who first wielded the brush among them. But for all Boston may not have improved upon one or two of her old artists, and despite her limit in quantity, her every artist worth mentioning can show something *en rapport* with modern tendencies, with the desire to grapple with nature's moods at first-hand and throw in as much ideal grace as one knows how.

— There is one difficulty in novels (coming from the fact in real life) which is generally evaded, ignored, jumped over, or denied by writers according to their manner, but which yet stubbornly exists. This difficulty is inconstancy. We all, writers and readers alike, want to believe in one only and great love; for it is a beautiful idea. But the trouble is that hardly any one lives up to it. For example, in Mercy Philbrick's Choice the heroine is introduced to us as "heart-broken;" a "grief that she had not been able to rise above" is mentioned, — a "grief that nobody could bear up under," and the like. She was married at eighteen, and her husband died suddenly a few days after the marriage; a tragedy indeed! Observe that nowhere is anything said against this man, no hint given that she had been inveigled into marriage without love; on the contrary she is represented as having loved him, and as being in a heart-broken condition when the story opens. Now look. In one year from the time of her husband's death, she — having already had a friendship with Harley Allen of which it is said "they loved each other too much to ever love less; they might have loved more" — meets Stephen White, and in four weeks' time, during which interval she sees him, mind you, but twice, once for a few formal moments on the evening of her arrival, and the second time by a chance meeting in the street, she nevertheless has him "very much in her thoughts," and is mistaking other men for him at a distance," a fact which the author dwells upon (and rightfully) as full of meaning. The very first time he calls upon her, it is said that her soul had "been slowly growing into the feeling which made it seem not really foreign or unnatural to her" that he should tell her, "Your face is the very loveliest I have ever seen in my life." After he goes, she sinks into "a vague happiness," a "dreamy sense of joy." She has seen him now just four times. The next day when they meet by chance, "a flush of undisguised and honest gladness" spreads over her cheeks, and the second day after she is represented as actually crying with disappointment because he fails to meet her. He appears, sees her tears, and, naturally, no one is surprised, after such a demonstration on her part, when he immediately calls her "darling," and everything is settled. It is of course only a sudden falling in love, and very well and beautifully described. Still, — the thought *will* arise, and the question *will* ask itself, — what has become of that broken-heartedness of hers? And where is now the memory of that dead husband? One wonders why Mercy Philbrick was introduced as a widow, to begin with; and why the author made an exception to the usual way of escaping this very difficulty, which is to take a young girl as heroine and a first love.

— Have any of our naturalists or artists written of the harmony between the prevailing tints of New England vegetation at different times of the year and of the insect-world at the same seasons? Take, for example, our common butterflies, which nature has been at such pains to adorn; these show a shifting panorama of form and color, from early spring to the time of frost. First, in the sombre, leafless woods, come the various dusky-wings, brown and black, skipping softly in and out among the gray rocks and over the dry leaves and the dark pools of melting snow. Hard upon these, in the time of early violets, and frequenting the spots most loved by them, follow the little azure and blue butterflies. Then, as the spring fairly bursts upon us with its fresh and varied hues, come crowds of queenly swallow-tails, lustrous with metallic gleam, or striped and belted with gay colors; and the banded and spotted purples that court the quiet forest-road and the brink of the mountain brook;

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the soft, white butterflies that look too pure for earth, less retiring than the last, float about our gardens — alas! on sad intent; while the brisk little tawny and black skippers everywhere bustle and whisk about. Summer, with its blazing sun and diversified blossoms, brings us the hot-looking coppers and all that dappled band of Fritillaries and angle-wings blocked in red and black above, and often variegated with odd dashes and spots of burning silver or with peacock eyes beneath; how they crowd about the spreading thistle blossoms or on the many-flowered umbels of the milkweed, and fan themselves with content at their sweet lot! As autumn approaches and the leaves grow dull, the grain ripens in the meadows and the pastures parch with drought, then come the satyrs or meadow-browns, lazily dancing by the roadside and over the thickets which skirt the fields. In the time of golden-rods and yellow and blue asters, the great throng of yellow and orange butterflies appears; some of these are with us throughout the season, companions of the buttercup, the dandelion, and the rudbeckia; but now they swarm, flitting busily in zigzag courses over upland pasture and lowland meadow, by marsh and brook, in field and fen, crowding around the open flowers, or dancing in pairs in mid-air.

— Curious investigators might find it worth while to discover what becomes of all the final g's which are dropped in New England. Do they make their way up the rivers with the shad in the spring? One finds them in superabundance in Northern New Hampshire, where they avenge themselves for the cruel curtailing they met with in Massachusetts by attaching themselves to words to which they do not belong. Witness the universal "mounting" for "mountain," and "chicking" for "chicken," in the White Mountain vernacular.

— The reticence of our compilers and literary editors concerning the late civil war produces incidentally some bad as well as many good results. In the former class, I reckon the almost complete oblivion which seems to have settled upon even so recent and meritorious a writer as Henry Howard Brownell. In the city where I live, which contains one or two of the best libraries of the whole country, I have been able to discover thus far but a single copy of his poems, and that was found (the worse for neglect rather than use) at a second-hand bookstore. Not only the general reading public, but even experienced librarians seem to have entirely lost sight and memory of him.

If you turn to the compilation of an elder poet, Whittier, you will find Brownell represented by a few verses on the burial of a sailor, which have little merit beyond their simplicity and a certain rather commonplace pathos; while Bryant, in his similar collection, inserts a few comic rhymes from the same pen. But where are his strenuous and strident war lyrics? Nothing is more certain than that the Bay Fight, the River Fight, the Eagle of Corinth, and two or three of the accompanying pieces, in spite of many faults, constitute by far the finest and strongest body of battle poetry which this hemisphere has yet given to the world. If people have foregone reading them and thinking about them it is time they were reminded. We must not bury the poems with the poet. In spite of a certain barrenness of imagery and a tendency to repetition, his lurid poetry presents the flaming, grimy grandeur of a sea-fight at close quarters as it has seldom, if ever, been presented before. There is tremendous vigor and intensity in such lines as these: —

> "How they leaped, the tongues of flame,
> From the cannon's fiery lip!
> How the broadsides, deck and frame,
> Shook the great ship!"

The percussive consonants and quick vowels of the final short verse (beginning and ending as it does with sudden smites) following the large open syllables of the longer verses seem to me to mimic admirably the recurrent jarring shock of the recoil.

Southern readers will find something to pass over in the fury of the poet's partisanship; and all will probably be disposed to do some skipping when they reach the homilies which he has tacked

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on to several of his finest lyrics. But he has made some absolutely new additions to our stock of poetical beauties: for instance, the "lovely cannon clouds" that are so finely described in one of his shorter poems. The "huge crackling cradle of the pit" (that is, fire ship) and the close embrace of the Hartford therewith (whose "great guns below never silenced their thunder") is at least one unique feature of the River Fight. Brownell brought into effective play a whole vocabulary of terms heretofore denied to poetic use; in fact, there is hardly anything which goes to make up a ship that is not found (seemingly at home) in his verse. He has also given a new dress and a peculiarly modernized development to certain stock poetic ideas, which make them almost his own. The burial of the dragon's teeth and their peculiar resurrection,—well, we had heard of it before; but when did that direful crop ever "spindle to spear and lance" and "bayonets all ablaze, uprearing in dreadful rows" as in his poem on the Forlorn Hope of Fort Wagner?

The Eagle of Corinth I think, on the whole, the best land battle-piece produced by the civil war, and finely characteristic of the supposed narrator, a manly, rough soldier.

Brownell's humorous poetry is not worse than most great men perpetrate when they ignore the example of Shakespeare, who wisely put most of his funny things into prose. The author's earlier poems are well polished and have some light graces, but give little promise of the lurid storminess of his later work.

—I am reminded, in reading the statement of the author of two novels, in the Contributors' Club for March, of a remark of Hoksai, the Japanese artist, that "it is more easy to draw things that no one has seen, than to represent things that every one sees;" for it seems to me that there is a bit of philosophy in this that explains many a modern novel's failure. What I would interpret Hoksai to mean, in our present case, is that it is much easier to write a successful story, the persons and circumstances of which are not contemporaneously within either writer's or reader's acquaintance, than it is to write one in which both the characters and their situations are matters of present familiarity.

For this there are two reasons: the one is that when a novel is "of the day," as some publishers like to announce, it must present in a definite light persons and things about which there are inevitably the most divergent opinions. Go into any fashionable parlor in a large city on the night of a reception, and institute inquiries about Miss Here and Mr. There, and see what different verdicts will be given. How can a novelist, writing of the society of to-day, and picking his characters from this society, hope to pass half a dozen critics with a favorable judgment? Indeed, will he not be the more likely to run counter to charges of snob, toady, and ignoramus, the nearer he comes to a true delineation of men and women (and their acts) who so differ in their estimate of one another?

A still more serious difficulty which the novel "of to-day" has to contend with is that we do not get the most satisfactory kind of enjoyment from stories treating of things and persons with which we have personal acquaintance. A strictly local story may excite much temporary interest among a small circle of readers, who like to see the name of their town in print, and think they recognize some of their acquaintances under the names of the fiction. But this is exceptional. Scott's success was in a large measure due to the vividness of the pictures which he drew of times which had passed, with the majority of people, out of definite memory. Thackeray would have had a poor chance with readers and critics if enlightened society in England had been confined to the palaces of the nobility; and I do not doubt that the inhabitants of the London prisons and slums would have found much to sneer at, could they have read the descriptions of Dickens which, to us who know nothing practically about what he wrote, seem so wonderful.

—I wish that it were a possible thing for one to take lessons in impromptu

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speaking. All my life I have felt hanging over me the awful probability of being called upon to make a downright impromptu speech. I mean called on and no mistake; I do not mean any of those occasions when one can rise amid one's intimates, smiling as felicitously as possible and armed with the usual non-committal sentence, five words or so long. I mean some solemn moment when I shall perhaps have received, at the end of a ceremonious dinner, so painfully direct an appeal to what might be called oratorical decency that acknowledgment of a pronounced character will become something whose deliberate neglect would rank as unpardonable. In that case what should I do? Should I rise upon shaking limbs and stammer forth platitudes, as I have seen wretched beings do before? But if I did not do this, what course would be left me except that of remaining ignominiously torpid within my chair, or of flying in agitation from the room? Of course I would choose to meet disgrace in its first terrible form. That I could get through more than two sentences with anything like common respect for syntax is extremely doubtful; but I am certain that as the clammy effects of my great embarrassment slowly increased I should lose all consciousness that any verb has ever agreed with its nominative in number and person. It is all very well to say that the peculiar circumstances of these occasions exert a sort of inspiring influence. With a majority of favored mortals this may be true; but I do not mind saying (in these anonymous confessions) that it would be impossible for me publicly to thank a person who had saved my life under conditions of the most unselfish heroism. It is hardly a consolation for me to reflect that I am no worse than my betters in this respect. How distressing it is to see some fine intellect pitted against a crowd of merciless after-dinner listeners who, although often charitable enough in their applause, still are forced to meet absolute imbecility with the tremendous scorn of silence! What wildly make-shift sentences I have sometimes heard issue from scholarly lips! All this is very sad, and seems to me wholly wrong. It is well enough to recommend debating-clubs, but my own experience of such institutions has always shown me a clique of orators who were "born so" entertaining a clique of listeners who were not. The traditional difficulties overcome by young Demosthenes are at least encouraging. But Demosthenes probably had an exceedingly bad youthful stutter and no nerves of the slightest importance. I am afraid that if *I* should address Neptune with a mouthful of pebbles once a week for many years, I should still meet my Appointed Hour in the most cowardly fashion.

— The verses which I mentioned were these: —

ENDLESS AND EVANESCENT.

The sun that like a flaming dart is
Upon an August afternoon
At Venice makes the Belle Arti's
Cool corridors a grateful boon.
There are the master-works of Titian,
The saints of Tintoret are there;
The Assumption — it escapes me which one —
Hangs opposite the central stair.

Hues like mosaics of Murano,
The feats of war, the joys of peace,
The grace of Cima Conegliano,
The majesty of Veronese:
And yet to these, however catching,
It is not most my thoughts incline,
But to the lady that was sketching,
In the long gallery, Number IX.

Her study was of John Bellini's
Madonna's sweet and serious pose;
The ground, a banner, golden-green is
As every heedful traveler knows.
Her face was rapt with that devotion
That glorious art should e'er evoke,
And also, as it seemed, a notion
As though her back were almost broke.

Her young and shapely form was boddiced
In some soft, gray, well-fitting suit;
Below the hem there showed the modest
Small instep of a buttoned boot.
A shading hat with loop and feather,
Pushed careless backward, crowned her hair,
And fresco, sketch, and cast together
Seemed paltry as I wandered there.

Such was the charming face and figure
Bent flower-like o'er its comely toil;
It made the Belle Arti meagre —
That flesh and blood 'gainst dust and oil,
That round and real and breathing present
Against the thin and scaling past.
Ah, give me yon dear Evanescent,
And take the sterile works that last!

— An interesting point of comparison between Virgil, the Earl of Surrey, and

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Morris is the number of lines and words respectively used by the original author and by his translators. In the second book of the Æneid, Virgil uses 804 lines and 5018 words; Morris uses 804 lines and 8856 words; Surrey uses 967 lines and 7979 words. As to number of lines in general, Morris follows Virgil closely throughout the twelve books, except that in the ninth book he has 817 lines and Virgil 818, and in the tenth book he has 909 lines and Virgil 908. In the second book — Surrey translated only the second and the fourth — Morris has 163 fewer lines than Surrey, but has 877 more words. Virgil has 2961 fewer words than Surrey, and 3838 fewer than Morris. But Morris's lines are longer than either Virgil's or Surrey's; Virgil's lines contain from thirteen to seventeen syllables, and Morris's usually contain only fourteen; yet English is so much more monosyllabic than Latin that very often where Virgil has a trissyllabic word Morris has three words. Moreover, hundreds of Morris's words are no doubt solely used because of the metre he adopts, and because he, except as stated above, follows Virgil as to the number of lines in the several books. It would seem, then, that had Morris made the effort, the number of words used by him need not have been much in excess of the number used by Virgil; which shows that English, despite its comparatively flexionless monosyllabic condition, is capable of very remarkable condensation of expression.

— The talk was of Culture, and one who seemed actually to have been thinking about it said some things that I remember, somewhat as follows: The devotion to culture, or rather the recognition of it by this name, is a matter of comparatively recent growth; self-education is no novelty, but now that it is called by a new name it is supposed to have acquired greater efficacy. Culture nowadays is held to be a sort of democratic road to learning and mental vigor, to be something ennobling and capable of making the most ordinary person interesting. It has become a fetich worshiped by a rapidly increasing clique, which exhausts its originality in finding authorities to follow, and employs its languid energy in following these closely without a murmur of insubordination. The pass-words of its followers are sweetness and light; their main object the accumulation not so much of knowledge as of information on very diverse subjects; their method of work consists in following pretty rigidly the commands of the accepted text-books which most truly preach the code. This, exaggerated by a wrath which considers itself righteous, is the black view of an element in civilization which only needs repression and direction to make good even its own pretensions.

It is not difficult to understand the origin of culture, which should be defined before its faults are dwelt on. The multiplicity of subjects which underlie a thorough education is so great, and has so largely increased within the last century, that there are but few people who do not leave whole fields of study absolutely untouched. Some intelligent persons, who, too, have been educated at vast expense, are ignorant of the principle of, say, the common pump; very few have any definite comprehension of the way in which telegraphic messages are sent; many have as slight a knowledge of the botany of even familiar plants as of the anatomy of their own watches. These gaps of ignorance — and the list is capable of enlargement and modification — may or may not be filled in the ordinary course of life; a stray volume of an encyclopædia upon a steamer may make the difference between satisfactory knowledge of some subject or lamentable want of it; a chance acquaintance may explain what one has always regarded as a dark mystery, but such crumbs of aid are too uncertain. At the best they are mere pieces of luck. Culture, it strikes me, is all that part of education which is not special. Every man has his own branch of work, and then he cultivates himself; but if any given man, the president of a bank, for example, is anxious to know whether Chaucer was a general or a poet, — to take an impossible case, — or, for a more recent example, what Schliemann has been doing at Troy, it is culture that

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undertakes to supply these deficiencies. It puts in a brief and attractive form "the fairy tales of science and the long result of time." No man likes to avow openly his ignorance of what to others is as familiar as the alphabet, and hence in his false shame he flies to compendiums, or to critical essays, or to magazine articles which extract and preserve the most savory parts of books for general consumption. With the want comes the supply. Readers desire simple, clear, and accurate statements of what is to them obscure or unknown, and not having the patience or the time to work out the whole matter for themselves, they have to confide in the work of others who have been over the ground and know it well. Now the opinion of an expert on his own subject is of great value, and there is no surer sign of the lack of cultivation than a desire uniformly to set up independent, casual, ignorant judgments as valuable because sincere. They may be valuable, but if they are it will be from some other cause. However this may be, — and it will bear discussion later, — culture may be said to have its origin in the desire of the public to enjoy the benefit of the work of experts. This also defines its aim. In striving to make a man's education complete, it tends to save him from sinking into ruts where he would lose consciousness of even the existence of anything differing from his own pursuits. It enlarges the ground whereon men of the most diverse feelings and occupations can meet in common. It helps to keep burning an interest in or possibly devotion to things which run great danger of being forgotten, for above its sordid pedagogic duties one of its surest claims for admiration consists in its being almost the only tie between the every-day world and that of which we get visions through poetry and the fine arts.

— Mr. Longfellow's sonnet on Eliot's Oak, in the March Atlantic, deserves over-setting into Massachusee. Last evening I made a nearly literal translation, and I herewith send you a copy.

J. H. T.

UN-NOOTIMIS ELIOT.

[Uk-ketoohomaonk kehche-ketoohomwaenin LONGFELLOW, kah yeuyeu qushkinuumun en Massachusee unnontoowaonganit.]

Keen nukkoné Nootimis! piogque muttanonganogkodtash koonepogquash mishontooaäsh,
Nashpe penoowontoowáe wadtauatonqussuongash nish woh mo wohtamugish,
Onatuh kehtahhanne-tukkooog mahshontowahettit keechippam moosompsquehtu,
Asuh onatuh oowadtauatonqussuonk muttaänukkeg missinninnuog:
Monchanatamwe iänantoowaongane aninnumoadtuonk kuttaihe,
Kah nishnoh howan nootam nehenwonche wuttinnontoowaonk ketoohkaän.
Neen, ketoohkaän, nunnootam unnontoowaonk ne wanne howan noh kuhkootomwehteadt,
Wuttinnontoowaonk wutohtimoin ne wanhit, kah ne ogque pâmsheau matokqsut nôadt.
Onatuh Abraham wunnonkquáe apit agwe nootimessit ut Mamre
Netatup ELIOT mat-wahheáe Apostle ut Indiansut appeap
Agwe kutonk auohtomut nôadt kesukodtut, kah wessukhum
"Wunneetupanatamwe Up-Biblum God," en penoowontoowaonganit, ne mohtsheau,
Kah [nahen] wananittamun nashpe wame qut webe keen.

Literally translated: —

Thou ancient oak! thy ten thousand leaves speak loud
With strange voices which cannot be understood,
As sea waves sounding on the pebbles of the beach,
Or as the voices of a multitude of people.
A wondrous gift of speech in divers tongues is thine,
And every one hears his own language when thou speakest.
I, when thou speakest, hear a language that no one can teach,
The language of a nation that is lost, and that passed away like a cloud, long ago.
As Abraham at even-tide sat under the oaks of Mamre,
So Eliot, the unknown Apostle to the Indians, sat
Under thy shade, in days of old, and wrote
God's holy Bible in a strange language that hath died
And is [*almost*] forgotten by all save only thee.

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RECENT LITERATURE.

THE bad end to which persons who misbehaved toward Harriet Martineau pretty surely came, whether they wronged, or slighted, or even decidedly disagreed with her, ought to be a warning to any reviewer intending censure of her autobiography.[1] Her willful enemies and her erring friends were, by her account, alike subject to very cataclysmal retributions: they fell into bad habits, they suffered public shame, they brought political and social ruin upon themselves; at the best they quarreled with each other. Of this remarkable woman, who ended her days in a rapture of atheism, and who in the closing pages of her autobiography resents the notion that the Almighty may have been privately supplying Christian consolations to her, it was the curious privilege to be as destructive to those who wished or spoke her ill as if she had been a saint. Nevertheless, in spite of the awful warning conveyed by these facts, it is not easy to resist the temptation to pronounce her autobiography a hard-hearted book. When you have made all the explanations and allowances and reservations and exceptions, it seems still that

It is abundantly entertaining. It is full of the most interesting gossip about all sorts of important people and events, and as a study of character it is fascinating. There is Miss Martineau's character as she saw it: the just person, eccentric, disagreeable if you will, but devoted to all high objects, singularly free from low motives, emancipated from every superstition, and able to pronounce with disinterestedness and impartiality upon whatever or whomever concerned her; and then there is Miss Martineau's character as the reader learns to know it, which is not necessarily the same thing. The story of her childhood, with its nervous fears, its unhappy misconceptions, its sickness, and its impending trial through life-long deafness, is very pathetic, and will appeal to every one's sympathy through those subtilely noted facts of common childish experience which both literature and after-life too generally ignore. One cannot read this part of the book without greater tenderness for the young lives given into the keeping of care-burdened men and women who, oftener from forgetfulness of their own childhood than from indifference, slight their claims upon the utmost kindness and the closest attentiveness; children remaining so long helplessly inarticulate regarding the things which make or unmake their happiness. Harriet Martineau was a morbidly gloomy and sensitive child, brooding over supposed neglect, intensely desirous to be loved and noticed and encouraged; and in her own family, especially in her mother and sisters, she seems to have found till too late to prevent indelible effects in character little of the compassionate intelligence which she needed. If her representations wrong them, the Martineaus have only her to blame for the impression which the world will certainly have that several of them were unpleasant people, as unwise often as they were unpleasant. By her showing they were opinionated, critical, severe persons. As English Unitarians they had the narrowness along with the sturdy courage and independence of the adherents of every small sect, and they seem to have tranquilly despised most people who did not agree with them. They had no social meanness, yet in after-life, when fame began to overwhelm Miss Martineau with social flattery, her mother, then living with her in London, had so little wisdom as to be angrily jealous of these attentions. Others of her family quarreled with her because, after lying bedridden for five years, she chose to believe that she had been cured by mesmerism. This is the report which Miss Martineau herself gives of her kindred, to whom, nevertheless, she seems to have been devotedly attached and submissive in most things. Doubtless they could give a very different account of themselves and of her; and so doubtless could the other Saint Bartholomews and Marsyases in whom her pages abound. We may hesitate to accept any of these Spagnoletto studies as perfectly faithful portraits; their cruelty discredits not them alone, but the praises of such persons as she calls entirely good and wise. She is in fact another curious instance of the complete divorce in the same person of the intellectual and affectional qualities; and she seems generally to have judged from her liking rather than liked from her judgment. Perhaps that is as good a way as

[1] *Harriet Martineau's Autobiography.* By MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN. In two volumes. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

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the other; at any rate it is the way of most women, whether they are writers on political economy or not. In spite of it she was during the active years of her life a force in the world, as men of strong mind and purpose are forces; but it is hard to understand in our day how a brilliant literary and social success should have been achieved by a series of little novelettes illustrating the science of political economy. Yet these tales gave Miss Martineau high standing in the great London world, made her a lion against her will, first won her fame throughout Europe, and then procured her the higher distinction of exclusion from the dominions of despots who had precipitately admired her writings without waiting to see what liberal ideas she might develop. No doubt, she was fortunate in her moment; the principles which she advocated in her tales were those of the whigs, then at the pinnacle of social and political eminence, and she triumphed with that party, though never quite trusting or approving it. But however much or little her success was bound up in that of the dominant party, her success was certainly very great, and it was unselfishly achieved. To its brilliancy, its universality, we owe the most interesting chapter of her autobiography, in which, with some preliminary passages on lionism, she records her impressions and recollections of nearly all the famous English men and women of her day. We must send the reader to the book for a due sense of the richness of this record, and also for a sense of the severity of her judgments upon people she disliked or contemned. In one respect, at least, every generous reader's sympathies must be with her: her literary and social success implied none of the personal degradation which generally goes with it. If the world wanted her, it must take her on her own terms; she would not be lionized, she would not be "taken up," she refused to make any of the accustomed sacrifices to snobbishness. How much resolution this needed in a society like that of the English is perhaps beyond our full appreciation; but some notion of it may be gained from the opposite example of Thackeray, who, while always railing at snobs, lived and died in the odor of snobbery. Miss Martineau laments this voluntary subjection of the "aristocracy of nature to the aristocracy of accident," but for herself she could have no shame and no regrets: apparently she met no one but upon the grounds of an absolute social equality. One must thoroughly like in her another principle upon which she acted at this time and always: as her sole defense against scurrilous criticism she steadily refused the acquaintance of such men as assailed her, — of Lockhart for an indecent attack in the Quarterly, of Moore for a low lampoon, of the Sterlings for mendacious articles in the Times. It is a curious comment upon the moral callousness induced by a habit of criticism that none of her outrageous reviewers seemed to think it unmanly to seek her acquaintance; and it is not comfortable to human nature to read the unblushing confession to Miss Martineau of even so amiable a wit as Sydney Smith that the early Edinburgh reviewers were purposely and studiously cruel, and that he and one of his colaborers had spent hours one night looking over their criticism of a vegetarian who had presumed to write a book, to see if there were not yet some "chink left in it through which they could inject another drop of verjuice to eat into his bones." Criticism is still brutal enough, but it is not so bad as this, by a vast advance towards common humanity.

It was from the very height of her success in London that Miss Martineau turned to America, where she spent the greater part of the two years preceding the autumn of 1836. All that relates to this sojourn is of course intensely interesting, but the time is past when it could be very instructive; since Miss Martineau's day we have learned to be our own severest censors, and many of us have come to see ourselves as others see us, if not worse. She was indeed one of our most intelligent and liberal critics, and she remained to the day of her death one of our most steadfast friends. At one time, to be sure, about the end of Pierce's term, she really began to despair of us (as she very well might), and to question whether the founders of the republic had not thrust more greatness upon us than we could bear; but this doubt passed away with the war. It is curious, amidst the storm of abuse with which her book was received by the people who were then supposed to be American critics, to find her fondly recalling American scenes and experiences, and declaring that none of her English friends can compare with such and such of her American friends. She came to us at a time when the first great impulse given to American life and polity was still felt, and when our statesmanship was illustrated by such men as Clay, Calhoun, and Webster. Yet she had the clear eyes to see that the moral and regenerating force was then nascent in a few

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despised and persecuted people, who believed that slavery should be destroyed because slavery was wholly and indefensibly wrong. She never lacked courage, and she did not hesitate to declare herself an abolitionist. That was a very pitiful and contemptible time for the whole nation, and American society and the American press turned upon the woman they had been idolizing with a rage which remains our wonder and our shame. It is really an incredible spectacle, as we look back upon it: a great people morally standing on their heads and furious with a plain-spoken foreigner who prefers to identify herself morally with the persons among them whom she finds standing on their feet. She likes many of the inverted: they are charming people with a thousand good qualities, and have done her no end of handsome kindnesses; they are cultivated, they are refined, many of them are men of genius; but after all they cannot make black white, nor a lie the truth, nor the most atrocious wrong conceivable against humanity a beneficence too sacred to be questioned. This was Miss Martineau's position in regard to slavery and its defenders and apologists; and the American people, having now assumed the same position with all the rest of the civilized world, may well hang with shame the heads upon which they formerly stood. The case may be explained, but never can be justified: the Americans of thirty years ago were so corrupted by the fear and favor of slavery, that all our latter disgrace through venal legislation and administrative peculation is comparatively honorable and glorious. At least no one has contended that bribery and place-hunting and self-seeking in politics are right, and we did contend by millions that slavery, the blackest political crime, was right. The demoralization which must follow from such an abominable pretense as this was not more than duly manifest in our insensate treatment of all who were a conscience against it. Miss Martineau was not merely "dropped" by good society, but was almost hooted from our shores by the mob, of which good society was then a part. We need not dwell upon that disgraceful business; it was as bad as it could be.

In the five years' sickness by which on her return from America she paid the penalty of overwork, Miss Martineau's mind began gradually to undergo a change in respect to religion, and she regards herself as having at that time virtually though not consciously relinquished Unitarianism. Calvinism she felt to be a logical system, but she could not believe it; the only other logical system was in her opinion atheism, which she embraced after a certain time, and in which she rested tranquil for some thirty years and until her death. The greater part of this time she passed at Ambleside, in the Lake district, where she had built a cottage, and where she lived perfectly content, remote from London and all its intellectual and social joys. To this period belong, however, her travels in the East, her visit to Ireland, her sojourn in Birmingham, and other episodic absences from home. The disease which had imprisoned her for five years in a sick-room at Tynemouth had been declared incurable by the best medical authority, but she recovered from it through mesmerism, and never relaxed her belief in what she had held to be the fact. For this obstinacy she was renounced by some members of her family (including her mother), and persecuted by the enemies of the so-called science which restored her to health. Her account of all this is more entertaining than the story of her growing atheism, which had another odd family consequence: her brother, the Rev. James Martineau, felt it his duty to review her Atkinson Letters — the book in which she denied Christianity — and to denounce his sister for her new opinions. She herself makes only vague and forgiving allusions to this incident; it is in Mrs. Chapman's Memorials that one gets a distinct statement of the fact.

If her allusions to her brother's antagonism are forgiving, he alone of all her antagonists is pardoned. All others, of whatever sex or condition, dead or alive, are treated with the unsparing rigor of one who always knew she was right. No poor little country neighborhood nobody, who ever looked away from Miss Martineau at Ambleside, is too obscure to be punished in her pitiless autobiography; on the other hand it must be owned to her honor that no one was too great in letters, society, or politics for her justice. She is a monumentally unforgiving woman; but she is no coward and no truckler; and in reading her life, while you revolt from her hard resentments, you must honor her immense courage. Apparently she exaggerated many of the slights and injuries done her; at least some of the stories she tells of her persecutions for mesmerism's sake are too gross for acceptance; but if her hardness were merely for those whom she believes to have meant her harm, it would not be so bad. It does not stop with

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them, however. Except the few persons and opinions whom she takes into favor, hardly any one mentioned escapes censure more or less unsparing; and in some cases the censure is narrow-minded and brutal. For example, writing about the year 1850, she thinks it a pity that Mazzini has not been allowed to perish in his hopeless cause; she survived the unification of Italy ten years, but no after-word records her sense of his service to that end or of the injustice of her earlier aspiration in his behalf. Broadly stated, she was incapable of tolerating means and ideas with which she did not agree. This fact must invalidate her praise as well as her censure. Sometimes, indeed, the people she lauds for their greatness and wisdom are allowed to illustrate the contrary by speaking for themselves, as in the case of Mr. Atkinson, who does not approve himself, in his letters given in the autobiography, the sage who was promised.

Upon the whole we think that most readers will leave Miss Martineau's autobiography with an impression of her extreme narrow-mindedness; narrow-mindedness not being at all a bad thing for the world at large, but a great pity for its victim. It cramps will and opinion into a slender channel, but increases their force and effectiveness; it is useful in getting the world on, but it is very disagreeable otherwise. We are willing to take it for the good it does us, but we excuse ourselves from liking our benefactor. In Miss Martineau's case, it often incapacitated her from revising her opinions. Apparently, mesmerism never ceased to be for her the promising science which it ceased to be for everybody else thirty years ago; yet having gone thus far, she stopped, and would not admit that spiritualism, not more recondite and obscure in its operation, had any claims upon her attention. Her narrow-mindedness, as we have hinted, made her judge everything and every one from herself; and too often by their personal relation to her, though she was eminently unselfish. But this again is only saying that she was a woman. Certainly such *charm* as her autobiography has is from its intense womanliness; and the sex and its champions may well take courage from the fact that a woman so powerful in the promotion of great public interests was as nervously womanish as the most refined and accomplished lady-invalid who ever shrieked at a mouse. It is both amusing and pathetic to read of her early struggles to get her political economy tales published; how she toiled till midnight writing them, and then cried till morning over her hard failure to find a publisher for them. In other things she was not womanish, however womanly. She had no personal vanity, and the scorn she heaps upon coquettes of both sexes — especially literary coquettes — is delicious.

She came in mature years to despise much of her early work, and she always recognized how low a rank it must have in imaginative writing; yet she lays down as a fact verified from her own experience that no one could create a plot, but must necessarily draw the design of fiction from actual life. She was indeed not a poet at all, and knew it; yet her self-confidence is so great that she does not hesitate to assume as true of all fiction what is so absurdly untrue of all but one class of it; and her habits of composition — never copying or revising — she pronounces the best. Her book abounds in evidence of her inability to look beyond herself for psychological facts, which curiously contrasts with the generosity and nobility of her sympathies. Every good cause had her good wishes, and if possible her good deeds; her life at Ambleside, where her judgments seemed to grow daily sharper and severer, was full of benevolence to all about her. Delightful as she found her seclusion — she says that she remembers no evening of those which she had so keenly enjoyed during her London life as charming as her quiet evenings at Ambleside — it doubtless did much to narrow and harden her personal judgments; the autobiography written in that seclusion is infinitely harsher than the earlier London diary (given by Mrs. Chapman in the Memorials) in which she recorded her impressions of people. Yet whenever anything largely or deeply concerning the race appealed to her it met an heroically cordial response; one of the last great acts of her great life was to take a lion's share in the movement for the repeal of the atrocious Contagious Diseases act.

Miss Martineau's autobiography closes many years before her death, which in writing its last pages she constantly expected, and occupies the whole of the first volume and a quarter of the second; the rest is devoted to what Mrs. Chapman calls Memorials — letters, diaries, conversations, etc. — relating to her. These are arranged in chapters, somewhat too Emersonianly entitled, and prefaced each with an expansive quotation of poetry or philosophy. The

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effect after the stern simplicity of the autobiography is curious, and one cannot help wishing with all one's heart that Mrs. Chapman had been a little less Orphic. Her name is associated with the history of the antislavery cause, to which she so nobly lent herself in its hour of need, and it would be neither generous nor just to judge her by these chapters, in which she must almost necessarily write with a fervency which is not favorable to good literature, while it does honor to her loyal friendship and her heart. They are of course interesting and they are not wanting in perception and judgment; but the simple truth is that they are out of taste.

— This volume [1] is a translation of seventeen out of twenty-two literary fragments, ranging in date from 1837 to 1876, but most of them quite recent, collected and given to the world by the great French novelist three years before she passed away. The American edition is prefaced by a reprint of an excellent biographical and critical article which appeared in The New York Tribune at the time of her death; and the translation, although somewhat stiff and labored at first, gains in elegance as it goes on, and presents, perhaps, as fair a reflection as we may hope to see in a foreign tongue of the author's distinguished and inimitable prose.

With two striking exceptions, by much the most interesting fragments in the Impressions et Souvenirs are those in which Madame Dudevant records her feelings — they can hardly be called her views — about the political situation of France from 1871 to 1876. Dejection, humility, patience under deserved chastisement, a sickening apprehension bravely controlled, a trembling hope conscientiously cherished, — this is what we read everywhere between the writer's always earnest, yet sometimes abrupt and inconsequent lines. Listen to a few sentences taken almost at random: "They say that I am not suited to the present times; that I must suffer from the change that has taken place within the last ten years in the progress of ideas. What does not one suffer in the contemplation of reality? But we should never yield to a fruitless sorrow. Reflection, after laying us low, ought to raise us again. . . . And every joy which is exclusively our own is incomplete. There is no true happiness of a small number. The happiness of all is necessary, as a corollary to our domestic happiness. It is essential, too, for the security of existence. Ah well, — the security of the future! That future is dark." "This was all foreseen. I foresaw it as well as any one else. I beheld the storm rising. I looked on like all others who gave their earnest attention at the evident approach of the cataclysm. Is it any consolation to us when we see the patient writhing that we understand the nature of the disease? No, no; we cannot isolate ourselves, we cannot break the bonds of consanguinity, we cannot curse or despise our race. The people, you say, the people! That is you and I, beyond denial. There are not two races. The distinction of class only proves the illusiveness of relative inequalities." . . . "I do not inquire where are my friends and where my enemies. They remain wherever the storm has thrown them. Those who have deserved my affection, yet cannot see with my eyes, I hold none the less dear. The inconsiderate blame of those who forsake me does not make me consider them my enemies. All friendship unjustly withdrawn remains intact in the heart that has not deserved such an outrage. That heart is above self-love. It can wait for the revival of justice and affection." . . . "This wounded being, pale and bleeding, which is called France, still holds in its shriveled hands a skirt of the starry coat of the future, whilst thou [Germany] enfoldest thyself in a sullied flag. Past greatness holds no place in the history of man. It is all over with kings who impose upon the people. It is all over with the people imposed upon if they consent to their degradation. This is why we are so ill, and why my heart is broken. It is not with a feeling of contempt that I behold our misery. I am unwilling to believe that this holy country, this cherished nation, whose every chord, harmonious or discordant, I feel vibrate within myself; for whose good qualities, and defects even, I have an affection; whose responsibilities, good or bad, I consent to accept rather than extricate myself through disdain, — I am unwilling to believe that my country and my nation are death-struck. I feel it in my hours of deep dejection, but I love, — so I live. Frenchmen, let us love one another, or we are lost! Let us ask no one what he was, or what he wished yesterday. *Then* every one was mistaken. Let us find out what we wish today."

We have alluded to two chapters in this volume which possess a more personal interest than the rest. They are the seventh (of

[1] *Impressions and Reminiscences.* By GEORGE SAND. Boston: William F. Gill & Co. 1876.

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the translation), — entitled Spiritual Belief, — and the last. In the former, the writer rises on the night of the first great frost, in the dreary autumn of 1871, kindles a fire and sits down beside it, and looks back steadfastly along the erratic line of her spiritual experience. With a certain lowly and solemn candor she reviews her faultful, tempestuous life, and at the end of her vigil she is at peace. She searches — to use her own figure — for the chain which bound her childhood to her God, and, loosely as it hung, widely as it dragged in after time, she finds it unbroken, feels it drawing still. We will not sever from its connection the nobly devout ascription with which this chapter ends. The seventeenth, entitled Between Two Clouds, describes, as she alone could describe, a winter day in the woods with the son and the grandchildren who loved her so devotedly and made her last days, after all, so simply happy.

There may be those, constitutionally intolerant of what is rather vaguely called the French spirit, who will succeed in reading unmoved Madame Dudevant's broken lamentations over the agony of France. But it seems impossible that the severest censor of her life and opinions can receive the more intimate confidences of her last book, can follow her searching self-examination, or recognize the wonderful sanity and sweetness of her domestic side, and not catch beside her recent grave the echo of an ancient, but never reversed, and not irrelevant verdict, — *quia multum amavit.*

— In his two volumes[1] Mr. Horne has published a number of the letters of Mrs. Browning, which will be found interesting by the numerous admirers of that lady's poems, as well as by the student of English literature during this century. The letters are by no means masterpieces of epistolary art; the greater number are written with the most rapid pen and on matters of business, — literary business, it is true, but yet business for all that; while the most interesting ones are those composed entirely or in good part about trifling matters, the news of the day, or things of really general concern. But there are many treating of important questions, while all show well her intelligence shining through her unattractive methods of expression, and her lofty character in its full generosity and quick enthusiasm. The work she was concerned in together with Mr. Horne was of various kinds. At one time she was translating Queen Annelida and False Arcite and the Complaint of Annelida in the now rare Chaucer Modernized, with Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, and Robert Bell, as well as Mr. Horne, for her fellow-workers; at another time she was helping Mr. Horne in the composition of his New Spirit of the Age, a series of critical essays on contemporary authors. How much she contributed to this was hitherto not even conjectured. The paper on William Wordsworth and Leigh Hunt was in good part, and that on Walter Savage Landor wholly, written by Miss Barrett, and she was of continual service with regard to others of the men criticised. Her letters at this time are full of suggestions and hints, which are still true to-day and will be for a long time. Here, for instance, are some interesting remarks on Barry Cornwall: "His lyrical poems are most exquisite, — like an embodied music. In the melodies of words he is learned, and in the causes of tears not uninstructed. . . . His fault is felt only in a continuous reading, when we become aware of a certain sameness, a one-tonedness, which is not the tone of a trumpet. It is a more effeminate instrument. In my own private opinion, Barry Cornwall has done a good deal with all his genius, and perhaps as a consequence of his genius, to emasculate the poetry of the passing age. To talk of 'fair things' when he had to speak of women, and of 'laughing flowers' when his business was with a full-blown daisy [dame, or dairymaid] is the fashion of his school. His care has not been to use the most expressive, but the prettiest word. His muse has held her Pandemonium too much in the cavity of his ear. Still, that this arises from a too exquisite sense of beauty as a *means* as well as an object is evident." This is good criticism, and there are many passages in the letters of no less importance. We have moreover Mrs. Browning's part of the correspondence concerning a projected dramatic poem to be written by Mr. Horne and herself, which never saw the light. The other letters are on miscellaneous matters, but all are well worth reading.

In addition to this good service he has done in the way of literary history, Mr. Horne adds a number of his reminiscences of different men well known to fame; the

[1] *Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.* Addressed to Richard Hengist Horne, author of Orion, Gregory VII., Cosmo de Medici, etc. With Comments on Contemporaries. Edited by S. R. Townshend Mayer. Two volumes. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1877.

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account of the theatrical performances before the Queen, in which Dickens, Douglas Jerrold, Mark Lemon, Horne, and others took part for the benefit of the Guild of Literature and Art, being very full and amusing.

— Travelers who write are sometimes terribly encumbered by the notion that they must be profound. Mr. Benjamin Robbins Curtis is refreshingly free from that mistake, and has accordingly succeeded in writing a graphic, easily read account of his journey around the world,[1] which also contains a very fair proportion of information. Mr. Curtis is a Harvard graduate, and it is a little amusing to see how keenly he kept himself on the lookout for other Harvard graduates and Massachusetts men generally, even in regions the most unlikely to yield products so rare. His good faith also leads him to impart various reflections which an enemy might colorably fasten upon as trite; and his "dottings" in Rome, Paris, and London are so slight as to leave that part of the route almost a veritable air line. But the desirable thing in a book of travel is a new point of view; and Mr. Curtis's simplicity and straightforwardness, his very inexperience even, constitute a kind of originality. He never wearies his reader. The book is well illustrated with heliotypes, and has already deservedly passed to a third edition.

— In an ingenuous preface which enables us to apprehend the stand-point from which he desires that his labors may be viewed, Professor von Holst tells us that among foreign authors there is but one whom, to some extent, he can consider as a predecessor, namely, De Tocqueville. His translators also express a confidence that Professor von Holst's volume[2] will excite a degree of interest not inferior to that produced by the Democracy in America. But the books of the two authors are very different; except that each is the work of an intelligent and careful foreign observer after an actual visit to the United States, there is little reason for comparing them. M. de Tocqueville wrote to describe the political and social life of the United States for readers whom he assumed to be wholly ignorant of the institutions of the country, and to whom, accordingly, it was necessary to explain everything, and especially the complex organization of the state and national governments blended in one system, and the diversities arising from original distinctions of character in different parts of the country. Professor von Holst, on the contrary, appears to assume that his readers are already acquainted with De Tocqueville's book, or have otherwise become possessed of the kind of information it contains; and also that they have learned the succession of the presidents and the principal events in the political history of the country; he proceeds at once to review this history with a freedom of criticism for which his independent position gives him an admirable opportunity. He has carefully explored the sources of information, and manifests an intimate knowledge of the original authorities. The particular distinction which he claims for his work is the "soberness of mind" with which it is written. He tells us that while some European critics have been of opinion that his judgment of the American system of government and its working is an almost unqualified condemnation, "he claims to feel" with our people, and declares that he first arrived at the understanding of the proper manner of treating the subject when he became conscious that the United States furnish "only an act of the one great drama, the history of Western civilization;" "the players in it, the principal ones as well as the great mass, neither demi-gods nor devils, but *men*, struggling under many short-comings, but with great energy, their way onward, not with startling leaps, but advancing step by step, just as all the rest of the great nations of the earth have had to do."

We should find it difficult to make a statement of the author's position better than this, if we made one at once concise and clear. The careful reader will see, however, that even this position leaves blank some deficiencies, from the author's own account of his manner of dealing with his subjects. Such a reader would foresee some of the blemishes of the book, which are to be regretted in a philosophical history. With a holy horror, satisfactory and amusing at once, of "doctrinaires" and "doctrinairism," — which leads to some admirable illustrations of the folly of the spread-eagle rhapsodies of the Columbia school of the beginning of the last century, — and with

[1] *Dottings Round the Circle.* By BENJAMIN ROBBINS CURTIS. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1876.

[2] *The Constitutional and Political History of the United States.* By DR. H. VON HOLST, Professor at the University of Freiburg. Translated from the German by JOHN J. LALOR and ALFRED B. MASON 1750–1833. Chicago: Callaghan & Co. 1876.

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an acknowledgment on paper, all along, that it was better to do what you could, even if that were imperfect, than to aim at the perfect, where the perfect was impossible, Professor von Holst has, at the bottom of his soul, a contempt for the cowardice which in any event accepted a constitution or law for the immediate emergency, in preference to elaborating one from the original principles of political and social economy. It is really curious that what we call "Anglo-Saxon common sense" or "Anglo-Saxon practicality" should be a commodity so little known among Germans, who might be supposed to sympathize with Angles or with Saxons, that even in those unusual instances, like this, where a German scholar understands what these habits are, he understands them as a demi-god understands disease, or as a saint understands sin. Professor von Holst tries hard to approve of make-shifts, but in his heart he derides them.

For our own uses, however, the book is all the more valuable because the critic is strict, and perhaps we may say unloving. There is quite honey enough in De Tocqueville and in Laboulaye to make them palatable; there is so much that the few medicines which they administer are quite too much diluted. The real student of our history, who wants to learn from the past how to avoid the follies and dangers of the future, will learn more from Professor von Holst than from both of them.

It must be confessed that the make-shift habit, as we have ventured to call it, has so impressed itself on the minds of our people that we have only too few students who want to learn from the past how to avoid the follies and dangers of the future. No question was ever better argued than the tariff question was, in the years between 1820 and 1833. But the reader of our newspapers to-day would hardly know that the question of protection had then been carefully argued on its principles. So the Nebraska discussion of 1850 was a repetition, even to the jokes and satires, of the Missouri discussion of 1820. But a new generation was unconscious of this, and went into it as if there were no history and no one had trodden on these hot embers before. This habit will diminish the number of readers of Professor von Holst's book. But those who will read will find by far the most intelligent guide which we have yet had to the history of the politics of the nation.

If John Quincy Adams had spent most of his life in America instead of living in Europe for the first half of it, this remark would not be true. For, with all his personal prejudices, his diary, from the year 1817 to the period of his death, is a better guide to our political history than could have been hoped for. But the first volumes of his diary, with one short exception, relate largely to European affairs. Through most of the struggles recorded in this volume Professor von Holst could have no help from the diary, and the later volumes of it were published too late to serve him in this edition.

The history does not follow slavishly the order of time. The subject is divided, after the introduction, into Nullification, The Embargo, The Slavery Question, The Economic Contrast between Free and Slave States, and The Panama Congress. This volume is confined to State Sovereignty and Slavery, and does not come down later than 1833. No praise can be too loud for the diligence and accuracy with which the author has collected his authorities. He is specially careful and pitiless where statesmen have tried to "cover their tracks," or where their biographers have done so for them. The most diligent of our home students and the old statesmen of keenest memory will, as we believe, find new revelations here, due to the German assiduity and to some rare system of study which lets no authority slip unnoticed. In fact, these powers are specially necessary to the man who seeks to elucidate American history, for our own people, as we have said, are careless about it. The journal which "keeps up the record" is thrown by as dull. The statesman who is "careful about his record" is set down as an old fogy. Indeed, as one reads the newspapers, he is every day reminded of that lazy reporter who, as a speech went by, unnoticed by his pencil, in a financial debate, yawned and asked his neighbor, "Who is this Hamilton that he is talking about?" All this results in the greatest difficulty even in finding the materials for history. If a bold son or grandson publishes his ancestors' papers, people are slow to buy, and there lie unused no small collection of materials of the first value. Thus the Rufus King papers are still unpublished. The Jefferson letters have been published only in the interest of party. The older newspapers were edited quite as much to conceal as to disclose the truth, which may be said, perhaps, of the partisan newspapers of all times. Professor von Holst's success in working out the

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springs of movement in the midst of such difficulties is remarkable.

Readers in Europe should remember what to readers in America is a thing of course, that as the author's plan contemplates only the political history of the "United-States," the political history of the *separate States* will not be found in this volume. Readers in America, therefore, will not look here for the most essential and fundamental parts of our political history. But readers in Europe will, and will not find them. Still, no words can ever explain to readers in Europe why these things are not there; nor will wild horses drag them from their search. The truth remains, however, that to the government of the *United-States* ("United-States" with a hyphen, not "states which are united") is intrusted but a small part of the policy or politics of this country. Professor von Holst regrets this; all writers from the Old World regret it. None the less is it true, and all Americans rejoice that it is true.

For instance, the great question of the relations of the church to the state, the critical question of all European politics to-day, from England to Constantinople, is here not a matter of federal but of state politics. The relation of the state to pauperism, which upset the French government in 1848 and may upset it again, is a matter not of federal but of state politics. The relation of individual work to the work of corporations, the most difficult social question of to-day, is a state matter, and does not come into federal politics. All the adjustment of suffrage has been completely changed since the Revolution. Suffrage was then based on property in any State. It is now given to all tax-paying men in every State. Not a word of this change will be found in the history of the federal government. These are but a few illustrations which show what no students in the Old World can be made to understand, that most of the questions of social order which are really central and essential do not with us legitimately come into the purview of a book on national politics.

Almost any German writer to-day writes under the glamour and in the enthusiasm of the new German union. It is natural, therefore, that such a writer should do as Professor von Holst does: should exaggerate the importance of national politics, and forget the day-by-day, matter-of-fact, essential, and life-giving business of the political growth of the several States.

— Wenderholme[1] is, we believe, Mr. Hamerton's first story for adults, and it is a strange mixture of ability and absurdity. It is constructed in the loosest possible manner, but the characterization is very good, and some of the conversations are excellent. It professes to be a study of Yorkshire life and character, but the representative natives who talk dialect, the middle-class mill owners, like the Ogdens, who develop into millionaires in the course of the story, are not half as well depicted as the people of gentler breeding, the poverty-stricken Prigleys at the parsonage, with their patrician sympathies and their cruelly outraged tastes, and Colonel Stanburne, the commander of the militia, and his high-born wife, Lady Helena. These last are admirable. Colonel Stanburne is that very rare personage in fiction, a living *gentleman* — manly, kind-hearted, unintellectual, thorough-bred, lavish — lapsing into pecuniary ruin more through courtesy to others than indulgence to himself. His wife is a high-spirited creature, a great deal more clever, conscious, and cautious than he, wiser, but not so sweet-natured, an exceedingly real woman, both in her pitiless anger at the discovery of her husband's folly and her sudden and deep repentance for her severity. The story of the quarrel and reconciliation of these two, and that of the death at Avignon of Philip Stanburne's young lady-love and the subsequent tender friendship between the lover and the father, are the most powerful and pathetic episodes in the book, although the author signally fails in his attempt to invest Philip Stanburne with a gloomy and romantic charm. The account of Isaac Ogden's intemperance and of his drunken abuse of little Jacob is a great deal too realistic and distressing. These personages are named somewhat at hap-hazard, but so it is that they come and go in the pages of Mr. Hamerton's novel. The book has no plot whatever; and furthermore the author has a quite singular incapacity for telling what is called a *straight story*, one that shall be consistent and credible in little things. His narrative is like a sewing-machine that skips stitches. For example, we are told how old Mrs. Ogden went to call at the Prigley parsonage, had a severe fall on the threshold, and was taken up insensible. The case was alarming enough for the Prigleys to send off not only for a doctor but for

[1] *Wenderholme: A Story of Lancashire and Yorkshire.* By PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON. Boston. Roberts Brothers. 1876.

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Mrs. Ogden's sons, who lived at a considerable distance and were not acquainted at the parsonage. Yet the very same afternoon and in the very next paragraph we have them all, including the old lady to whom the accident befell, sitting around a hilarious tea-table and full of voluble admiration at the quantity and quality of Mrs. Prigley's silver plate. At the crisis of the story — if it have a crisis — Wenderholme Hall, the seat of Colonel Stanburne, takes fire, and the circumstances are fully and conscientiously recorded in four chapters entitled respectively, Fireworks, More Fireworks, The Fire, and The Progress of the Fire. The occasion is a great *fête*. The Hall is crowded with guests. Colonel Stanburne and a friend, rambling in the rear of the house, observe that it is burning, and without giving any alarm proceed directly to the nursery where the colonel's only child is presumed to be asleep. This was perhaps natural. But when they find the room in flames and the ceiling already fallen in, and are compelled to retrace their steps, it seems as if they might at least have given the other occupants of the house a hint of their danger. Not they! A suitable time had not yet arrived. Colonel Stanburne went instead to the drawing-room and politely requested some diamonded dowagers to move, mounted upon their sofa and took down his daughter's portrait, and then proceeded, still entirely mum, to search for an eligible place to deposit it among the out-buildings. He cannot satisfy himself however, short of his mother's cottage, which stands at some distance in the park. One can understand why Madam Stanburne, who was elderly, may have preferred her quiet parlor to the scene of revelry at the Hall proper; but it does seem inhospitable in the colonel's wife, Lady Helena, to have been sitting there, nonchalantly watching the slumbers of her child, who is safe, of course; for all Mr. Hamerton's catastrophes end thus, — as one should say "Boo!" from behind a door.

But the feature of the book which is really most remarkable is the extraordinary deliberation and diffuseness of Mr. Hamerton's style. Hear about Mr. Prigley's worn-out shirts: "By a most unfortunate coincidence, Mr. Prigley discovered about the same time that his shirts, although apparently very sound and handsome shirts indeed, had become *deplorably weak in the tissue*, for if, in dressing himself in a hurry, his hand did not just happen to hit the *orifice of the sleeve*, it passed through the fabric of the shirt itself, and that with so little difficulty that he was *scarcely aware of any impediment*, while if once the hem were severed, *the immediate consequence was a rent more than a foot long!*" (The italics are ours.) And here is a careful description of a smile: "Mrs. Ogden might have gone very far into family matters if her son had not perceived, or imagined that he perceived something like a smile on Colonel Stanburne's face. In point of fact, the colonel did not precisely smile, *but there was a general relaxation of the muscles of his physiognomy from their first expression of severity, betraying a tendency to humor.*" In order, however, perfectly to appreciate this leisurely manner, the reader should turn back to the preface (since no one ever read the preface to a novel first), where he will learn that Mr. Hamerton, when he projected this his first novel, held a conversation with a London publisher, who told him that the taste of the English public required a novel to be three volumes long, and he adds: "The practical consequence of this was that, when the present volume was written, commercial reasons prevailed, as they unhappily so often do prevail, over artistic ones, and the book was made far longer than, as a work of art, it ought to have been. The present edition, *though greatly abridged*, is not by any means, from the author's point of view, a mutilated edition. On the contrary it rather resembles a building of moderate dimensions from which excrescences have been removed. The architect has been careful to preserve everything essential, and equally careful to take away everything which had been added merely for the sake of size."

The present four hundred and thirty pages are therefore a concentrated extract prepared expressly for the American market. Our surprise that so affluent, so æsthetic, and so independent a gentleman, as we are assured by the earnest reiteration of all the newspapers that Mr. Hamerton is, should ever have been influenced by secondary and sordid motives is lost in our vain endeavor to imagine what the book can have been in its first unpruned luxuriance.

Enough has been said, we think, to advise the reader that in Wenderholme he will find both entertainment and exasperation. But we do not think that the fame of Mr. Hamerton's first novel is likely to eclipse that of the truly charming and suggestive, though sometimes tedious volumes

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of reflection and description which we are accustomed to receive from his pen.

— It is doubtless possible that a dull book should be written about Greece, but on the other hand there is so much that is fascinating and little known in the subject that any one who really describes what he sees in that country is pretty sure to have an interested audience. Mr. Mahaffy is a good Greek scholar, and he has the gift of writing clearly and pleasantly, so that his book[1] is entertaining reading. He not only gives an account of the country in its present condition, he also shows what was its state in the past, making entertaining comparisons between the different periods. What he saw with his own eyes in his trip made in the spring of 1875 he puts before his reader very agreeably. His remarks about modern Greek society are clever and perhaps to a considerable extent true. His illustrations from ancient Greek literature are generally of value; though it is no doubt in matters of geography that he is most nearly accurate. What is disappointing in the book is the abundance of petty errors and of unwise comment. Thus, in speaking of the decorations of old Greek tombs, he at some length compares the feeling they show with that of Tennyson's In Memoriam, as if the analogy could ever be anything but fanciful, or of the slightest use to the student. Mr. Mahaffy sniffs at "the exceeding dryness and minute detail" of a great number of German books on Greek arts and antiquities, but surely anything is better than his superficial discussion of "world-problems;" and his sneer comes with very bad grace from a man who speaks of the "rich and sensuous beauty" of the Dying Gladiator, while two pages further on he says of Praxiteles that he "did not disguise the use of very unworthy human models to produce his famous, or perhaps infamous, ideal which is best known in the Venus de Medici, but more perfectly represented in the Venus of the Capitol." It is certainly something new in art criticism to go back of the merits of a statue to blame the morals or manners of the sculptor's models.

In another part of the book Mr. Mahaffy discusses the absence of landscape-painting in ancient Greece, which would be more in place if this branch of art were not of so recent appearance. It is hardly profitable to spend much time wondering why the Greeks were not in every respect like ourselves, nor is it necessary to apologize for the points in which they differ from us. But in Social Life in Ancient Greece he showed how harshly it was possible to judge a different civilization, and in this volume he shows the same great intolerance of those faults which we think are not ours. Thus, apropos of the battle of Marathon, he makes the bold statement that the courage of the Greeks was not "of the first order," but all his testimony shows only that they were not thoroughly drilled according to our notions. It is hard to understand how that battle could have been fought, and much more won, by men of little courage. It certainly requires a good deal of that quality to make such a statement.

As the reader will see, Mr. Mahaffy's book is one of uneven merit. So far as his rambles are concerned, he is entertaining and instructive; it is his studies that he should have taken in hand before giving the world the result of so much crude thinking and careless observation. More care would have saved him from numberless errors, another one of which was saying that Keats's Ode on a Grecian Urn was written about a Greek vase. The reader who seeks only a book of travels will be pleased; any one else will be grievously disappointed.

— The present volume[2] contains the substance of a series of lectures delivered in 1875–76 by Mr. Birks as Knightsbridge Professor at Cambridge, England. Professor Birks tells us plainly in his preface that he believes the principles of Mr. Spencer and his school to be "radically unsound, full of logical inconsistency and contradiction, and flatly opposed to the fundamental doctrines of Christianity and even the very existence of moral science." But the reader with whose instincts and wishes such a conclusion is already in harmony must not suppose that he is about to be led by any short or flowery path to its intelligent acceptance. The whole treatise is so closely reasoned, even to the analysis of those problems in dynamics by which the earlier and later theories of the universe are alike illustrated, that it is only by dint of unremitting attention to many complex and

[1] *Rambles and Studies in Ancient Greece.* By J. P. MAHAFFY. Author of Prolegomena to Ancient History, Social Life in Greece, etc. London: Macmillan & Co. 1876.

[2] *Modern Physical Fatalism and the Doctrine of Evolution: including an Examination of Mr. Herbert Spencer's First Principles.* By THOMAS RAWSON BIRKS, M. A. Professor of Moral Philosophy, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co. 1876.

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laborious trains of argument that one may hold himself fairly entitled to the encouraging result of Professor Birks's inquiry. It may be permitted, however, to attempt, in a brief abstract, giving some idea of the Cambridge doctor's conclusions and the scope of his reasoning.

He first addresses himself to that doctrine of the unknowable which Herbert Spencer states thus: "The widest, deepest, and most certain of all intuitions is that the power which the universe manifests to us is wholly inscrutable." This doctrine he declares to be the logical result of the well-known views of Sir William Hamilton and Dean Mansel about the inconceivable character of the divine morality, and for its refutation he frankly avails himself of the lucid and forcible arguments of Mr. Mill in the first volume of his Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy. Professor Birks takes pains to tell us that he deeply regrets some expressions used by Mr. Mill in this part of his work, — referring probably to the latter's Promethean defiance of a God who could sentence him to hell for not believing in the identity of divine and human morality. Yet it is undoubtedly by virtue of that one gallant heart-throb, however strangely it breaks the continuity of a dispassionate logic, that Mr. Mill's argument remains fresh in the memory of all readers and can never be cited in vain.

Proceeding in Chapter II. to discuss Ultimate Ideas in Physics, Professor Birks clearly shows Mr. Spencer's inconsistency in resting his whole elaborate scheme of natural philosophy on those very final notions of space, time, matter, motion, and force, which he had previously shown to be equally inconceivable with "the power which the universe manifests," in other words with ultimate ideas in theology. Chapters III. and IV. are devoted to the Relativity of Knowledge, the doctrine that we can know nothing of things in themselves, but only the effect which they produce upon us, — the modifications of our own consciousness. Hamilton, Spencer, and Mill all hold this doctrine in some shape, although "the two first," our author affirms, "mitigate the original fault by admissions opposed to their common premises, but agreeing with truth and common sense; while Mr. Mill, more logically consistent, is thereby led by his false premise still deeper into error."

Against these and all other idealists, of whatever name or degree, he calmly sets up the homely proposition, so unfashionable in modern philosophy, that we do really "perceive, see, touch, hear, taste outward material objects, the things themselves. A sensible impression is an effect which suggests and proves at once, a real thing without us, a real cause." Knowledge is not, as the dualists affirm, twofold, made up of the sense of an ego and a non-ego, — a self-perceiving, and a something perceived; but knowledge is one thing, and consciousness is another, a subsequent and a consequent thing. "*As he grows*, he gathers much, and learns the use of *I* and *me*." The difference is that between *scire* and *conscire*. "Our knowledge of mind is later in order of time than our knowledge of matter, but when once reached, it is the result of a larger and fuller induction. The certainty comes later, but once attained is more full and complete. And the double reality of matter and mind points upward to the Supreme Reality, the God of the spirits of all flesh, who," adds Professor Birks, without a thought apparently of Matthew Arnold, "is also the author and *architect* of the material universe."

Having thus disposed of the negative principle of physical fatalism, namely, that theology must be discarded as an unreal and impossible science, he addresses himself to its two most important positive tenets: that physics is the sole science, and material phenomena the only field of thought in which knowledge is attainable; and that psychology and all social, political, and moral philosophy are only branches of physics. Under the first head he institutes patient inquiry into the grounds of the doctrines universally accepted by the modern fatalists or materialists, of the indestructibility of matter, the continuity of motion, the conservation of force, and the interchangeability of force and motion. Nowhere, perhaps, is he more fascinating and satisfactory than where he exposes the fallacy of the arguments whereby the Spencerians assume to prove the indestructibility of matter. "Matter as knowable is declared to be not the unseen reality, but the sensible appearance or phenomenal matter alone. Phenomenal matter it appears from daily and hourly experience appears and disappears, perishes and is new-created continually. Yet we are told that the indestructibility of matter has become one of the commonplaces of science. The cloud vanishes, the star sets, the drop evaporates, the ship melts into the yeast of waves, the candle is burnt away. The substance may last in another

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form, but the phenomenon or appearance is gone. . . . Now by the theory, of matter the Noumenon we know nothing, and therefore cannot know that it is indestructible. Of matter the Phenomenon we may know much, and one main thing is that it both may be and continually is destroyed. For an appearance is destroyed and perishes when it ceases to appear." As a matter of fact, he says a little farther on, "it is in the region of the noumenon and not the phenomenon, of the falsely called unknowable and not of the falsely called sole-knowable, of things and not sensations, of atoms and not surfaces, of localized forces and not of outward appearances, in that very region which the theory hands over to nescience and eternal darkness, that the chief discoveries of modern physics have their native home. The progress of astronomy was halting and slow so long as the mind was confined to the phenomena or to the simple registering of the heavenly motions. It was when Newton passed from contemplation of the motions to that of the forces by which they are caused and the laws of *their* variation, that the greatest step of advance was made in the progress of physical science which has ever occurred from the beginning of time."

Equally summary, and perhaps a trifle less respectful, is our author's treatment of the doctrines of the persistence of force and the continuity of motion as expounded in Mr. Spencer's First Principles. "They resolve themselves," he affirms, after twenty pages of minute discussion, "into a paradox of this amazing kind. The power which the universe manifests is utterly inscrutable. To suppose that we can know anything concerning it, or fitly ascribe to it personality, will, goodness, wisdom, is one of the countless impieties of the pious. But this we may know concerning it: that it is truly represented by a finite straight line of definite length, which is made up of as many parts as there are pairs of atoms in the universe, and of which every part varies perpetually by laws mainly unknown to us, while the finite length of the total remains the same forevermore. The golden calf was a respectable idol compared with this philosophical substitute for the true and supreme reality." At the close of the chapter on the Transformation of Force and Motion, while admitting a probable view of the atomic forces in actual operation which agrees with the general conception of the nebular theory, he earnestly declares this view to be "wholly opposed to the doctrine of a fixed amount either of potential energy or of collective motion, and to the singular hypotheses of a series of alternate evolutions and dissolutions, reaching onward through all eternity."

The chapter on the Laws of Attraction and Repulsion closes Professor Birks's discussion of physics as constituting the only field of thought whose knowledge is attainable. Here he briefly reviews the various hypotheses which have been proposed since the days of Newton with a view to supplement the law of universal gravitation by others which shall in like manner bring into order the immense accumulation of recently discovered facts in physics. Of such hypotheses he distinguishes twelve, including one of his own proposed in a treatise on Matter and Ether. All of these, he says, "fulfill at least the first condition of a physical theory, and admit of being theoretically unfolded so that the results of this development may be compared with those of actual experiment." But the doctrine laid down by Mr. Spencer in the First Principles he characterizes as "a physical theory composed simply of abstract metaphysical terms that may be applied indifferently to a thousand varying hypotheses;" one which is "not only vague but self-contradictory," and instead of traveling beyond Newton's great discovery, leads backward into a region of "mere nebulosity and confusion."

The remaining chapters of Professor Birks's discussion — on Choice and Will in Physical Laws, on Evolution, on Heterogeneity, on Force and Life, and on Natural Selection — may be summed up as containing a most energetic and effective protest against the view that psychology is a branch of physics, and mind a function of matter, and that the material universe can possibly contain any inherent power of differentiation and development. He shows how the element of choice or will if denied to a designing and overruling power reappears in those very fluctuating forms of matter by which the modern fatalist seeks to replace the conception of such a power. It cannot be abolished. "If there be two kinds of physical substance, matter and ether, there must be three laws at least to determine their mutual action. . . . But if one of these were necessary, it would exclude the two others. Necessity, like the Turk, admits no rival near the throne. Each atom would have to choose not only whether it should be born, and whether it should be matter or ether, but which of these different laws of

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force it should forever obey. . . . The notion that each atom fixed for itself at some time or other its own place, or that it was fixed for it by some other atom of more commanding genius, is certainly a pseud-idea, and really unthinkable. In the weighty words of Newton, 'Blind necessity, which is certainly the same always and everywhere, could produce no variety of things.' "

The arguments which Professor Birks employs against the Spencerian theory of differentiation, and the Darwinian hypothesis of natural selection and the survival of the fittest, are more familiar if not more forcible than the greater part of his metaphysical reasoning. His temper is everywhere excellent, and his style perfectly adapted to the gravity and general abstruseness of his subject. It is compact and clear, only at the rarest intervals rising even into appropriate eloquence or lapsing into enlivening sarcasm. And his reader, whether convinced by him or no, must needs allow that not only by profound sympathy with the reverent and orderly spirit of the great physical philosopher, but by a thorough mastery of the most difficult details of his subject, he is justified in adopting and emphasizing the noble words of Sir Isaac Newton: —

" The main business of natural philosophy is to argue from phenomena without feigning hypotheses, and to deduce causes from effects till we come to the very first cause which is certainly not mechanical. And not only to resolve the mechanism of the world, but chiefly to resolve these and such-like questions. What is there in space almost empty of matter? And whence is it that the sun and planets gravitate to each other without dense matter between them? Whence is it that nature doeth nothing in vain? And whence arises all that order and beauty which are in the world? . . . How come the bodies of animals to be contrived with so much art, and for what ends were their several parts? Was the eye contrived without skill in optics and the ear without a knowledge of sounds? How do the motions of the body follow from the will, and whence are the instincts of animals? . . . And these things being rightly dispatched, does it not appear from the phenomena that there is a Being, incorporeal, living, intelligent, omnipresent, who, in infinite space, as it were in his sensorium, sees the things intimately in themselves and thoroughly perceives them, and comprehends them wholly by their immediate presence to himself? And though every true step in this philosophy brings us not immediately to the knowledge of the first cause, yet it brings us nearer to it, and on that account it is to be highly valued."

[1] All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

French and German.[1]

Critics often institute a comparison between Balzac and Shakespeare in respect of the great number and variety of characters which both authors have inspired with life in their writings. To some readers the resemblance may seem to be a bit of injustice to the English poet; since, however, at the best it expresses no real relation between the two writers, but merely the extent of certain persons' admiration for the novelist, even those who set Shakespeare infinitely above every man who ever put pen to paper have no cause for wrath. But yet, whether the comparison is a reasonable one or not, there is one singular point of likeness between the two men, and that is the little information we have about the lives of both. Until this correspondence appeared,[2] almost the only thing known about Balzac was that he was a tremendous worker, that he wrote in a white dressing-gown, and believed firmly in the reality of his imaginings; and similar disconnected things which only aroused a curiosity that there was no way of satisfying. He was the contemporary of many men still living, and yet there is more known of a large number of inferior men of eminence who lived two hundred years ago than there is of him. This fact shows us how possible it is for a man to elude the observation of his companions, even when they admire him, and may explain to some extent our ignorance of Shakespeare.

It is not likely that more will ever be told us about Balzac than we can now gather from the material open to us, and this correspondence offers perhaps the fullest light on his life, insufficient though it be in some respects. The letters, which are arranged in chronological order, begin with those he wrote from Paris to his sister Laure, afterwards Madame Surville. He had gone to the metropolis to try to make his fortune

[2] *Correspondance de H. de Balzac.* 1819–1850. Two vols. Paris: Lévy. 1877.

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with his pen, having evidently wrung a reluctant consent to this step from his parents, who wanted to establish him in some surer occupation. To make the failure less conspicuous in case he should not succeed, it was given out that he had gone to make a visit to some relatives in another town. He had no intention of failing, however, and the youth of twenty plunged into various kinds of literary work, his plans filling these early letters. He seems to have set his heart especially on a play, Cromwell, which never saw the light. For some time he found the mere struggle for existence severe, for he had but a small allowance from home, and he earned almost nothing although he wrote incessantly. In order to fill his purse he tried other devices: he undertook to edit a series of French classics, of which only Molière and La Fontaine appeared; and then he tried his hand at publishing, but his ill success was complete, and his failure, coupled with similar losses a few years later, left him burdened with heavy debts for the rest of his life. The books that he published must have been few in number, for copies are now mentioned by their owners as curiosities, and their owners say they bear on their title-page the name of Honoré Balzac as publisher, without the *de*, for assuming which *particule* without any right beyond his own wishes, Balzac was abused by Sainte-Beuve in a celebrated article. From about 1830 until the end of his life we find these debts referred to in almost every letter. They swallowed up his earnings and drove him to continual desperate work. Just at the last he seems to have seen his way clear before him, but his strength had all been wasted in the fierce struggle for independence, and he has but a brief moment, with shattered health, to rest from work before he dies.

These letters are interesting reading, but they do not attract us by that charm which is generally so great in the letters of men of genius, by that abundance of easy writing which so closely resembles informal talk. They were not written with the intention of merely entertaining the person who should receive them; on the contrary, they are almost without exception what it is easy to imagine would be the letters of a man who held a pen in his hand often for eighteen hours a day, and who only wrote anything in addition when he had something very urgent to say, and was anxious to say it in the speediest way. He makes only brief references to contemporary literature; he throws no light on his own methods of composition, except so far as he states how many hours he is obliged to sit at his desk in order to get his task finished; but this task might have been engraving of the most ordinary kind, or tracing through tissue-paper, so far as these letters are concerned. At times he rejoices in some work done; he has a glow of pride at the excellence of one or another of his books, but it is of the simplest kind, as if he had no time to do more than mention his satisfaction. What these letters, in spite of their brevity, show of Balzac's character is, on the whole, agreeable. He seems honest, to have had a manly detestation of the condition of dependence upon others, and to have had many simple tastes. He frequently sighed for a quiet family life; while his whole nature was of a sort that yearned for wealth and luxury, he denied himself continually in order to clear himself honorably of his heavy load of debt. His style of writing was often as cumbersome in his letters as in his novels, his humor as ponderous as a mill wheel, especially in his early letters to his sister, who had done him a kindness by correcting him; but again at times the reader comes across really charming sentences, full of delightful simplicity and feeling. Here is one of the few references to contemporary literature; it is from a letter to his admirer and follower, Charles de Bernard: "The Germans have no more an exclusive right to the moon than we have to the sun, or than the Scotch have to the Ossianic mists. Who can boast that he is an inventor? I did not really draw my inspiration from Hoffman [as Bernard had charged in a criticism of the Peau de Chagrin], whom I had never read until I had thought out my work; but there is something more serious in this charge. We lack patriotism, and we destroy our nationality and our literary supremacy by demolishing one another. Have the English ever said that Parisina was Racine's Phèdre, and do they go throwing at one another's heads foreign literatures in order to crush their own? No. Let us imitate them." The remainder of this letter shows a characteristic side of Balzac; he says: "This, sir, is not a personal question, because I hope that the second edition of my book will teach the public the immensity, the novelty of the enterprise, under the weight of which I shall, perhaps, succumb, or which I shall ill perform, it may be, but which I venture to undertake." Another letter, written at about

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the same time, 1831, contains this: "As for writing, I cannot do it; my fatigue is too great. You do not know how much I owed in 1828. I had only my pen to live by and a hundred and twenty thousand francs to pay. In a few months I shall have paid everything, . . . but for six months yet I have to endure all the horrors of poverty; but I see my way through them. I have sought no one's aid, I have not stretched out my hand for a single farthing; I have hidden my sorrows and my wounds. . . . I have still six arduous months to endure, which are all the harder because, if Napoleon grew weary of war, I can confess that the contest with misfortune begins to tire me." Subsequent letters contain mention of even greater difficulties. At one time, to avoid legal complications, he writes to a friend asking if he may take refuge at his house, and that his presence there may be kept a secret; more than once he hid under a false name. But his spirit is always unbroken, he utters almost no complaint. It is seldom, if ever, that he breaks out more warmly than in a letter written in October, 1836, — the year of his second failure, — to Madame Hanska, the lady he married just before his death, when completely broken down by overwork: "What a long and sad adieu I have bidden to those lost years which have disappeared forever? They gave me neither complete happiness nor utter wretchedness. They made me live, frozen on one side, burned on the other; and now I feel myself kept alive by nothing except a sense of duty. I entered into this garret, where I now am, with the certainty that I should die of overwork.

. For more than a month, now, I get up at midnight and go to bed at six in the evening, and have dieted myself most rigidly with the smallest amount necessary to sustain life, in order that my brain may not be weakened by the process of digestion. . . . That you may know how far my courage goes, I must tell you that I wrote Le Secret des Ruggieri in a single night. Think of that when you read it; La Vielle Fille in three nights. La Perle Brisée was done in a few hours of moral and physical anguish; it is my Brienne, my Champaubert, my Montmirail. . . . What kills me is correcting. The first part of L'Enfant Maudit cost me more than many volumes; I wanted to raise the first part to the height of La Perle Brisée, and to make out of it a sort of little poem of melancholy with which no fault could be found; that took a dozen nights. . . . I am obliged to surpass myself in the midst of protests, of business troubles, of the most cruel money complications, and in the completest solitude, void of all consolation."

Surely it is only a very remarkable man who could undertake and carry through so desperate a struggle with fate as this; the physical strength alone that it required was something enormous. It is no wonder that writing for fifteen or eighteen hours a day at last told on him and broke him down in really the prime of intellectual life. When he saw his way out of his money difficulties he put the superfluous energy which could be spared from writing into collecting bric-a-brac. These last letters, written at about the time of his marriage with Madame Hanska, are more touching than any. They are full of the most exact details about his future hours, with occasional reference to his wretched health, but there are passages to be found which go further than this. He writes, for instance, as follows to Madame Carraud, who had for many years been a good friend of his. The passage loses infinitely in the translation: "I shall not speak to you of your letter; it gave me as much admiration as sorrow. That is all I can say; but it has secured for you a sincere friend in the person of my wife, to whom for a long time I have confided everything, and who for a long time has known you through the greatness of your soul, which I had told her of, and by my gratitude for the treasures of your hospitality to me. I have drawn you so well, and your letter has so well completed your portrait, that you are an old acquaintance of hers. So with one assent, with the same feeling, we offer you a pleasant little room in our house at Paris in order that you may regard it as especially your own. And what shall I say? You are the only person to whom we make this offer, and you ought to accept or you would deserve misfortune; for, remember, I visited you with the *sainte bonhomie de l'amitié* when you were happy and prosperous and I was battling with every wind, with high equinoctial tides, over head and ears in debt! I have sweet and tender stores of gratitude. . . . Come from time to time to see us, to breathe the air, the art, the elegance of Paris, to meet interesting people, and to find two hearts that love you: one because you were so kind and gentle a friend, the other because you have been that for me. You will be happy for a few days every three months. You will come oftener if you wish, but you will come, that is agreed.

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"I did the same thing long since. I used to get new strength for the struggle at Saint-Cyr, at Angoulême, at Trapesle; I had there the sight of what I wanted. You will know how pleasant that is; you will learn for yourself what you have been, without knowing it, to me, a wearied, unappreciated man, toiling for so long in physical and moral misery. When I think of what you are, how you struggle with adversity, I, who have so often had to contend with that rude enemy, will tell you that I am ashamed of my good fortune when I think how unhappy you are; but we are both above these pettinesses of the heart. We can tell one another that good and bad fortune are but *façons d'être* in which great souls feel keenly that they are living; for the one requires as much philosophy as the other; and that ill fortune with good friends is perhaps more endurable than envied good fortune." The whole letter — and there is still more earnest gratitude in it — breathes the genuine kindness of a kind man who does not forget his old friends, and its place would hardly be in a publisher's collection if it were not that any means of learning about Balzac can be justly used since the material is so scanty. This letter, dated March 17, 1850, was written just three months before Balzac's death, and it is the last which contains any traces of his good health in it. Those that follow forebode the speedy end.

In conclusion it is but right to say that most readers will be disappointed if they expect to find very much about Balzac or his life in this correspondence. The letters are often too urgent business notes to throw side light on anything else, but again those written to Madame Hanska especially, and to this same Madame Carraud, show well how kind and hearty a man he was, and they serve to make even sadder the already sad story of his life. Literature, it is true, seems from these letters as if it were with him almost a manual trade, but it was an honorable sense of duty that made it this, and not his pleasure. Had he been less unlucky he might perhaps have written as well without the terrible spur that was forever urging him on, and his life could hardly have failed to be a more joyous one; but it is not to be forgotten that his ill luck was not his own choice, though it may have been the natural result of his sanguine disposition. But alongside of his zeal in his work there are great sides of his character, his true manliness and his tenderness, which frequently inspire the letters, and make them most valuable revelations of the attractive character of one of the greatest of modern men. It would be hard to find a more touching picture than that which these volumes give us of a man full of affection, balked of all enjoyment of it just at the time it seemed to be smiling upon him. He makes no conscious dissection of himself or of his manner of work, but he shows clearly how lofty was the nature which observed the world and recorded its observations in his great series of novels. Whatever faults may mar them, he was better than they were, and it was by no means in respect of genius alone that he was a rare man. It is another example of the great difference between a man's genius and his character: one is what the man is, the other is the demon which possesses him.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

D. Appleton & Co., New York: The Theory of Art, and Some Objections to Utilitarianism. By Guy D. Daly, M. D.

Authors' Publishing Company, New York: Christian Conception and Experience. By Rev. William I. Gill, A. M.

Catalogue of Charities conducted by Women, as reported to the Woman's Centennial Executive Committee of the United States International Exhibition. 1876.

Henry Holt & Co., New York: Early and Late Papers hitherto uncollected. By William Makepeace Thackeray. — Lorley and Reinhard. By Berthold Auerbach. Translated by Charles T. Brooks. — Ancient Spanish Ballads. Historical and Romantic. Translated by J. G. Lockhart. With a Biographical Notice. New Edition. — Russia. By D. Mackenzie Wallace, M. A., Member of the Imperial Russian Geographical Society.

Hurd and Houghton, New York: Essays in Ancient History and Antiquities. By Thomas De Quincey. — Alexander Hamilton. A Historical Study. By the Honorable George Shea.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia: Demosthenes. By the Rev. W. J. Brodribb, M. A.

Loring, Boston: The Man who was not a Colonel. By a High Private. — My Lady-Help, and what she taught me. By Mrs. Warren.

Sampson Low, Marston, & Co., London: The Policy of England in Relation to India and the East; or, Alexandria, Ispahan, Herat. By J. A. Partridge.

James R. Osgood & Co., Boston: History of the Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in America. By Henry Wilson. Vol. III.

Porter & Coates, Philadelphia: The History of England from the Commencement of the XIXth Century to the Crimean War. By Harriet Martineau. Four vols.

Roberts Brothers, Boston: Ben Milner's Wooing. By Holme Lee.

A. Williams & Co., Boston: Taxation in Massachusetts. By William Minot, Jr.

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ART.

THE picture which Mr. Duveneck has recently sent home from Munich affords fresh and striking evidence of his very remarkable skill in the technical part of his profession, and abundantly confirms the impression of power conveyed by the few heads and unfinished sketches previously shown by him in Boston. There is the same ability to represent, without apparent effort and by what appear on examination to be very inadequate means, the outward appearance of any natural object whatsoever. Every touch or sweep of a brush full charged with color has evidently been placed once for all in exactly the right place, never afterward to be disturbed. There is no sign of hesitation or vacillation; everything seems (though of course it only seems) to have been done at once, and the whole picture finished, or rather carried as far as the artist chose to carry it, at one sitting.

In one respect, at least, the present painting shows progress. Though larger and fuller, that is, representing a greater number of objects than any of his previous attempts, it is more uniformly finished or carried out: there are no portions left incomplete or scarcely begun, as was the case in some of the best of such works of his as we have hitherto seen, — notably in the boy whistling, which promised so much, and the sketched portrait of a woman with a fan. The artist seems to be more sure of himself, to have more confidence in his methods of working. This, indeed, may not be altogether an advantage. The whole art of painting by no means consists, as we trust Mr. Duveneck will one day discover for himself, in a thorough mastery of processes.

The color, too, is better in this picture: there is less use of black to get depth of tone. Mr. Duveneck has, however, already shown us that he can imitate at pleasure the ruddy carnations of Rubens and the silvery tones of Velasquez; and he may now have been making only another imitative experiment, inspired by the present mania for Oriental subjects, treated more or less after the fashion set by Regnault and Fortuny. We have yet to wait in order to see what will be Mr. Duveneck's own style and color.

The painting to which has been given the title of The Turkish Page is a large canvas about five feet in width by about three and a half in height. Nearly in the centre of the composition a boy wearing a Turkish fez is seated upon a leopard's skin spread upon a pavement of white and black marble. He has a shawl or scarf wound about his waist, but all the upper part of his body, including his arms, which are frightfully thin, is wholly nude. His legs, stretched out straight before him, are concealed by a bit of tawny-colored velvet which is spread over them, from beneath which his naked feet protrude, with their soles turned almost directly toward the spectator. He leans his back against a wall behind him, upon which is hung a large coarse rug, of Oriental design; but he partly supports himself upon his left hand, which rests on the floor beside him, while his right hand grasps the rim of a brass basin which lies in his lap, and upon whose edge, immediately over the boy's hand, is perched a white cockatoo, with outstretched wings. In the basin are a lemon and bunches of grapes, some of which, detached from the clusters, have rolled upon the floor. The boy's chin is sunk upon his breast; his eyes, hidden by the half-closed lids and long eyelashes, seem to be listlessly following the movements of the bird. On the boy's left a tall vessel of unpolished copper, somewhat resembling a coffee-pot, rising out of a broad dish or platter, also of copper, stands on the marble floor. A strong light, not sunshine, entering from the left front, pervades the whole scene.

The picture we have attempted to describe appears to have no story to tell, or if it have one it fails to tell it. It has, properly speaking, no local color, no locality. The boy is quite as much Jewish as Turkish; with the exception of his fez, his costume, so far as we can see it, is not that of a Turkish page, while his white arms and sunburnt hands show that this is not his usual dress; what he wears on his nether limbs is carefully concealed by the square yard of velvet spread over his knees. We cannot make out what he is doing: he has plainly no concern with the copper vessel beside him, which, covered as it is with dust, has evidently been long disused. Whether he is feeding the cockatoo, or allowing him to steal his own frugal dinner, are alike matters of doubt. We are at a loss to interpret the expression on the boy's face: whether as sullenness, or simple

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vacuity, or weariness of his constrained position, the latter seeming the most probable.

There is something annoying and even exasperating in this uncertainty in which we are left in regard to the meaning of the scene before us, which, added to the boy's painful emaciation and the uninteresting, if not positively disagreeable character of his face, detracts greatly from the pleasure we might otherwise have in the technical qualities of the painting. It is not necessary that a picture should tell a story or relate an incident; it need not be either historical or anecdotical; but if it does attempt narration it should at least speak coherently and intelligibly.

It is unfair, however, to criticise as a picture what is evidently only an academic study. The boy is plainly a model costumed for the occasion and surrounded by such easily arranged accessories as serve to give a hint of local color. The art schools of Munich, we are told, are very liberally furnished with appliances of the sort adapted to every age and country.

Mr. Duveneck still professes to be only a student; and we see no reason as yet to fear that he will disappoint the hopes of those who would gladly hail him as a master. He is yet preoccupied with the material side of art; and the chief satisfaction he derives from its study and practice at present is, we are inclined to think, the delight of triumphing over technical difficulties. And yet, great as are his abilities in this direction, the result is not altogether satisfactory. The difficulties are got over rather than fairly vanquished. The bare facts of form and color are too briefly and succinctly stated; we are given an inventory rather than a description, prose rather than poetry. There is little evidence that the painter was moved by any beauty or charm in the objects he represents; all, with scarcely an exception, are rendered by the same summary and expeditious sweep of the brush; there is no caressing of outlines and but little distinction of textures; all is hard, almost vitreous; there is a want of aerial perspective, of atmosphere. Still, we think we see evidences in this painting that Mr. Duveneck is beginning to be aware that, even in the mere technicalities of painting, higher pleasures than the most rapid and effective execution can ever give are reserved for the patient worker. The boy's red fez and the white and rose colored plumage of the bird are admirable studies; and we cannot but fancy that they were painted more lovingly, with a more lively appreciation of their intrinsic beauty, than most other parts of the canvas; less as a difficult than as a delightful task.

We should also say that the picture is well placed in the canvas, and the various objects well and effectively grouped.

We shall await with interest the appearance of fresh works from Mr. Duveneck's easel, hoping to see in them, side by side with that firm hold upon nature which we trust he will never relax, a little more of that imagination which is able to cast a halo of beauty around the most trite and trivial objects, and without whose aid the most perfect combinations of form and color become uninteresting and commonplace. He has nearly, if not quite, mastered the painter's language; we trust he will soon show us that he has something to say in that language which is worth the saying.

— The two volumes of the Art at Home Series already published are rather attractive little books, exhibiting outwardly something of that affectation of quaintness which is perhaps too often a characteristic of the sort of art of which they treat. They are handsomely reprinted from the original English edition of Macmillan & Co., of London, and a commendable degree of care has been taken in printing the illustrations as well as the letterpress.

The introductory volume, A Plea for Art in the House,[1] is from the pen of Mr. W. J. Loftie, who also furnishes a preface for the second volume. It consists for the most part of a defense of the practice of making collections of bric-a-brac, chiefly upon the ground of what the author calls its "prudence," that is to say, because there is money to be made by it. This point is illustrated by an abundance of anecdotes which at the same time serve to show the risks run by those who engage in the business without some previous knowledge of the wares in which they propose to deal. Some help is given towards the acquisition of such needful information; and for further enlightenment the reader is constantly referred to those great repositories of what the French call "objects of art and of curiosity," the British and South Kensington museums.

We have not as yet in America any such

[1] *A Plea for Art in the House, with Special Reference to the Economy of collecting Works of Art, and the Importance of Taste in Education and Morals.* By W. J. Loftie, B. A., F. S. A., Author of In and Out of London. Philadelphia: Porter and Coates.

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vast collections with which to compare our little private hoards and findings, though a beginning is being made in our Boston Art Museum. It may also be objected by American readers that the field for collectors is a very narrow one in a new country like ours. But if the field be narrow it is not altogether barren. A visit to the Historical Museum recently opened at the Old South, or to the spacious warerooms of some of our dealers in old furniture, will show what sort of collections and how large may be made even when confined to objects of native production, or to such as were brought from England in the days when our fathers claimed to be Englishmen.

The chief advantage which Mr. Loftie holds out as an inducement to engage in the business of collecting does not appeal to a very high order of motives; but the business itself, though useful and often necessary, is not one that holds a very high rank among the pursuits more or less connected with the arts. The collector is in fact a sort of artistic jackal. It is not at all necessary that he should be an artist or that he should have the least artistic taste or perception. He needs only to be a connoisseur, a person who knows all *about* an art though he may know nothing of art itself. The two kinds of knowledge are, however, often mistaken for each other, much to the prejudice of the interests of true art, as has been well pointed out by Mr. Hamerton in his admirable book, Etching and Etchers.

In his concluding chapter Mr. Loftie discourses of Art and Morals, and endeavors to show that the cultivation of taste may be not only a moral but even a religious duty. Whether to live always in an artistic atmosphere, in houses architecturally irreproachable, surrounded only by rare and beautiful objects, is conducive to our moral health, at least to the extent sometimes claimed, may well be doubted.

In an artistic point of view, the best result to be hoped for from the increased attention given of late to the industrial, including the household arts, is the development of an improved taste in the consumers of the products of those arts. This, it may be hoped, will compel in turn a corresponding improvement on the part of producers or manufacturers, and so, finally, bring about the disappearance of that positive ugliness which now seems to be the inevitable concomitant of cheapness. Whether this improved taste is to be a benefit or otherwise to individuals or to the community will depend upon the use to which it is put. It is at least worth remembering that whenever the arts have condescended to become the mere servants of luxury and ostentation, they have at once begun to decline.

The second volume of the series treats of House Decoration,[1] a subject on which the authors should be competent to write understandingly, as these two ladies have for some years followed with success, in London, the business of practical house decorators.

"It is middle-class people specially" — say the Misses Garrett in their introduction — "who require the aid of a cultivated and yet not extravagant decorator, who may help them to blend the fittings of their now incongruous rooms into a pleasant and harmonious habitation," and it was for middle-class English people, accordingly, that their book was written.

After drawing a dismal picture of the actual condition of the class of houses which they propose to reform, the authors proceed to give a somewhat detailed account of the changes they would recommend in entrance halls, dining-rooms, drawing-rooms and bedrooms; these changes being for the most part in accordance with the so-called Queen Anne style, of which the Misses Garrett are decided, though not "rabid" partisans.

This style seems to be the fashion of the day in England, where for interior decoration and furniture, at least, its lighter and more delicate proportions bid fair to displace the severe simplicity and general heaviness of the styles indifferently known as Gothic, Mediæval, or Early English. In its revived form the Queen Anne style has as yet scarcely been introduced into this country; but ancient and original examples of a very similar if not absolutely the same style may be found in our old mansion houses of the last generation. At all events we must all have seen chimney-pieces in our old New England houses more or less resembling those represented in the frontispiece and on page 46 of the Misses Garrett's book, while the tall eight-day clocks and the straight-backed, claw-footed chairs which figure in several of the illustrations have a very familiar air. Their improvements, especially as shown in the illustrations, will not, we think, command unreserved approval. We seem to detect in them some lingering traces of peculiarly English forms of bad taste, which the application of a partial remedy,

[1] *Suggestions for House Decoration in Painting, Wood-Work, and Furniture.* By RHODA and AGNES GARRETT. Philadelphia: Porter and Coates.

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limited in accordance with the avowed intention of the authors by considerations of cost, has not entirely obliterated. It is a serious drawback to the usefulness of the book in this country that it is so obviously adapted to the latitude of London. Whatever may be our own short-comings in the matter of household taste, it is very evident, from the perusal of this little volume, that whether greater or less, they are not precisely the same with those of our transatlantic cousins. It consequently happens that much of its excellent advice is inapplicable to any condition of things existing here, and much of it wholly unintelligible to American readers.

EDUCATION.

THE following letter, intended for publication in The Atlantic for April, came to hand too late to be printed in that number: —

DEDHAM, *March* 1, 1877.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY: —

SIR, — I apprehend that the readers of the letter of Mr. Thomas Davidson in your last issue may be misled by it, most undesignedly on his part, into thinking that the sub-committee on classics were more fully in agreement with his views as to the study of Greek at Harvard, contained in his article of last January, than was actually the case. The sub-committee listened with interest to that paper as embodying the ideas of an experienced teacher, sincerely desirous of the advancement of classical learning, as to the best method of promoting it. They were entirely willing, — they may even have thought it desirable, — that Mr. Davidson should bring his paper to the notice of the Overseers or of the public in such way as he might think best; but I am confident that they had no idea of adopting it as their own, in either its original or its modified form, or of indorsing the statements of fact on which his recommendations were based. Its weight with those who might take an interest in the subject was left to depend on its own merits and on the character of its author as a scholar and an instructor.

I think Mr. Davidson in error in supposing that the committee of the Overseers to visit the university adopted the "main suggestions" of his paper and embodied them in the portion of their report relating to the classics. One of the chief recommendations in that report which accorded with the ideas of Mr. Davidson's article, — that relating to distinct literary and linguistic courses in the classics, — was not made there for the first time, but may be found in several previous reports of that committee. The important suggestion of the report that candidates for admission should be required to read any author, not exceptionally difficult, at sight, instead of being examined in prescribed books, was entirely independent of anything contained in Mr. Davidson's article. This change was, moreover, in discussion among the classical teachers of the university, and considered favorably by them, before they knew of the opinion of the committee or of Mr. Davidson on the subject.

Mr. Davidson's plan of teaching Greek literature by lectures and through translations to students who are either unable or unwilling to pursue it in the original tongue is *mentioned*, but not recommended, by the committee in their report. One of the most material suggestions of Mr. Davidson's article, namely, that Greek should not be required of candidates for admission and that it should be discontinued as an enforced study during the college course, was not accepted by either the sub-committee or the general committee. EDMUND QUINCY,

Chairman of sub-committee on classics.

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